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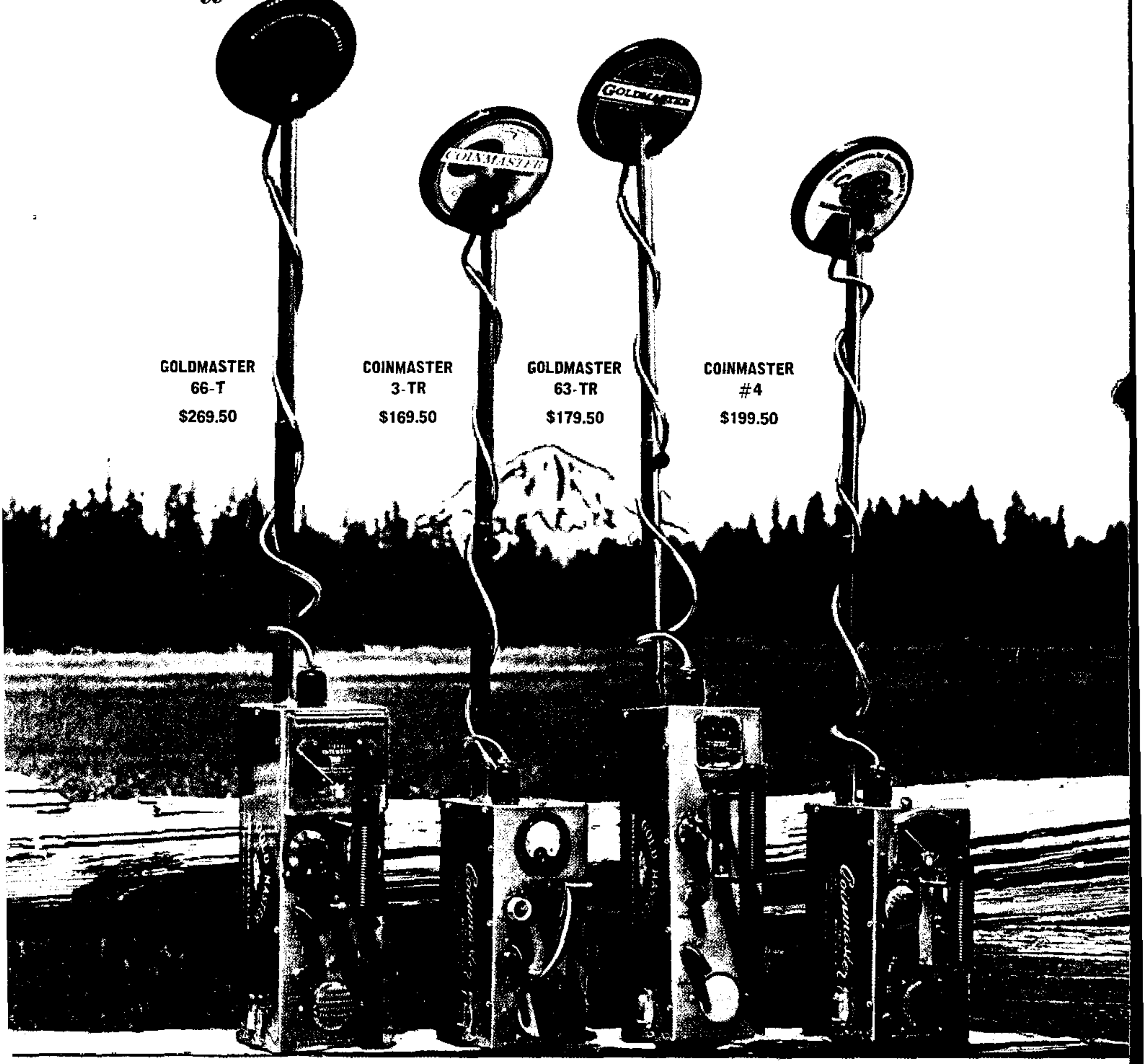

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

February-March, 1971
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True Stories of the West!

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There isn't a place on earth where the air is purer, where body health is more lavishly bestowed. No place where the words at the top of this page — live longer and better — fit more than they do in New Mexico.

And in all New Mexico itself it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding Deming. As spectacular as the northern portion, but without the cold of winter. As dry and pure as Arizona, but not as hot in the summer. And, as actively vigorous and prosperous as the city you now live in, yet without the fever, without the tension.

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Deming's friendliness captivates the fancy of people from every state in the Union. To visit us is like going back to the warmth of one's own family. Here are the practical benefits of living anywhere near Deming.

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FRONTIER POST

Hanging of Fly Specked Billy

I was pleased to learn that a story on Fly Specked Billy will appear in FRONTIER TIMES and glad I was able to furnish some photos for use with that story. Your readers may be interested in knowing that "The Hangin' of Fly Specked Billy" is re-enacted each summer here in Custer City in the form of an outdoor drama which plays four nights a week from mid-June to September 1. Authenticity and action are the main highlights and the cast of twenty really live their parts! It's a good show for the whole family and we certainly welcome all vacationers and tourists who can attend.—Carl L. Wiehe, Frontier Museum, Box 489, Custer City, South Dakota 57730

Phil Hynes Recalls Kosterlitzsky

I have just finished reading, with great interest, Michael Chegwyn's story on "Emilio Kosterlitzsky" in the September '70 FRONTIER TIMES.

The part relating the trouble at Cananea in May and June 1906 was especially intriguing inasmuch as I had included in my history, *Refugio* (Vol. II, pp. 334-335), Phil Hynes' account of the same incident. Phil, who died a year or so ago, was a native of Refugio, Texas. He mentions Colonel K, but mispelled the name Kosterleska.

"Bill Green, a multi-millionaire copper magnate of Los Angeles, owned the Cananea Consolidated Copper Company, with mines in the Mexican state of Sonora. Green had a palatial home near Cananea and spent a good deal of his time there, and was well liked by both Mexican and Americans. There was quite a colony of Americans at the mines—over 300 families. Thousands of Mexicans were also employed by the company. Everybody was getting along all right until some labor agitators came down from the United States and persuaded the Mexicans that they were not getting enough wages. The Mexicans asked for more pay and Bill Green granted a raise without hesitation, but the Mexican government intervened and prevented the company from paying higher wages. The government felt that the laborers had been getting enough and that an increase would make them lazy and worthless. When the laborers were advised of this, riots broke out, which lasted three days. I arrived at the mine the day the fighting broke out. Altho the Americans had granted the wage demand, the Mexicans took out their spite on us. About 5,000 of them carrying red banners milled about shouting, *'Viva Mexico! Muerto a los Gringos!'* Finally they moved on the lumber yard where the Metcalf boys were and killed all the Americans there. They set fire to the yard and burned up $500,000 worth of lumber. The mob then headed for the American part of town declaring they would dynamite every gringo's house in it.

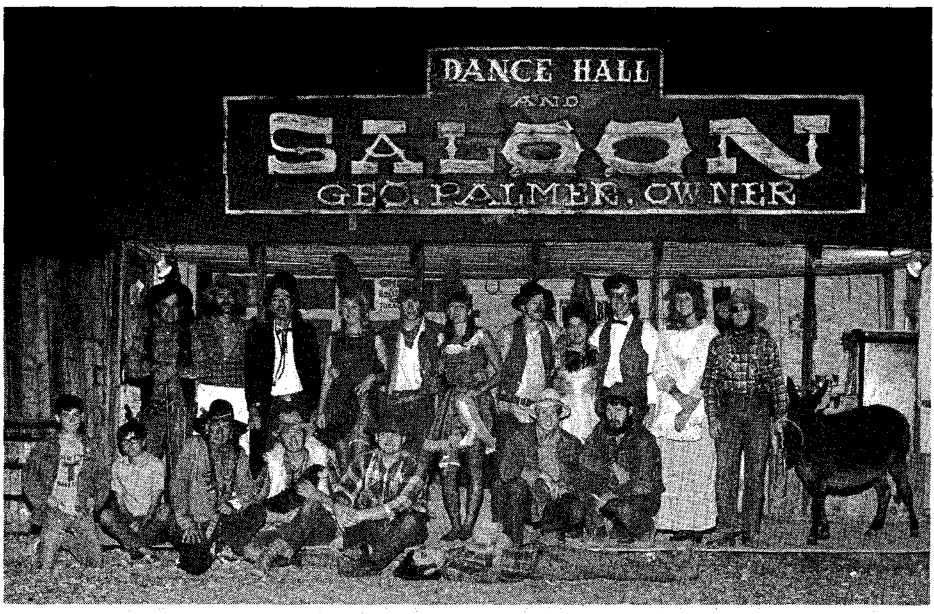
"When trouble began brewing the mining official notified the Mexican authorities at Hermosillo, and also the American military in Arizona. Pending arrival of assistance Bill Green armed every American at the mine and we prepared to sell our lives as dearly as possible. I had a .30-30 repeating rifle and a sixshooter. There were about 75 of us and we slept on our firearms for three days and nights.

"When the mob, which easily counted 5,000 persons, advanced up the street to our residential section for the purpose of dynamiting it and killing us all, Mr. Green, who acted as our leader, called upon the mob to stop. It kept on coming and the fighting started. It fired into us, and we let them have it. The mob could not stand the deadly fire that we poured into them and they soon scattered. When the smoke of the battle was cleared away we found that 8 Americans had been killed and a number wounded. The Mexicans had 67 dead and 150 wounded.

"The mob reassembled but kept a safe but menacing distance from us until the troops arrived, and we were kept in a state of siege. Some Mexican regulars arrived from the capital, but the most effective relief were the *rurales* under Colonel Kosterleska, formerly an officer in the Russian army. The *rurales* were merciless and galloped through the streets with swords drawn, hacking the mob to pieces. Hundreds of corpses strewed the streets, but the mob was broken up. American troops from Douglas and Bisbee, Arizona, shortly arrived, but the trouble was ended by the time they arrived. Governor Ysabel, of Sonora, and Vice-President Corral, from Mexico City, came to Cananea to pacify the laborers. They were greeted with growls and hisses. When Bill Green rose to address them they applauded him."

I congratulate you on the improvement of the reading contents of your magazine, of which I have a complete set in my "Dawgwood Library."—Hobart Huson, Title Building, Refugio, Texas 78377

Cast of the 1970 "Fly Specked Billy" production in Custer, South Dakota.



Sid Jordan

I just received word of the passing of a cowboy and I thought your readers would be interested to hear about it.

Sid Jordan, son of Washington County, Oklahoma's first sheriff, John Jordan, passed away September 30 at his home in Hemet, California. Sid was born in Muskogee, Indian Territory. Being of Cherokee blood he attended the Cherokee school at Vinita, Oklahoma but he found the school of the open range much more to his liking. He became a cowhand on the C-C Ranch at Ramona. When he hired out to the Millers 101, he met such men as Tom Mix and Neal Hart. In 1913 he was on his way to Venezuela for a job with Cudahy, and on his way he stopped off to see Tom Mix in Prescott, Arizona. Mix immediately put him to work—he never did get to South America. In fact, he stayed with Mix until 1929 when Mix left the Fox Picture Company. Fox offered Sid a contract to star in his own westerns. The advent of "talkies" stopped the making of westerns and when pro-

(Continued on page 46)

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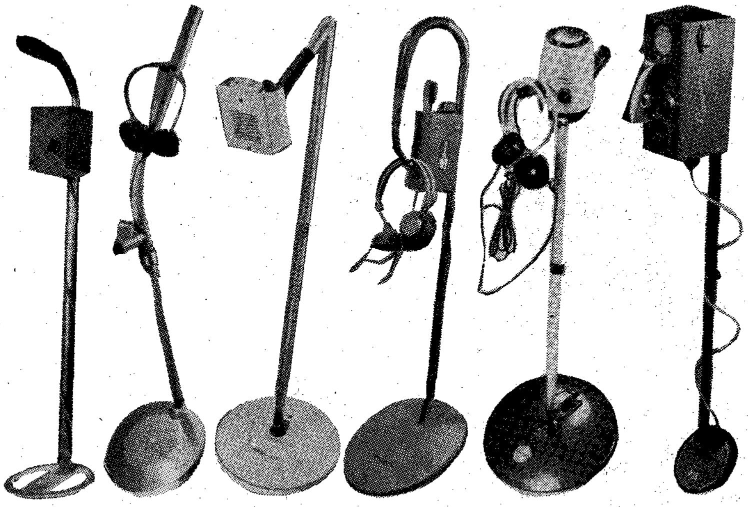

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CAMP COOKS and MAIL ORDER BRIDES

Both were favorite prey of the practical joker!

By WALT COBURN

THE WHOLE THING began on the February day Ringbone Sam Frazier received in the mail a neatly rolled magazine in a plain wrapper.

Ringbone Sam was a six-foot, rawboned cowhand and bronc rider, a straw boss in charge of the cattle which wealthy B. D. (Big Ben) Phillips ran along with numerous bands of sheep. Phillips was often referred to as the sheep king of Phillips County in northeastern Montana. And if the big, ruddy-faced Phillips was sheep king, by that same token the big hurrahing cowhand could be dubbed the sheep king's court jester. Because Ringbone Sam had a penchant for practical jokes—a compulsive instinct that sometimes made the sheep king the victim. As Sam was wont to boast, when in his cups, he had been

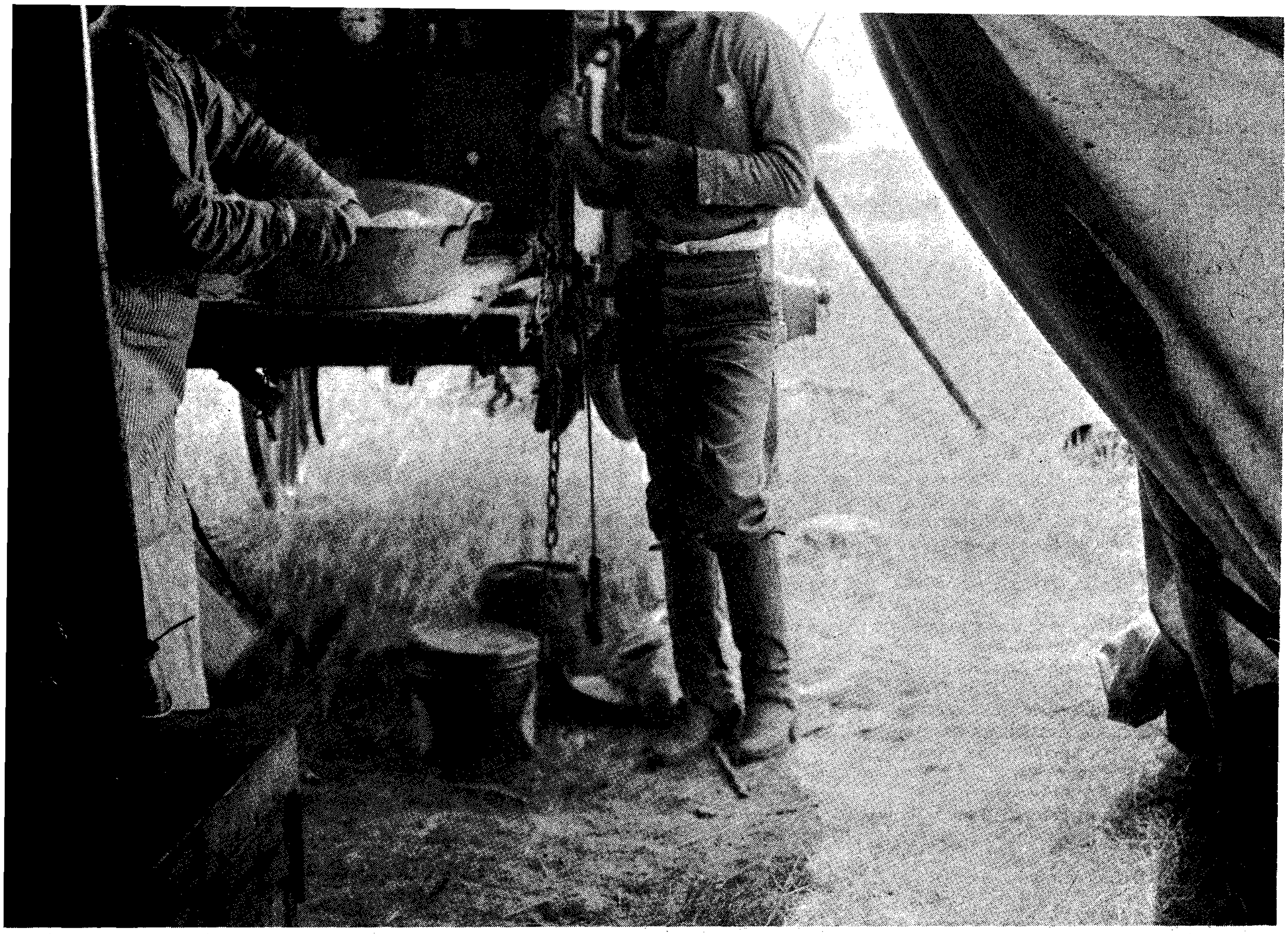


Photo by L. A. Huffman

fired and rehired so many times over the years he had lost track.

Let it be said here and now that Ben Phillips shared that same fondness for practical joking, and there were times when the sheep king and the court jester combined their festive talents to torment some unwary visitor at the big sheep ranch. But on this day in February Phillips and his family were wintering in Oakland, California, and Ringbone Sam was on his own.

Supper was over. The ranch hands lazed around in the bunkhouse reading or playing checkers or penny-ante poker by lamplight. Sam, stretched out on his tarp-covered bed, unrolled the illustrated magazine whose glossy cover revealed a colored picture of a large red heart and cupid's arrow, and the head and bare shoulders of a Gibson-type girl. The name of the magazine was *Heart and Hand.* Inside, the slick pages were devoted to photographs of a hundred girls who desired marriage, with their names, ages and general descriptions. All correspondence was to be sent in care of the magazine which bore a post office box number in Chicago, Illinois.

In the privacy of his bunk at the far end of the room, Sam devoted an hour or more to critical appraisal of the bevy of photographed girls, their physical charms and occasional dowries, and present occupations. The latter varied from shop girls to waitresses, chorus girls, cabaret entertainers, stenographers, and nurses. Of these unmarried women, divorcees and widows, some of them desired correspondence with business and professional men and wanted city life; others desired country life with prosperous farmers, ranchers and cowboys; still others craved the bright footlights of the theatre.

Ringbone Sam marked, with a stub pencil, the ones who expressed a desire to go West to the open rangeland of cowboys and Indians. As he made his pencilled checks there was a smile on his mouth, a bemused look in his eyes. Had Big Ben Phillips been there to watch unseen, he would have recognized the all-too-familiar bemused look as that of a prankster about to set the bear trap for some unwary victim.

SAM, himself a confirmed young bachelor, had no desire whatever to get entangled in the apron strings of matri-

GREETINGS from MALTA
FRONT STREET, MALTA, MONT.

Courtesy Ray Freestone

Malta, Montana, where camp cook George L. Bickler met the *Oriental Limited* and his mail order bride-to-be, Gloria Lamont. This photo of Front Street on the south side of the railroad tracks was taken several years after the time of this story.

mony. "Love 'em and leave 'em" was his motto, and he had many times proven his point in various cowtowns, on scattered ranches, and at country dances. Like the little white bull that came down from the mountain, Ringbone Sam had scattered his sign in a hundred places as he rode his carefree way across many a skyline.

Sam let the magazine coil back into its rolled shape and shoved it in his hip pocket. He swung himself into sitting position and rolled a Bull Durham cigarette. Letting the tobacco smoke drift lazily from his nostrils as he scanned the men in the bunkhouse, he looked for all the world like a weasel selecting a fat rooster in a chicken yard.

Fatty Jones, ranch foreman, lanky Ed Woolworth, sheep boss, and the lean hatchet-faced Frank Baker, camp tender, were playing penny-ante draw poker. As Sam eyed each man in turn he decided that Fatty Jones was too lazy and indifferent to bother writing to any girl. Ed Woolworth was stuck on a good looking half-breed girl, and Frank Baker was married and had a flock of kids. Sam eliminated the white-whiskered old barn man who did odd chores, and the two sheepherders who thought more of their dogs than of women.

When every man present was looked over and discarded, Ringbone Sam left the bunkhouse. He walked with a slight limp, like a stove-up old cow horse with ringboned ankles. Several years before, a pitching bronc had turned a cartwheel and Sam had come out of the wreck with a badly sprained ankle which left him with a definite limp. It was B. D. Phillips who had nicknamed Sam Frazier "Ringbone Sam."

Sam headed for the mess house where George L. Bickler, one of the best roundup cooks in the country was wintering as ranch cook at the big sheep and cattle outfit. Like most ranch and roundup cooks, George was apt to be as fussy as an old maid and cranky at times, holding to the unwritten range law that a roundup cook's mess tent was his castle.

George was a paunchy man of medium height, partially gray and partially bald. Somewhere in his late forties or early fifties, he was a ladies' man from way back and inclined to lie about his age. He had a fondness for alcohol in any form, including lemon and vanilla extract. A smell of the whiskey cork and he would yank off his floursack apron and head for town. George would stay cold sober for weeks and months at a time, but when the compulsive craving for drink hit, there was no holding him. He'd draw his wages and hightail it for the nearest bar.

George's love life followed the same compulsive pattern as his drinking habits. During the years he had asked every woman between sixteen and sixty to marry him—whites, half-breeds and young fullblood Indians. But somehow during the hasty courtships a bottle of booze would always nip the romance. Sober, George possessed a certain dignity and vanity. Drunk, he would get maudlin before he passed out cold—and dead broke—to suffer a mild case of the D.T's.

No man was more aware of George's failings in regard to women and booze than Ringbone Sam, who in bygone years had nursed the roundup cook many times, sobering him up on the hair-of-the-dog. It made for a bond of friendship between them and Sam was always welcome at the mess house.

THAT CRISP, cold night in February when Sam entered the kitchen, he found George up to his elbows in a huge mound of sourdough he was kneading on the breadboard. There was a pot of simmering coffee on the back of the stove, and Sam helped himself and sat straddle of a kitchen chair, an amused twinkle in his eyes.

"An expert sourdough rassler like you, George," Sam broke the easy silence, "orter make some high-toned gal a good wife."

"From the day I get married, Ringbone," George said, "I don't ever aim to set foot inside a kitchen no more. I'll set in a plush easy chair in the front parlor, with carpet slippers on my feet, smokin' a seegar and readin' the *Police Gazette*. I'm a parlor man by nature. When I make up my mind to get married it'll be to some widder woman with plenty money in the bank."

"Ever since I can remember, you been tryin' to marry yourself off to every female in the country." Sam reminded him as he pulled the magazine from his flank pocket, and told the roundup cook to draw up a chair to the table and put on his reading specs.

"What you got there?" George asked as the magazine was unrolled.

"What I got here is a genuine heart-and-hand stud book. The answer to a lonesome bachelor's sweet dreams. These are real photographs of some fillies trying to find theirselves a runnin' mate. You want a good-looking widder, with money in the bank, you got a hundred to pick from."

Sam began leafing slowly through the pages, and George sucked in his breath with audible gasps of pure delight. The Ingersoll dollar alarm clock on the shelf ticked off minutes that lengthened into hours as the two men studied each page and read the names and pedigrees. Now and then George commented, "Shore purty . . . . a likely lookin' young 'un." His face was flushed and beads of sweat gathered on his forehead. "What's it say about that 'un?" He stabbed a blunt forefinger at a photograph.

"Quit pickin' the young 'uns," Sam advised. "What you want is a rich widder woman. Ferget them young cottontail rabbits. And you better get that bread outa the oven before its burnt black."

George reluctantly returned to his chores then quickly resumed his scrutiny of mail-order wives. It was nearing midnight when Sam yawned and shoved back his chair. "Four in the morning shore comes early. I better get some sleep," he announced, and told the cook to shove the magazine under his pillow and have sweet dreams.

Sam smiled with satisfaction as he went out and softly closed the kitchen door. Old George L. Bickler was already hearing the echoes of wedding bells.

A FEW YEARS before, George had filed on a homestead claim on Wild Horse Creek, several miles from the Phillips home ranch. Phillips had made all the improvements required by law, fencing the 320 acres with five-strand barbwire, planting a 100 acres in alfalfa, and the rest in timothy and bluejoint. A riprap dam was constructed to form a small lake for irrigation. There was a sod-roofed log cabin, and a large pineboard sheep shed with a galvanized tin roof which was used during April and May as a lambing shed and during the winter as one of the Phillips sheep camps, with its fenced-in haystacks for winter feed. George L. Bickler had a legal title to the homestead in a sealed envelope locked in the safe at the office at the ranch. It was mutually understood that at some future date George would sign over the title to the Phillips Cattle and Sheep Company for value received. Like all other large ranchers, B. D. Phillips had foreseen the homesteader invasion, prompted by Jim Hill's Great Northern Railroad, and had persuaded men in his employ to file homestead claims on choice acreage heretofore claimed as free range. This particular homestead was commonly known as the "Bickler Place" albeit George had never lived there.

Several times while George was leafing through the magazine, he had made mention of his ranch on Wild Horse Creek as a home to fetch a wife. And he talked about putting his winter's wages in the bank, and about swearing off drinking for keeps. There was no doubting the man's sincerity when he referred to the liquor he had consumed during the past many years as "The Demon Rum."

The following week was somewhat hectic for Ringbone Sam and George Bickler. An atmosphere of conspiracy prevailed in their nightly meetings in the warm kitchen of the mess house before they made the final selection of the most likely mail-order bride.

Their choice was Gloria Lamont. Widow. Childless. Age thirty-six. Five-feet four-inches tall. Neat, trim figure. Auburn hair. Brown eyes. Three thousand dollars in a savings account. Seamstress and milliner. Good cook. Excellent housekeeper. Tired of city life. Would gladly exchange correspondence with a middle-age bachelor rancher in the West.

"Reckon it's about time you dropped the Widder Lamont a few lines," Sam said as he produced a sizeable stack of note paper. "I borrowed a few sheets of B. D.'s writin' paper from the office."

"I'm a sorry hand," George shook his head doubtfully, "when it comes to writin' love letters. You better lend me a hand, Ringbone."

"Shore thing," Sam answered. "From here on out, you're George L. Bickler, a silent partner in the big Phillips Sheep Company. Thataway you'll build up a good rep with this Gloria Lamont. No use givin' yourself the muddy end of the stick. Like the book says, all's fair in love and war."

Aided and abetted by the fertile, imaginative brain of his friend, George took pen in hand. Caution and a certain degree of native cunning was used in the first few get-acquainted letters. "Easy turns the trick, George," was the sage advice of an expert in the love-and-leave-them method of the fiddle-footed range Lothario.

The following week a letter was received from Gloria Lamont, written on lilac-scented stationery. From its "Dear George" salutation to its "Lovingly Yours" close, the contents were a careful blending of politeness, while leaving a crack-in-the-door opening for the male correspondent. It left the roundup cook feeling like he was basking in perpetual sunshine, after Sam helped him compose a quick reply.

FROM THEN ON, to quote Ringbone Sam, "It was Kitty bar the door." Once Mrs. Lamont had let down her auburn hair, there was no holding George; the ardent love affair was no longer a secret. George was humming and whistling through his store-teeth as he worked. His wages were drawn and salted away in a savings account at the First State Bank at Malta, and he was riding high and dry on the proverbial water-wagon. Everybody in Phillips County was invited to attend the wedding that was to be sometime in June, pending B. D. Phillips' return from California.

Phillips arrived during the lambing season in May. He viewed the approaching marriage with a jaundiced, speculative eye at first, until Ringbone Sam informed him of the cook's long months of sobriety as proof of his sincerity.

"If this is another one of your practical jokes, Sam," B. D. warned the big bronc rider, "I'll run you out of the country."

"It started out thataway," Ringbone Sam admitted, "but the way things turned out George is playing for keeps, and I'm the last man on earth to mess things up. You got my word of honor

Would wealthy Chicago widow Gloria Lamont accept the rugged life as a wife of a Montana camp cook? B. D. Phillips and Ringbone Sam had their fingers crossed, hoping she would. But that was before they saw her!

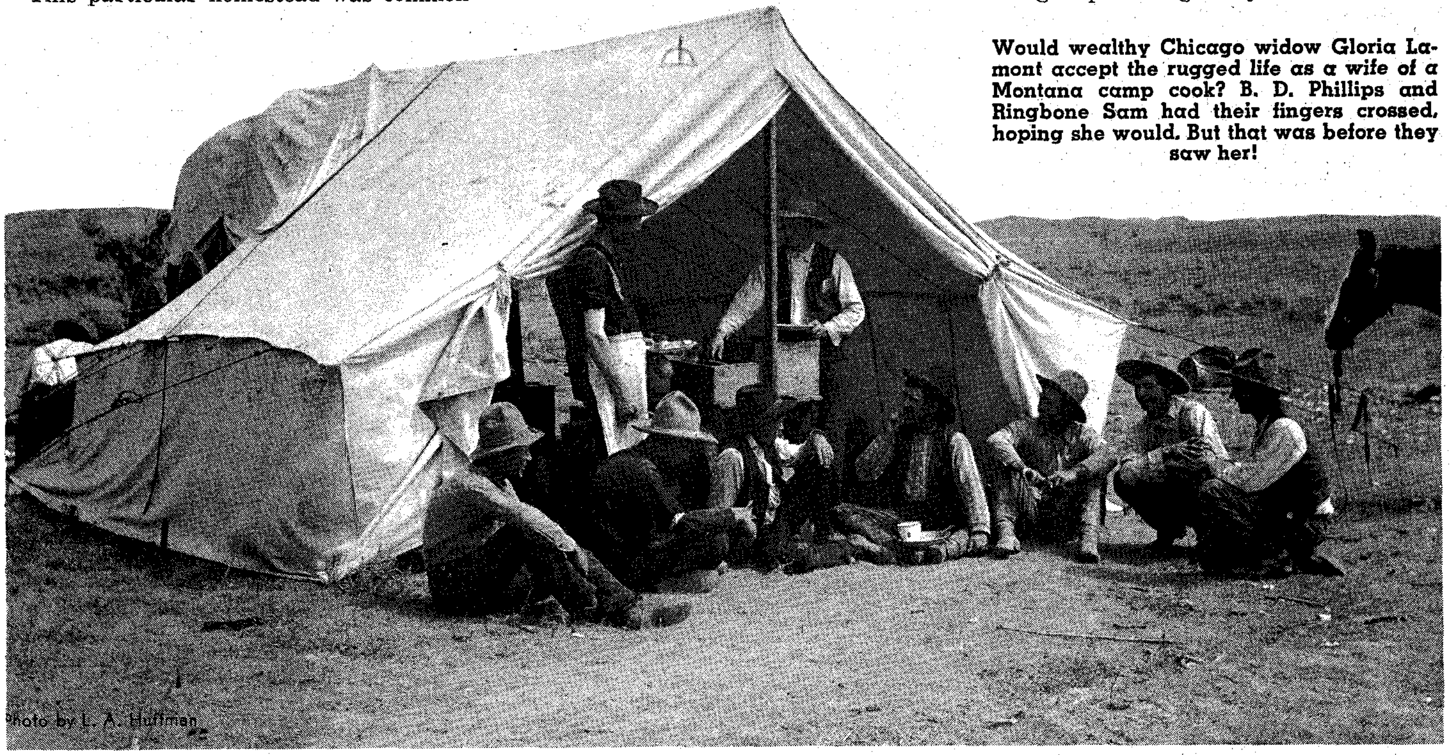
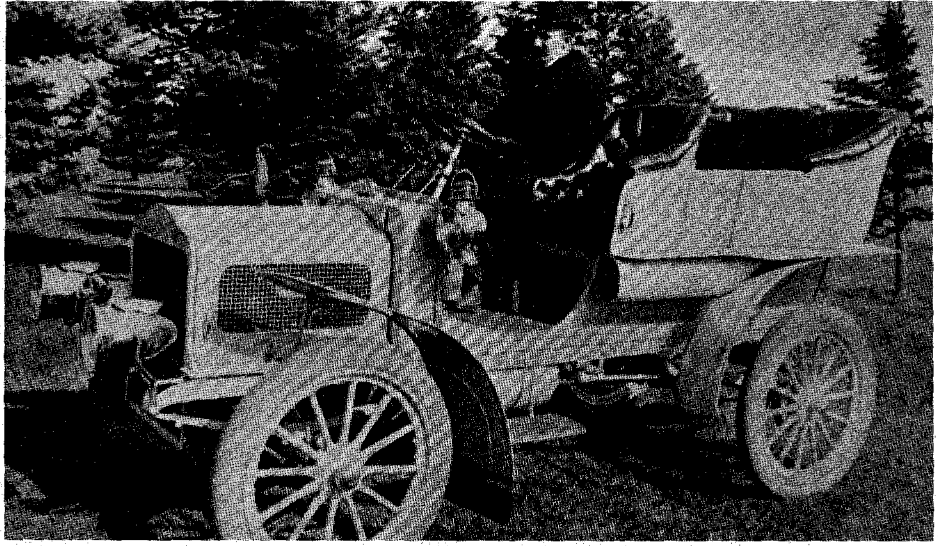


Photo by L. A. Huffman



B. D. Phillips placed his White Steamer at the disposal of George Bickler so that he, Ed Woolworth, and Ringbone Sam could take Gloria on a grand tour of the ranch.

on it. Have I ever broken my word to you, B. D.?"

"Yep!" B. D. replied promptly. "So many times I've lost track. Your word of honor isn't worth a tinker's damn."

Sam sprang to his own defense. "Not when it turned out to be a dead serious matter, like this deal. For the past few months I've been helping George fix up that cabin on his homestead. New dishes, pots and pans, furniture, and curtains on the windows. All set and ready for the bride. There's a padlock on the door so no lousy sheepherders can set foot inside. All George's been waiting for is for you to back him up."

"All right," B. D. conceded. "But it'll be in the middle of shearing time, the busiest time of the year for me. I'll be dickering with wool buyers and shearing crews, and working at a dozen other chores, too busy to bother with George and his wedding. It'll be up to you to handle the whole deal and keep George sober. They can use my car for a drive around the ranch, then you get them aboard the train for Havre. They can be married by the justice of the peace there. I'll foot the bill at the hotel at Havre, then they can board the train next day for Great Falls for a week's honeymoon at my expense. That'll get them out of my way. And you be sure, Ringbone, that you go with them as far as Havre."

They shook hands to bind the bargain.

"Once George is settled down on his homestead with a wife," B. D. voiced his thoughts aloud, "I'll have me the best ranch cook in the country on a lasting, permanent basis, providing this widow is all she's cracked up to be, and willing to put up with him when he's on one of his periodic sprees. Sooner or later it's bound to happen, but we'll cross that bridge when we get there. Meanwhile, it's your job to keep him sober as a bishop until he's married."

"I'll guarantee he won't get so much as a sniff of a cork. You kin depend on ol' Ringbone, B. D."

"I'm taking your word for it with my fingers crossed," B. D. smiled faintly.

When the big sheepman turned and walked away, Sam was left alone to think things over. And troubled thoughts were milling around inside his skull. George had shown Phillips the mushy love letters he'd received, and in most of them, cloaked in terms of endearment, had been veiled references to George's being a wealthy sheepman. The false status which the roundup cook had built up, with the able assistance of Sam, was nothing but a fabrication of lies. B. D. had read those letters, yet he had not accused either man of conspiracy, and it was that omission which now troubled the guilty conscience of the big cowboy. But it was not in his general make-up to let such matters worry him for long. To hell with it.

JUNE 24 was the day set for the wedding. Gloria Lamont was due to arrive in Malta, Montana, on the famous Oriental Limited, known locally as the "Flyer," at ten in the morning.

It was the height of shearing season and B. D. was the busiest man in town, spending his time between the shearing plant and the large wool shed beside the side-tracks. He traveled back and forth in his new White Steamer, the first automobile of its kind in that part of Montana. The White Steamer was a nine-day's wonder to the cowtown, with its red and white enamel paint, large brass carbide headlights and brass carriage lamps, its wide fenders over spoke wheels, red leather upholstery and a large brass horn with black rubber bulb that when squeezed would spook the most gentle work team.

B. D. had generously put the automobile, with his Negro chauffeur, at the disposal of the cook that morning so he could take Gloria Lamont on a tour of the Phillips ranch, returning in time to board the "Local" to the division point at Havre. There they would be married by the justice of the peace, and occupy the bridal suite at the Havre Hotel, all expenses paid by B. D.

George L. Bickler, accompanied by Ringbone Sam and sheep boss Ed Woolworth, arrived by buckboard from the ranch at Malta about nine in the morning, giving themselves an hour to get the works at Shorty's Barber Shop, including hot baths, and to buy their new store clothes. Ed Woolworth had somehow attached himself to the wedding party by announcing that it was customary for the girl's father, uncle or brother, to give the bride away, and he'd be proud to do the honors.

"The way you've been lookin' goo-goo-eyed at her picture," Sam eyed the sheep foreman suspiciously, "yore feelin's ain't noways fatherly, brotherly nor uncle-like."

And Ed Woolworth, a man who traveled on his shape as a ladies' man, grinned knowingly and replied, "Speak for yourself, Ringbone."

After the three of them had gotten the works at the barbershop, bathed, barbered, and dressed in their new finery, George was impatient to make the rounds of the saloons to spread the glad tidings of his approaching wedding.

"On one condition, fellow," Sam warned. "You drink nothin' but red soda pop. My job is to keep you sober, and I aim to do it if I have to lock you up in the calaboose till train time."

"You got my solemn promise, Ringbone," George lifted his right hand. "Let's head for Long Henry's."

As they lined up at the polished mahogany bar of the best saloon in town, all dressed to the nines with stiff white collars, Long Henry eyed the trio and remarked, "You look just like three brown mules peerin' over a whitewashed fence. What'll it be, gents? It's on the house."

"Whiskey for me'n Woolworth," Sam announced, "and red sodapop for George."

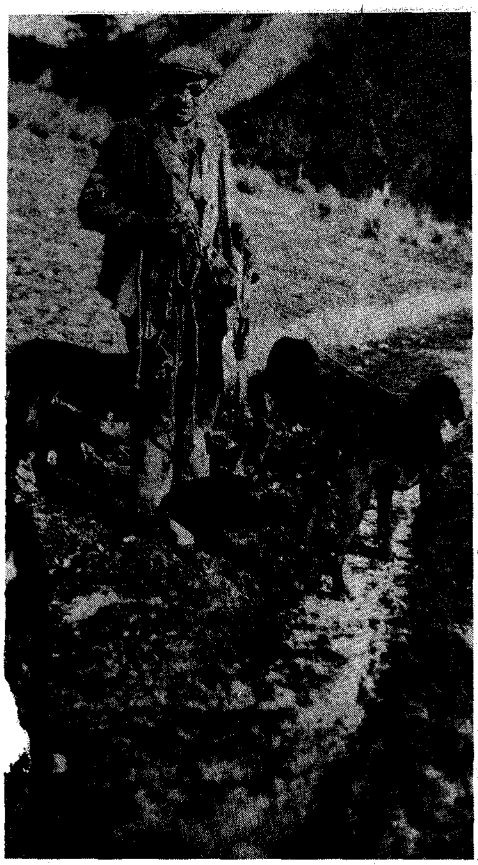
But George L. Bickler was sniffing like a birddog. The beer and whiskey atmosphere of the first saloon he'd been in for several months was having its potent effect. Never in his entire life had the craving for strong drink been so keen. The happy smile on his weathered face stiffened into a grimace, though he tried his best not to let it show. Later, making some joke about sodapop being first rate for a man's kidneys, he headed for the men's room. Nobody took notice of George's absence from the bar and when he returned, the tails of his coat concealed the bulge of a pint bottle in his hip pocket.

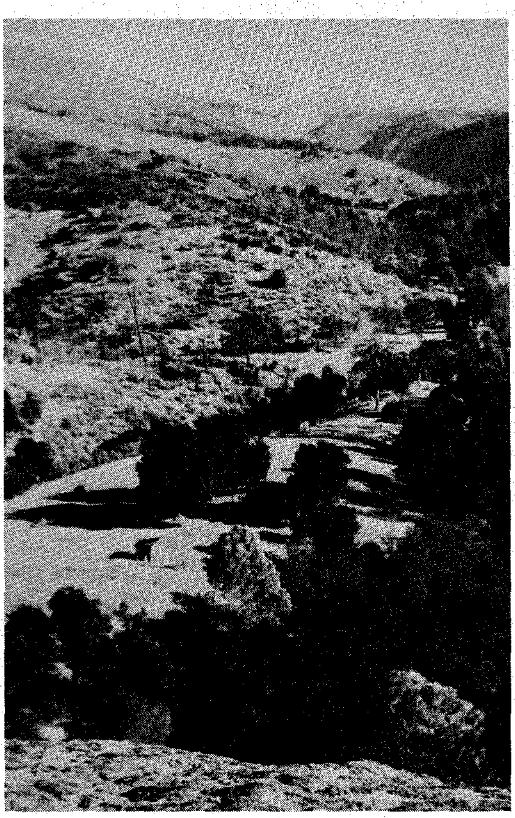
All three were puffing cigars donated by Long Henry when they headed for Cavanaugh's Saloon, then Ed Powell's, George White's, Joe Brown's place, and the Last Chance.

Sam and Ed Woolworth were drinking shots of whiskey with beer chasers and feeling no pain, while George drank red sodapop and ginger ale. In each saloon the cook made regular trips to the men's room, but he was limiting himself to small swallows of whiskey and kept it well under control.

A FEW MINUTES before the Oriental Limited was due, the three men showed up at the Great Northern depot.

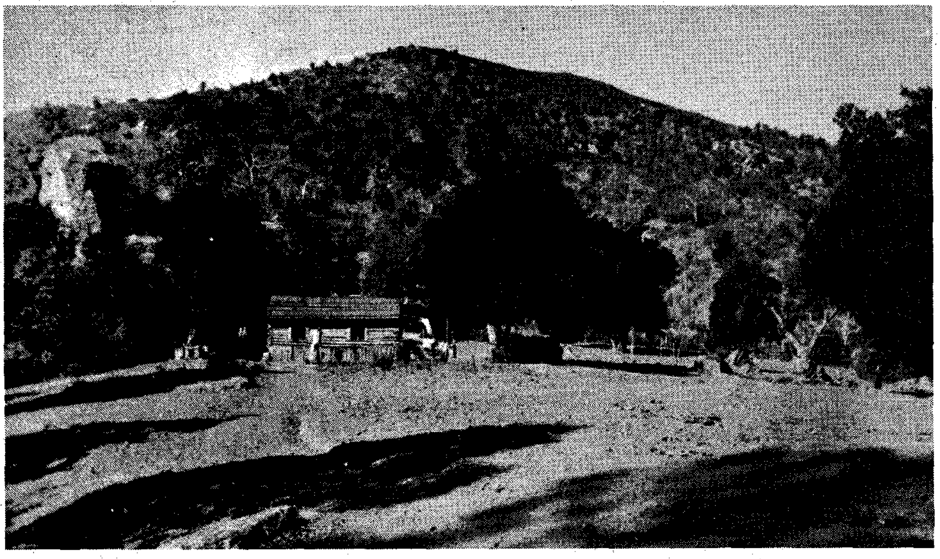
(Continued on page 47)





Mountain Lions at Robbers Roost

Adventures such as this are what men relive around campfires for many years afterward . . .



By J. A. RIGGIN

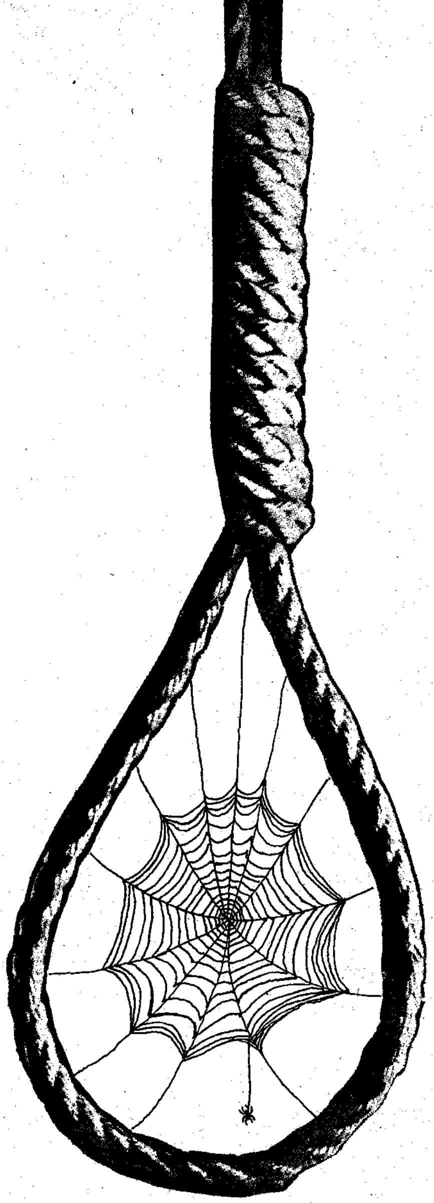
Photos Courtesy Author

AT the head of Thompson Gulch, twelve miles west of King City, California, is a place called Robbers Roost. It picked up that name when the notorious bandit, Vasquez, used it as an occasional hideout during his robbing and killing in San Benito and Monterey Counties years ago. This hideout eventually became my property.

(Continued on page 54)

Above from left, lion hunter Jay Bruce and his dogs; view from a cave overlooking Robbers Roost near King City, California; and Jay with his lead dog and the lion hide. At left, Robbers Roost at the head of Thompson Gulch. Caves are about halfway up the mountain behind the cabin.

TY OF THE HOLY FAITH
SANTA FE N.M.



Santa Fe's DELAYED HANGING

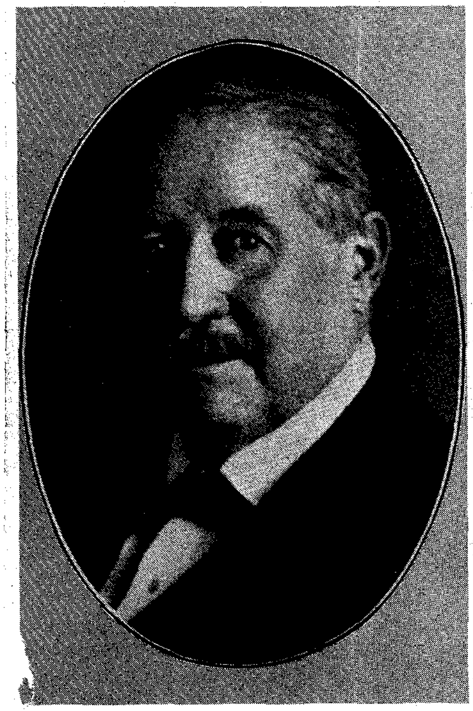
Political strings can be stronger than ropes...

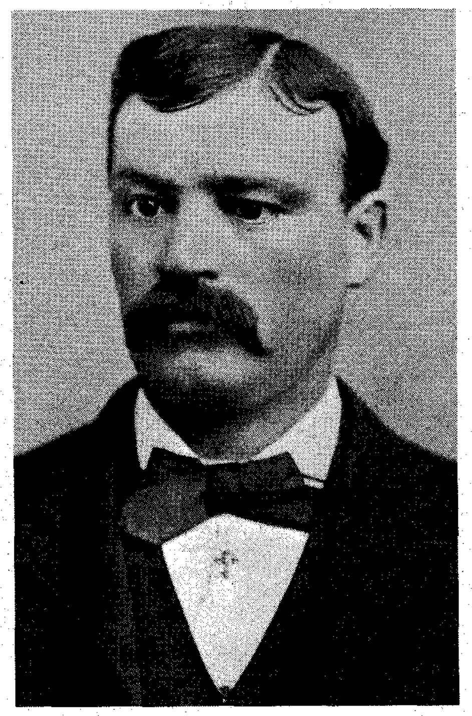
By ROBERT W. RICHMOND

Photos Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

ON April 2, 1897 in Santa Fe, New Mexico, four men were hanged for murder, five years after the crime was committed. Today—in the age of appeal—that five-year period would not seem long but for the 19th century in a region which was still emerging from the frontier it was indeed a long time from crime to execution. Both the murder and the trial had political overtones and drew national attention.

Frank Chavez, the victim, spent the





T. B. Catron Photo Courtesy Author

At far left and below are Santa Fe and its Plaza (both shown about the time of the story) where Frank Chavez was shot down. At middle left in oval photo is T. B. Catron, the defense attorney. At left is Frank Chavez, the ex-sheriff whose murder in 1892 led to five years of legal battles.

evening of May 29, 1892 on Santa Fe's plaza and stopped in Dixon's saloon on his way home. From the bar he was accompanied by Atilano Gold, and the two considered another saloon stop but Chavez decided the place was too crowded and he would probably have to buy a round of drinks for all the patrons. Since he was an ex-sheriff and active in politics he was well acquainted with Santa Fe residents and more than once had set up drinks for the house.

As they approached the south end of the Guadalupe Street bridge several shots were fired and Chavez fell, exclaiming, "The brutes have murdered me!" Gold hurried across the bridge and stopped in front of Chavez' home. He heard two men running through the Guadalupe church yard and as they entered the street they fired at him but missed. Gold then ran back across the bridge and reported what had happened to the first people he met and continued downtown in search of a doctor.

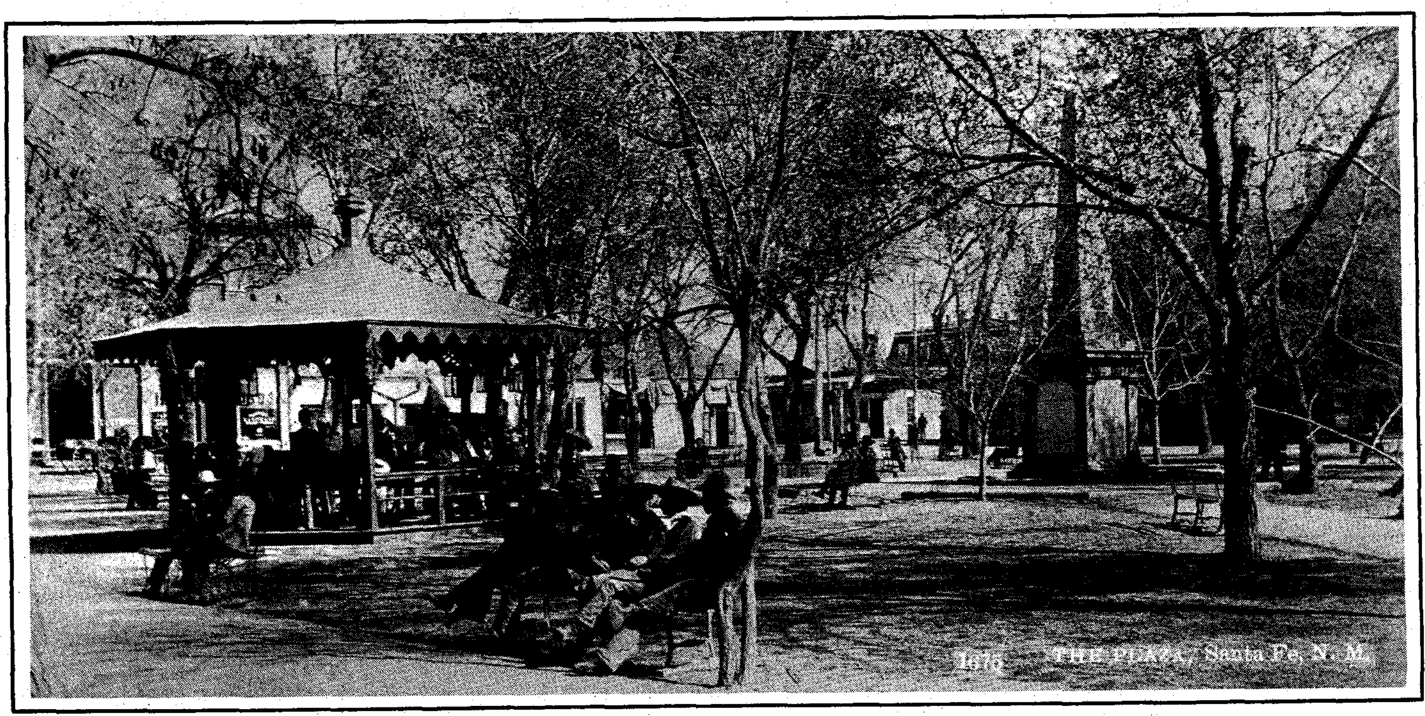
Dozens of people soon arrived at the scene and several of them removed Chavez' body to the home of his mother. A group of men obtained a lantern and began to search the area for some clue to the shooting but the crowd was so great and there was so much milling around that little could be accomplished. It was determined rather quickly that an examination of the area where the shooting took place was fruitless. One thing was certain—Frank Chavez had been shot four times with both a rifle and a .45 pistol, which indicated that at least two men had fired at him.

An hour after the shooting, the sheriff and the marshal called at Caroline Martin's house, opposite Guadalupe Church, and arrested William Soehnchen on suspicion of murder. Soehnchen was a business partner of Chavez in a local planing mill and recently had been on a prolonged drinking spree during which several altercations had taken place between the two men. Chavez on numerous occasions had attempted to sober up his partner but with little success. All he had done was make Soehnchen angry and Soehnchen had even threatened to kill him, but nobody paid much attention to him since he was drinking so heavily. On the night of the murder, according to Caroline Martin, he had returned to the house by eight o'clock.

When the sheriff and marshal aroused Soehnchen and told him that Chavez was dead he staggered from his chair and, despite his earlier threats, announced his intention to find out who had killed his partner. He was in such bad shape that the sheriff then hauled him off to jail. The coroner's jury exonerated him a few hours later and there was little argument because Soehnchen had been so drunk and was also afflicted with a partial paralysis. The combination eliminated the possibility that he could have held a gun steady enough to shoot anybody.

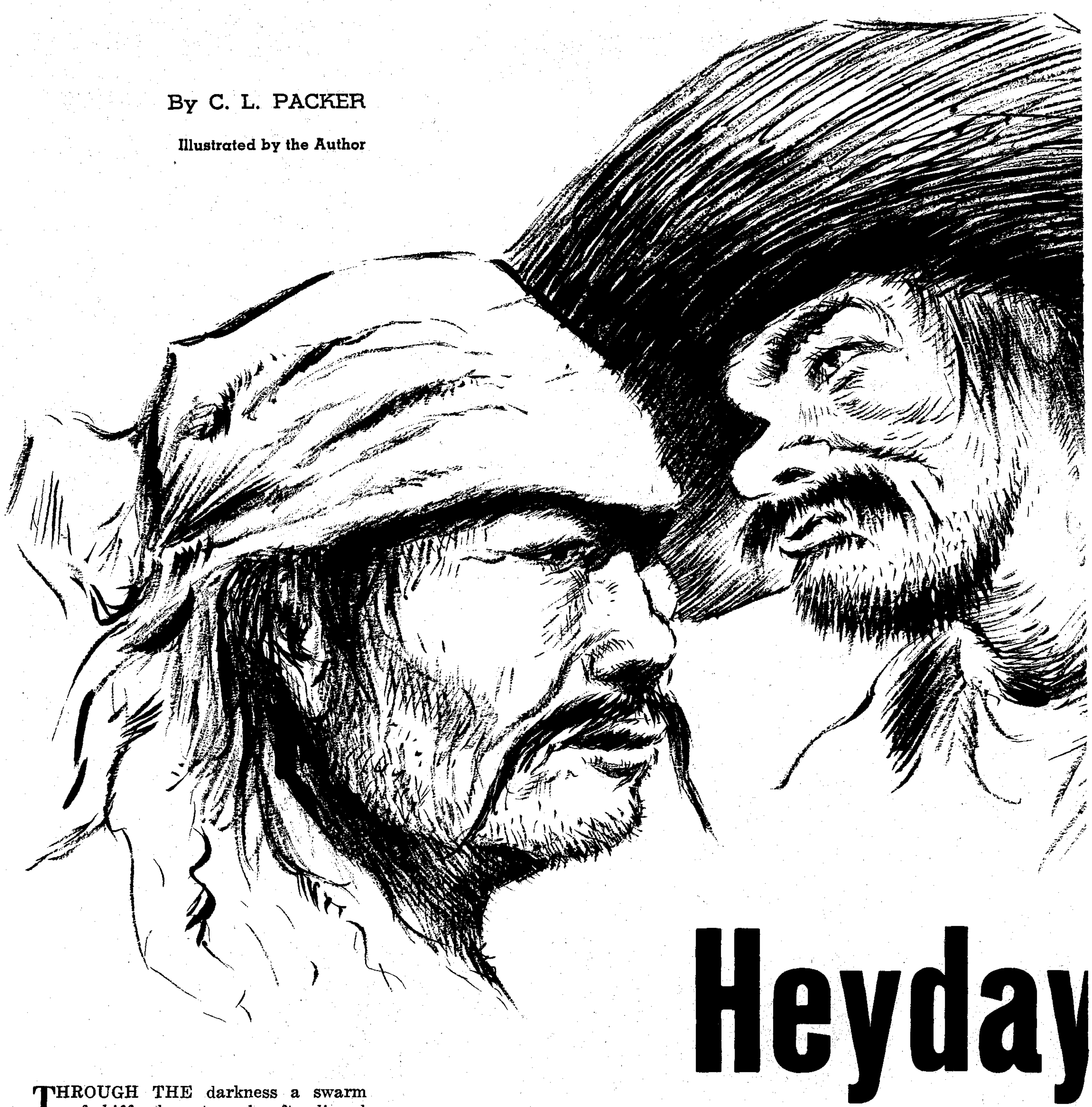
The inquest did reveal that Chavez had been concerned about "the gang that was after him," and that he had mentioned this to several persons. No one seemed to know what "gang" was involved but as the Santa Fe *New Mexican* pointed out, Chavez was a man who

(Continued on page 74)



By C. L. PACKER

Illustrated by the Author



Heyday

THROUGH THE darkness a swarm of skiffs, dugouts and rafts slipped like ghosts in the wake of a shadowy hulk moving with the current toward shoals in the Arkansas. The 75-foot keelboat had taken on a cargo of buffalo hides, peltries and salt at Chouteau's Post above Three Rivers in Osage country and would pick up more cargo downstream at another landing, then the last load at Petite Roche (Little Rock)—the whole to be delivered at New Orleans. Cargo already aboard was valuable enough to draw river pirates toward the keelboat like a pack of hungry wolves after a doomed buffalo. When the cargo was loaded at Chouteau's Post, their scouts had relayed the message downstream to the renegades now closing in for the kill.

So far the keelboat crew was oblivious of danger, but their stalkers would be in for a fight even with a surprise attack. Like crews of other keelboats plying the Missouri, Mississippi and their tributaries, these men were a wild, reckless, hard-drinking, hard-cussing lot with absolute loyalty to their employers and a well-earned reputation of always defending with their lives the cargoes entrusted to their care.

The pirates were slipping in on the keelboat from the rear and both sides. As the lead dugout and skiffs drew closer a keelboater manning a sweep spotted one and whispered to a companion who silently made the rounds alerting other crewmen. Each took a defensive position and waited for the attack they knew was bound to come. Now and then they were able to make out dim shapes of other craft moving in. If one or two could get close enough to board the boat for hand-to-hand fighting, it would give the rest a chance to board during the confusion.

From past encounters with thieves the keelboaters knew what to expect so

No ordinary man could last long on the West's mighty rivers and their tributaries—and no ordinary man ever tried to!

Keelboaters' to Doomsday

they opened fire. After intermittent, inaccurate firing from both sides in the darkness, the pirates dropped back to a safe distance, intending to renew the attack at dawn when their forces would be strengthened by some confederates hiding in an inlet off the shoals (Webbers Falls). The latter band was waiting there in case the surprise attack should fail.

Sometimes the rocks in the shoals were submerged enough to permit navigation over them. Often they were above the surface. The brigands were hoping the big boat would be unable to cross; the keelboaters were figuring river level *should* carry them over. If not, a pitched battle would be fought at the shoals.

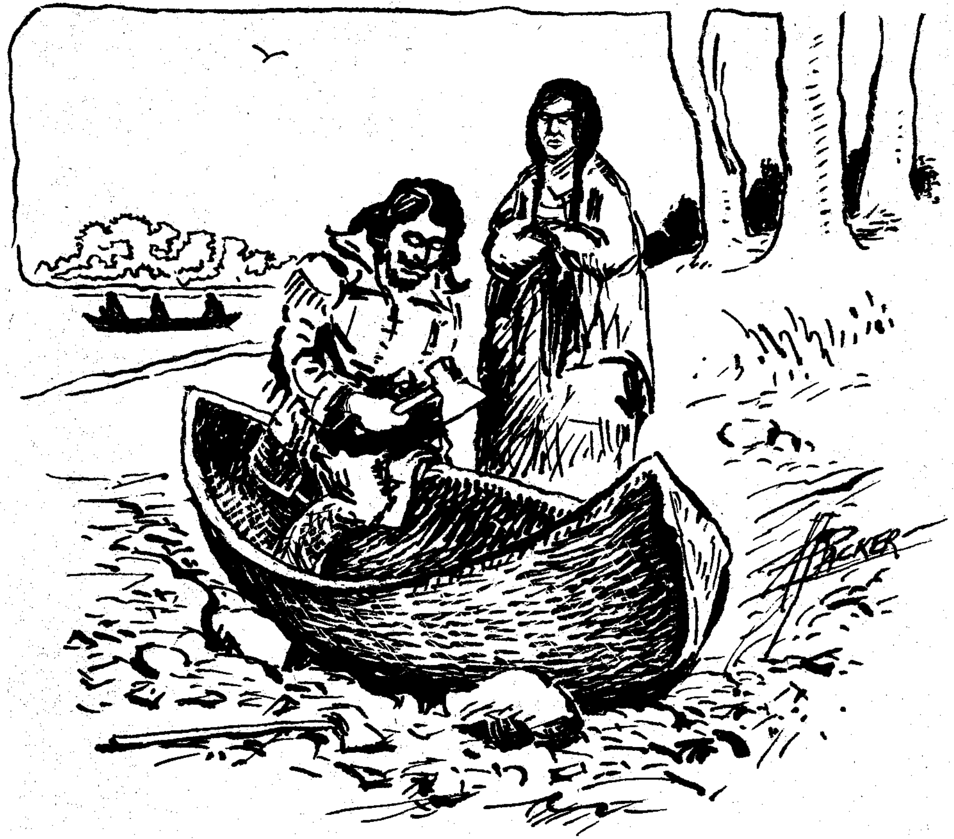
DAWN revealed the pirates trailing well out of range, and when they made no attempt to lessen the gap the keelboaters began to smell a mouse. Though no boats were visible ahead the crewmen soon had little doubt that the thickets along the inlet near the shoals were alive with more renegades ready to help spring the trap on the big craft. There were plenty of arms, powder and lead on board—muskets, pistols, knives, hatchets, axes, clubs and a few swords. Yet if their guess were right, their only chance of survival depended on the water over the rocks being deep enough to carry their boat with its three-foot draft across into deep water and free going.

When the keelboat was about a mile above the inlet the trailing pirates began to close the gap. They moved into gunrange but no shots came from the keelboat. As it passed the inlet a barrage of lead came from the thickets fringing the left shore of the river and from boats moving out from the sheltering bushes. Still the keelboaters remained hidden as their craft drifted with the current. The pursuing bandits had now joined the second group and lead filled the air. As the keelboat neared the shoals the sweeps had to be manned to take the boat safely over the rocks. To protect sweep-men the rest of the crew suddenly opened covering fire. Many of the keelboaters hailed from Kentucky and Tennessee and were dead shots with their long rifles.

Men toppled from the rafts and pirogues. The big boat crossed the shoals and picked up speed in the current. Fearful of losing their prey, the pirates who had paddled their canoes ahead to help encircle the keelboat now closed in on the big craft and fought like demons to board it. Others followed. A big raft was poled alongside, and those manning it reached the deck. Other pirates, paddling skiffs, joined the massacre.

Greatly outnumbered, the keelboaters fought, screamed and cursed. Their furious courage in hand-to-hand fighting began to tell. Every pirate who reached the deck was slaughtered except for a few who leaped overboard. Others in craft circling the keelboat paddled to safety where they could nurse their wounds and bide their time to swoop down on easier prey—perhaps a flatboat or raft manned by settlers taking their produce to market. Often, as in the battle just fought, many keelboaters were killed while protecting their cargoes; and sometimes they lost the battles and the cutthroats divided the booty and peddled their portions to unscrupulous buyers.

At times river pirates made successful



Building a pirogue.

attacks under cover of dense fog when, with extreme caution, they were able to row close and board a keelboat with the stealth of weasels and pounce on their prey with the viciousness of those bloodthirsty predators of the animal kingdom.

AFTER the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 traffic on the Arkansas and Red Rivers increased. Tales told by French traders who were doing a lucrative business with the Indians were tantalizing enough to keelboat men, but the violent escapades described by the traders sounded too good to be true, so the rugged men in the big boats had to have a look-see and find out for themselves if all "Frenchy" said was so. Besides, the country along the big Missouri and Mississippi was becoming too hemmed in for their liking and it was time to get a taste of the wild in Injun Country.

Keelboaters headed their long boats up the Arkansas and the "Big Red." They found the Indian there with his dugout canoe, a few scattered trading posts, Frenchy with his pirogue, a settler here and there with raft or flatboat, now and then a Spaniard with a horse and pack mule and sometimes a dugout canoe. Farther west they found a new frontier—timbered hills filled with game—trackless prairies with vast herds of buffalo—and best of all, adventure for the taking.

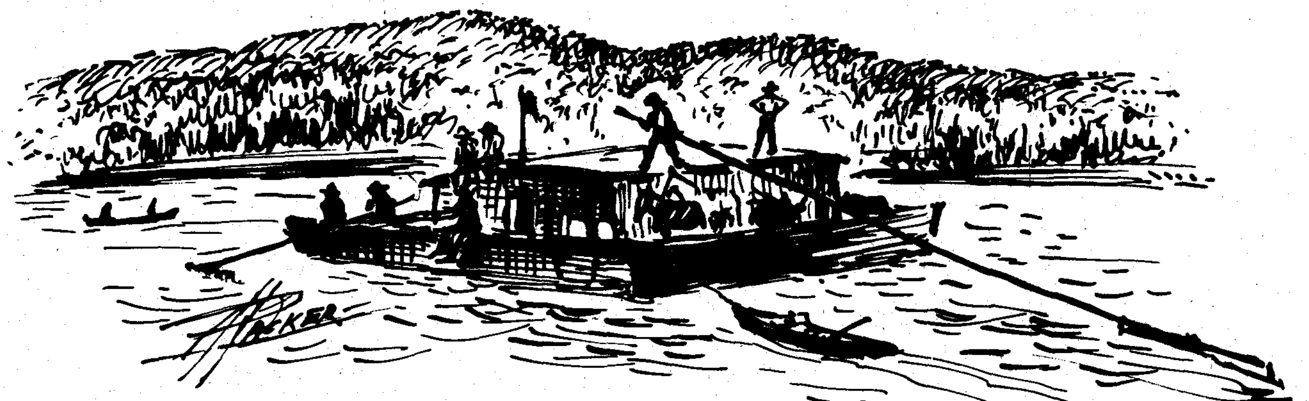
The early Frenchmen paddled birchbark canoes down mighty rivers and their tributaries—such streams as Red River, the Arkansas and their branches—the Washita, North and South Canadian, Illinois, Grand, Verdigris, Cimarron. But they soon learned that these shallow, root-infested rivers were disastrous to their fragile craft. Frenchy literally hit a snag—lots of them—also sunken logs, chunks of waterlogged drift and broken limbs. He quickly adopted the dugout of the natives along these waterways, learning to make as well as paddle them.

The paddling came easy because of his skill with the birchbark canoe. The making—that was something else. It meant long days of hard work—chopping and digging out with ax and hatchet—using fire—anything to hollow out the big cottonwood log and shape it like a canoe. Farther south, in swamplands along streams such as Red River, cypress logs were used. And so pirogues became increasingly plentiful and popular on waterways of the South and Southwest—taking their place in the saga of the riverboats.

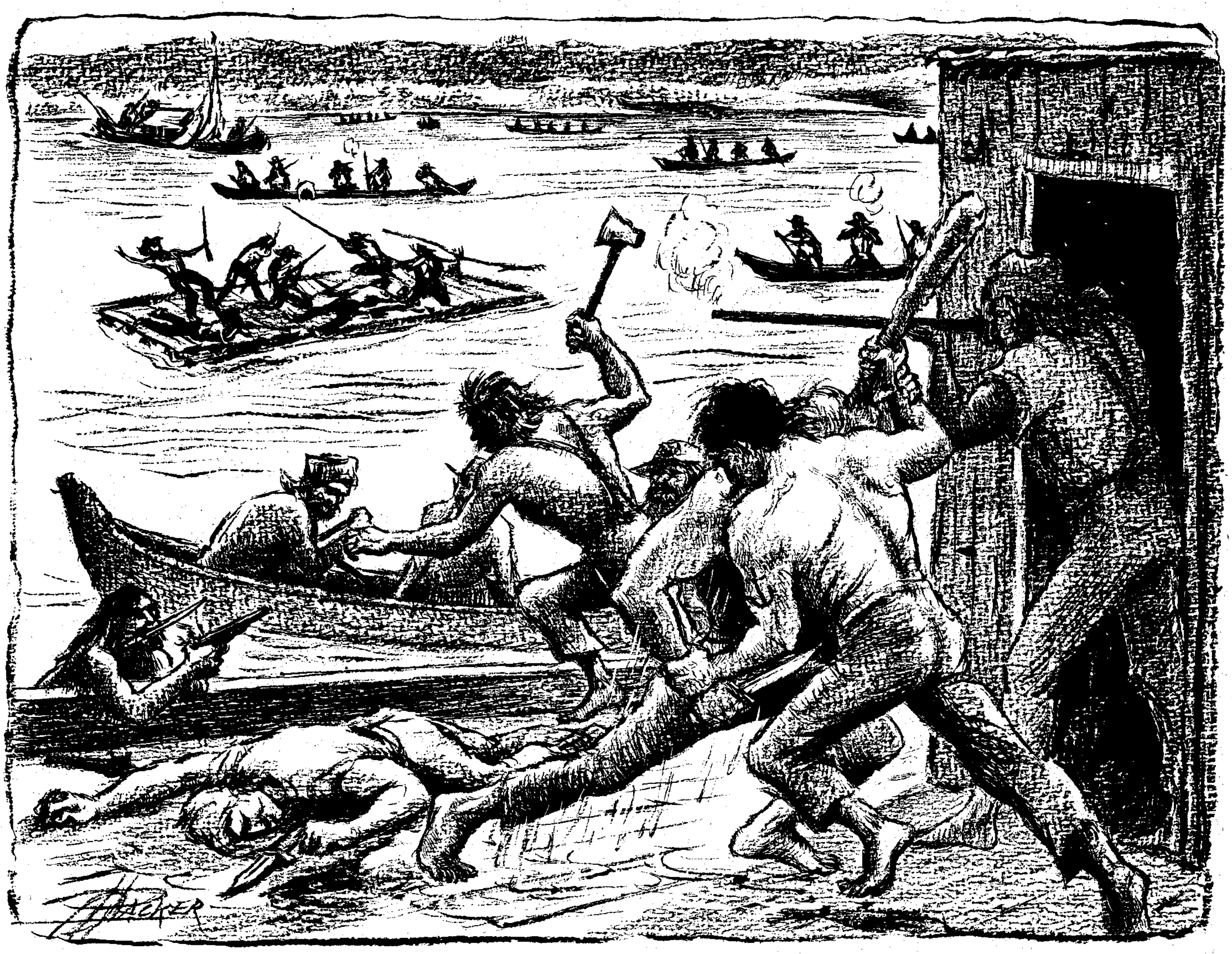
It's easy to picture Frenchy and his party all decked out in the flashy garb of the Canadian frontier—bright sashes, rakish headgear, buckskins, moccasins—as they headed for an Indian encampment upstream, poling a bateau heavily loaded with trade goods and followed by a procession of pirogues. Nothing beats making a good impression when you go after new business!

Something else those keelboaters saw—not many, but one or two now and then—were bullboats. To men who had been far up the big Missouri, bullboats were no oddities. They had seen Indians paddling them on the upper reaches of this broad river. Some of the early French traders used bullboats and may have made them. Since they did much bartering with these tribes and often took Indian maidens for their wives, it's likely that any bullboats built by Frenchmen were patterned after those of the Indians among whom they lived and whose customs they usually adopted.

Strong, supple saplings and limbs were used for the framework of such craft. Over this skeleton structure buffalo hide



Flatboat on the Arkansas River.



River pirates attacking a keelboat.

was stretched—preferably the thick hide of old bulls—hence the name. The boats were bowl-shaped, round or oval. Exploring parties saw them in use on many of the big western streams. If expertly handled they were very useful in crossing rivers, but when they were caught in swift eddies and whirlpools the "round" bullboats sometimes got out of control and subjected the paddlers to a spin which made them as dizzy as if they'd over-indulged in drink. The oval-shaped bullboats were usually larger than the circular ones and could carry several riders and a small amount of cargo, whereas smaller ones were mainly one or two-man jobs. Bullboats found their way to smaller rivers in the South where they were easier to control on the more placid water.

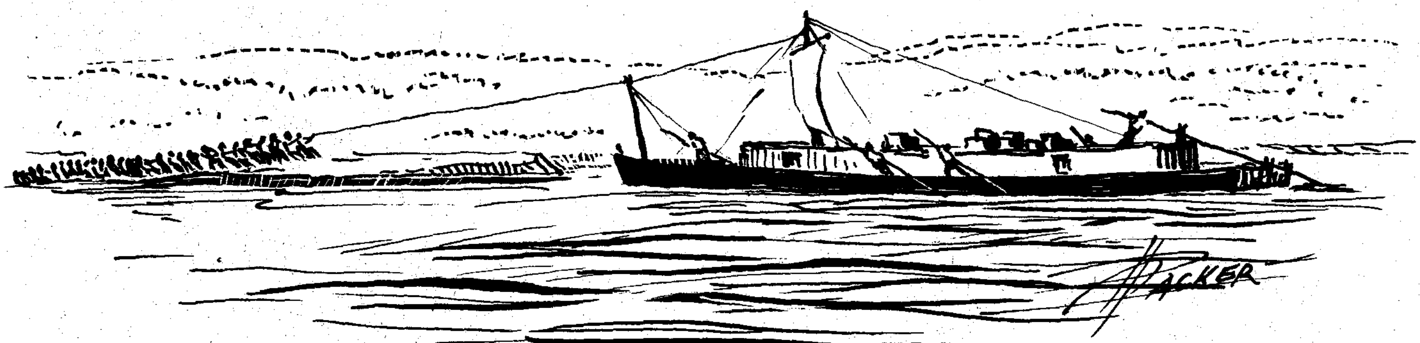
RAFTS were not too difficult to build. They followed a simple plan and almost anybody could put one of some sort together. Their variations resulted from the "eye-balling" and "playing it by ear" methods of builders as work progressed. As a rule, a platform of rough planks (occasionally logs) was fastened to a log understructure. A raft was poled, paddled and in some cases helped along by a crude sail or a "sweep" (long oar). Rafts were commonly used by early settlers for carrying produce to market, often being large enough to transport livestock as well as farm products. On the Missouri and Mississippi huge rafts were often seen carrying crews of as many as thirty men. Such a raft might have four sweeps fore and aft with maybe five or six wigwams in a circle around a campfire built on a pile of dirt on its floor. Wigwams were tent-like structures built on boards, and offered shelter to crewmen.

Flatboats were built in many sizes and were a chief means for hauling bulky freight and livestock. With the other craft mentioned, they moved west up frontier streams along with prairie schooners on the plains. Built with square ends and flat bottoms they could travel where craft with deeper draft couldn't navigate. Like rafts, some flatboats might be as long as from here to yonder.

Occasionally Missouri settlers loaded flatboats with hides, peltries, bacon, pecans and beeswax and floated them down the Elk, Cowskin and Grand Rivers and on into the Arkansas—headed for the Mississippi and New Orleans, with stops at settlements along the way.

Rafts and flatboats along the Big Red were loaded with bales of cotton from plantations along the river and with farm products grown by settlers on both sides of the stream in Indian Territory and Texas. After such craft were unloaded in riverport towns they were usually sold for scrap to buyers who resold the lumber. Not so with keelboats. They were far too valuable to be scrapped. For many years they made history in the "Territory." With carrying capacities varying from ten to twenty tons they transported cargoes both ways on the rivers. Most keelboats were about seventy-five feet long, pointed at bow and stern and curving to a width of around twenty feet. With a draught of three feet they could go far upstream on small tributaries of larger rivers. Some of them had cargo hold and cabin amidships some five or six feet in height. Extending above the cabin a short, strong mast carried a sail in case the wind blew in the right direction.

Upstream navigation was a formidable task, for sure. What a sight it must have been! A 300-foot rawhide rope fastened to the mast was used for towing the



Crew towing a keelboat up the Arkansas River.

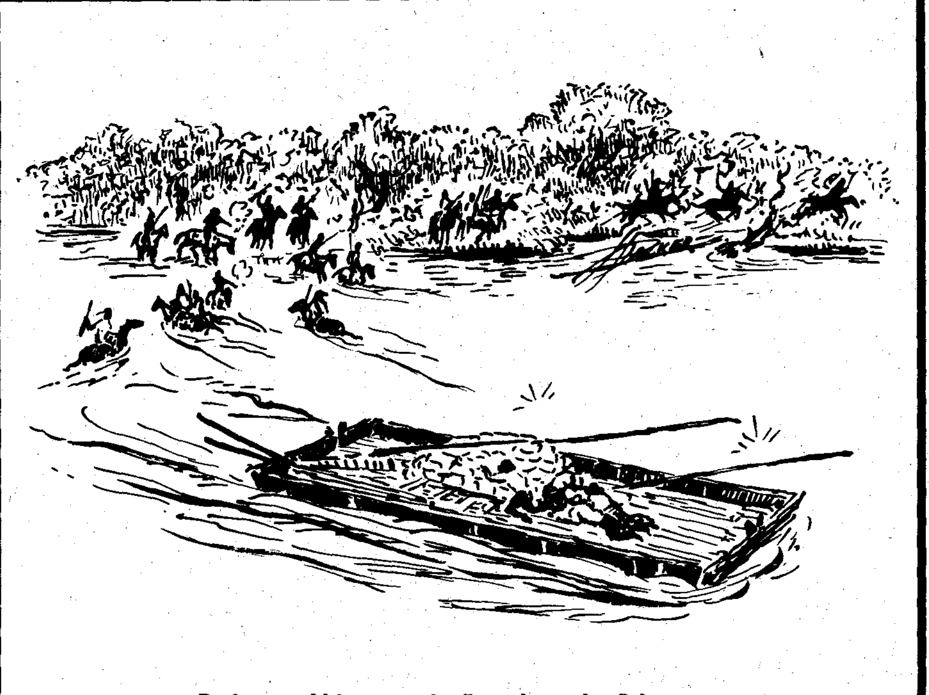
craft. When going with the wind the sail was hoisted to help crewmen toiling with sweep and poles. When the sail was not in use a few men on board used poles and sweeps while the rest—maybe twenty-five or thirty—took to the shore and pulled like oxen as they strained on the towline.

When thickets along the bank barred their way, the line was tied to a tree, snag or big rock up ahead and the men climbed aboard and hauled on the line to advance the boat to a point where the rope was tied. Then the action might be repeated if there was something handy to which to tie. Only men with brawn and courage were equal to the long weeks of exhausting toil it took to work a keelboat back upstream to its home port. With the advent of steamboats on the Arkansas and Big Red, owners of some of the larger rafts and flatboats paid steamboat captains to tow them back upstream.

In 1821 a keelboat was maneuvered up the Arkansas to the mouth of the Cimarron (not far above present Keystone Dam). Shallow water barred its further progress. In 1823 an adventuresome keelboat crew did what most rivermen said couldn't be done. They worked the big boat heavily loaded with trade goods up the Arkansas into the South Canadian to the mouth of the North Canadian and on up it to Keokuk Falls, north of present Seminole, Oklahoma! Here the boat was tied up while the crew cut down cottonwoods and hewed some dugouts. The cargo was loaded into them and they were paddled on upstream to the Kiowa-Comanche country where the goods were traded to the Indians.

Ferryboats played a very important role on many rivers. Vehicles of most any kind pulled by horses, mules and oxen—even wagontrains—saved arduous miles by taking shorter routes and crossing rivers at points where ferryboats operated at toll stations.

Dugouts, bullboats, rafts, flatboats, ferryboats, keelboats—all these promoted river trade and raised the curtain on the frontier stage for steamboats waiting for their cue to leave the Missouri and Mississippi and whistle their entry into the drama of the big Southwest.



Berkey and his men take flour down the Arkansas.

SOME SAY the first steamboat on the Arkansas was the *Comet*—a bit slower than the luminous heavenly body for which it was named and trailing a stream of dense smoke instead of a long nebulous tail. Puffing its way agains the current of the Arkansas under the guiding hand of Captain Brown, the *Comet*—154 tons, eight days out of New Orleans, landed at Arkansas Post. The year was 1820.

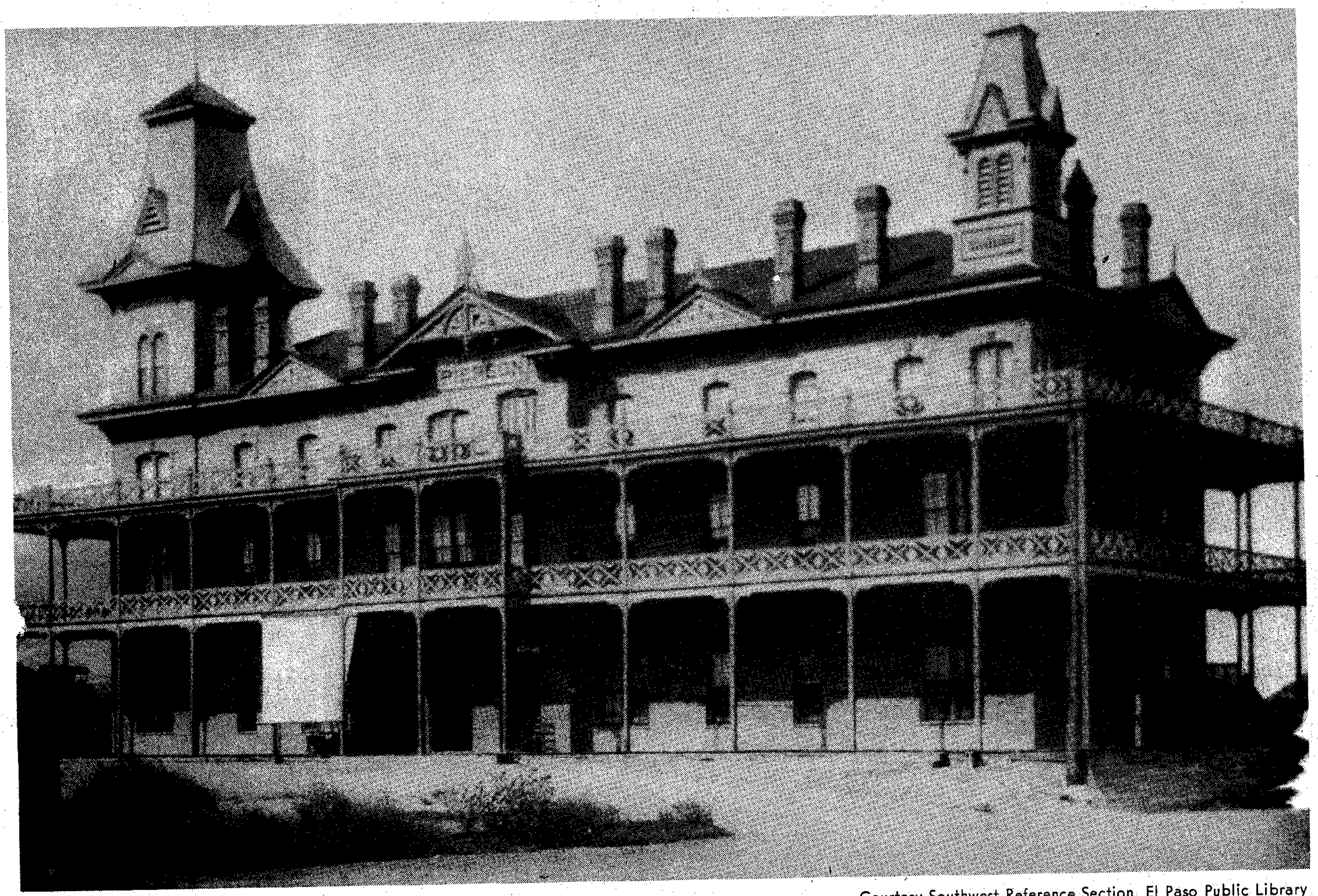
This opened the gate. From records in the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art (Tulsa Oklahoma), we find these ports and landings along the Arkansas:

Napoleon was at the river's mouth; then upstream—Little Rock, Van Buren, and—548 miles from Napoleon—Fort Smith; then after 135 more miles was Fort Gibson, with 22 landings in between including Sallisaw, Vian and Webbers Falls.

The *Robert Thompson* in 1822 was the first steamboat to dock at Fort Smith. In 1826 the *Spartan* unloaded cargo at Chouteau's Post on Grand River. In February 1828, Captain Pennywit steamed the *Facility* upriver, towing two keelboats filled with Creek emigrants to their new home in Indian Territory. On the return to New Orleans there were 500 barrels of pecans in the cargo! By June the *Facility* had made five round-trips to Fort Gibson. On the second voyage two notables were listed as passengers: General Winfield Scott, who was on an inspection tour of western military posts; and Governor Izard of Arkansas who was to receive honors at Fort Gibson along with General Scott. In 1829 the *Facility* got stuck at Sallisaw Creek.

Captain Pennywit, said to have built the first steamboat at Cincinnati, Ohio, was well known along the Arkansas River. He was described as "thoroughly acquainted with river navigation, all the way from poling the dugout canoe and propelling the slow flatboat and keelboat, to commanding the fast 'A No. 1' sidewheeler steamboats." His steamboats had luxurious accommodations that placed them among the best in river traffic from the Indian Teritiory to New Orleans. In 1829 the biggest boat—*James O'Hara*—200 tons, had on board

(Continued on page 50)



Courtesy Southwest Reference Section, El Paso Public Library

Suicide at El Paso

"The wise man lives as long as he ought, not as long as he can."

By DALE L. WALKER

EL PASO, Texas has known its share of men-who-don't-fit-in, more than its share. Some were of the gimlet-eyed, gunslinging variety on both sides of the law such as Wes Hardin, John Selman, Dallas Stoudenmire, George Scarborough, Jeff Milton, Bass Outlaw. Others were soldiers of fortune like Tracy Richardson and Sam Dreben. There were revolutionaries like Madero, Villa, Carranza and Orozco, and budding revolutionaries of another kind such as John Reed. Some were tragic, pathetic figures like asthmatic old Ambrose Bierce, bitter and fatalistic, who is said to have passed through the town in 1913 on his way to Mexico where he disappeared forever. And there were hosts of nondescript highbinders whose effect on El Paso history was no more memorable or lasting than the blinking of a lantern slide.

Some of El Paso's square pegs were simply eccentrics. An example was Pete Kern, a jeweler who lost his fortune in the panic of 1893, recouped it during the Klondike gold rush and returned to the town where he erected one of the weirdest structures ever seen in the Southwest or anywhere else. Kern Gate was the entrance on the top of El Paso's North Kansas Street to a land tract Kern dreamed of developing. The gate was a maze of ironwork, swastikas and other Indian symbols, 444 electric light bulbs, and miscellaneous junk in the general outline of an arch. Kern, however, overplayed his hand in the real estate venture (the gate alone was enough to scare off potential customers) and he left town, retiring in Arlington, Texas. In 1937 he

(Continued on page 56)

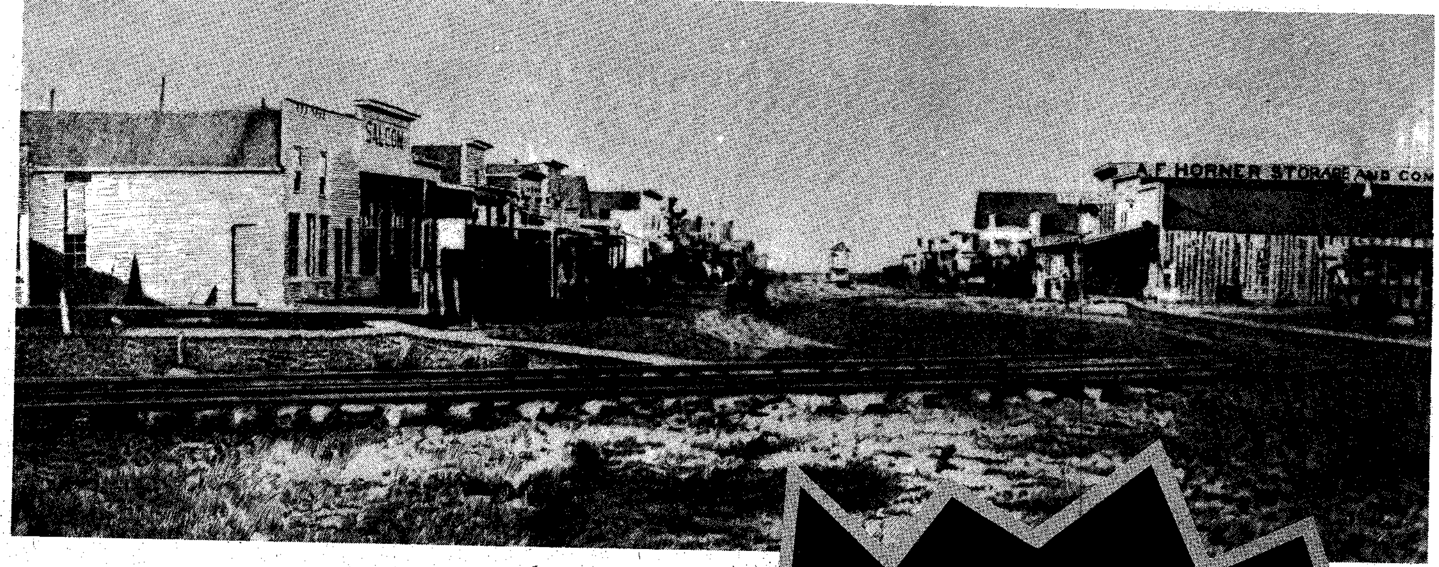
Courtesy Author

James A. Harden-Hickey, who spent his last few days in an upstairs room in El Paso's Pierson Hotel (above).

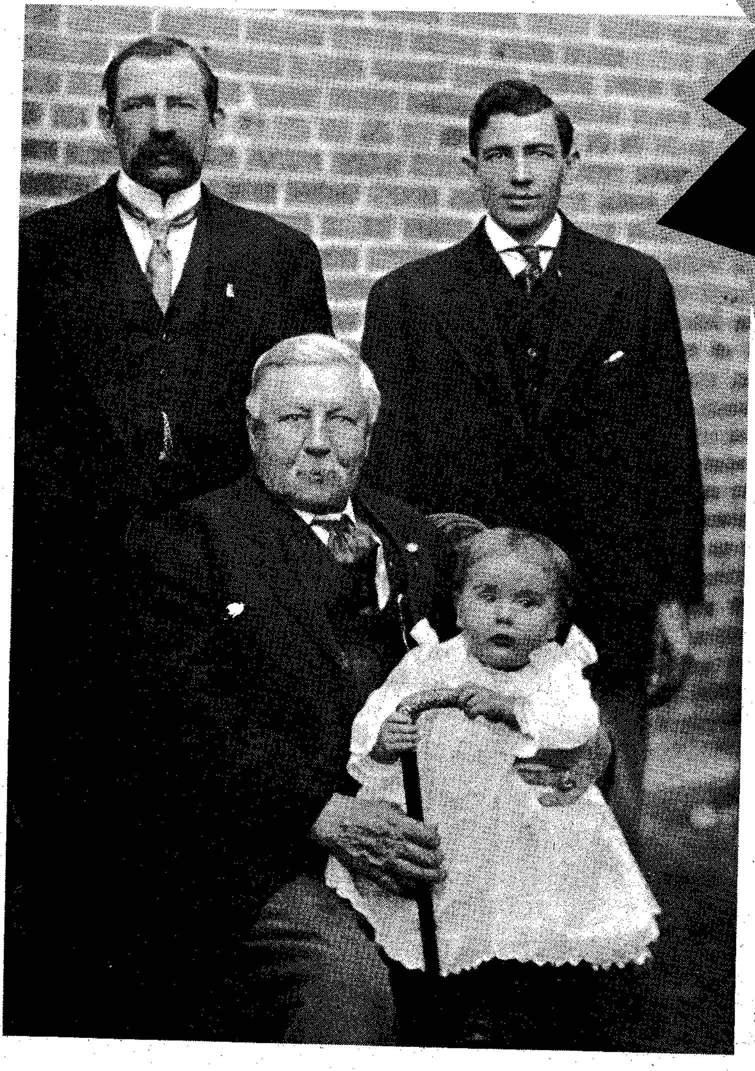
GREEN and BROKE

By ORIE C. RAMSAY

Photos Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Newton, Kansas in 1872, the same year Fred Chilver arrived. The town water pump he describes is in the center of the street. Called "the wildest town in Kansas," Newton in 1871 had 27 saloons and 8 gambling halls.



Four generations of Chilvers: F. C. (left) and Edward are standing, while Grandfather Chilver (subject of the story) holds Fred III.
Courtesy Author

Author's Note: My wife's grandfather, Fred T. Chilver, was a hale and hearty man for his years of three score and ten. Of English birth, he had migrated to America during the Civil War, locating in Chicago, where he made his home and worked as a skilled woodworker. After a number of years he became a naturalized citizen.

It was a great pleasure for me to go visit with the old gentleman, for he lived all alone and loved for his grandchildren to pay him a call. Many were the visits we young folk made him, and many were the stories he told me about his early days of living the life of an early pioneer in a section now known as Reno County on the Arkansas River, three miles north of the present small town of Yoder, Kansas.

Grandfather had been in Chicago during the great fire and afterwards he found he had little, just the clothes on his back and a few dollars in his pocket, all the rest having gone up in smoke. He had often read about free land for the taking in western Kansas, so as he had little to lose and everything to gain, he invested his last few dollars in a railroad ticket to the end of the rails that had pushed on west in 1871 to a small railroad and cattle town known as Newton. Arriving here, he at once struck out on foot seeking this free

land he had heard so much about.

I have endeavored to relate the happenings that Gramp passed through, and have tried to set it down just as he told it to me. I am eighty-six but have never forgotten our conversations.

Many men hit Kansas with these qualifications and some still had them when they left! Others decided that the trail had to end somewhere and it might as well be on the prairies in the buffalo grass

IT WAS the month of April, 1872, a beautiful spring morning and the town of Newton was awakening. This was not much of a town. It had a depot adjoining the main street, and several false-fronted buildings consisting of mostly saloons, billiard halls and a cheap hotel. North of the depot a short distance was the town's main water supply, a hand pump and watering trough placed in the middle of the street.

The railroad tracks divided the town and south of the tracks was a so-called no-man's land, a very tough layout consisting of gambling halls, dance halls, honkytonks and saloons, a no-good place for any man after sundown. Life was cheap in these dives and there were killings among the wild Texas cowboys. Boot Hill cemetery was the last resting place of many a young man who had sought too much excitement and adventure.

The Atchison and Santa Fe Railroad, upon reaching this point, had ceased laying steel rails awaiting more material. A few straggling cowboys were strolling about. A few were at the town pump performing their morning ablutions, but more just wanted a drink of cold water to put out the fire in their stomachs from drinking the night before. They were new arrivals, having come up from Texas with a great herd of longhorn cattle.

In a short while the whistle of a locomotive was heard in the distance and soon amid a smudge of smoke and grinding of brakes it came to a stop at the station. The passengers unloading were being carefully observed by the cowboys, when all of a sudden coming down the station platform was an ideal target to fill full of .44 slugs—an eastern dude wearing a plug hat. Their fun was cut short, however, by a man almost six feet tall, with long hair and wearing a frock coat who appeared from nowhere to take the dude by the arm and escort him up the street to the only hotel. There he warned the newcomer to get himself a room and stay inside and by all means to get rid of that plug hat, for such garb was an attraction for gun play. This eastern dude was none other than Grandfather, and the long-haired gent was a noted gunman and gambler who just decided to take mercy on him. From here on I shall let Gramp tell the rest of his adventures.

AFTER registering at the hotel I stirred up an acquaintance with the landlord. I asked where I could find land fit to homestead and he advised me to take the old trail leading west, follow this to the crossing of the Little Arkansas River (where the city of Halstead now is), leave there and angle northwest until I came to another stream known as Cow Creek, follow this stream south to where it emptied into the big Arkansas River, cross this river, and there I would find all the choice land that anyone could want.

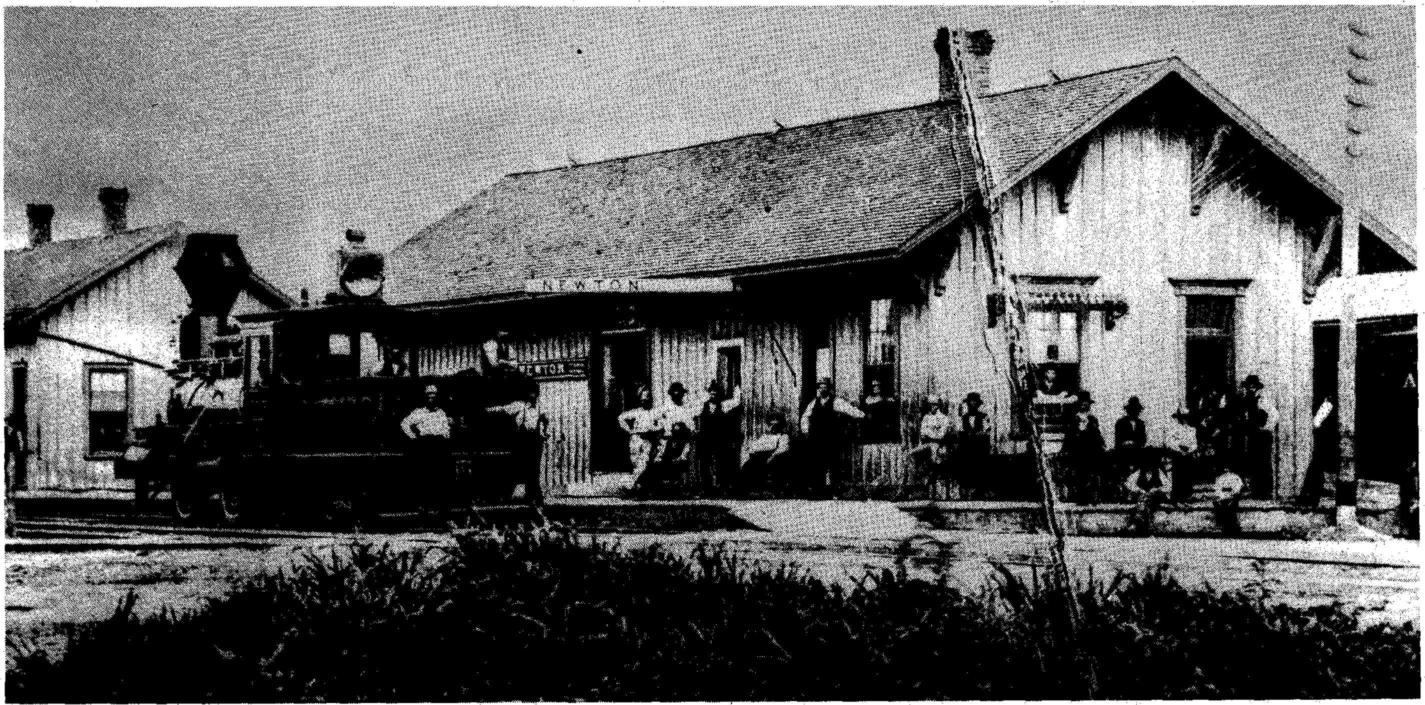
Bright and early next morning (with a new felt hat) I was on my way and I was right glad to leave that town behind, for during the night I was awakened by many pistol shots, and the dance halls south of the tracks were loud with ribald talk and cowboy yells.

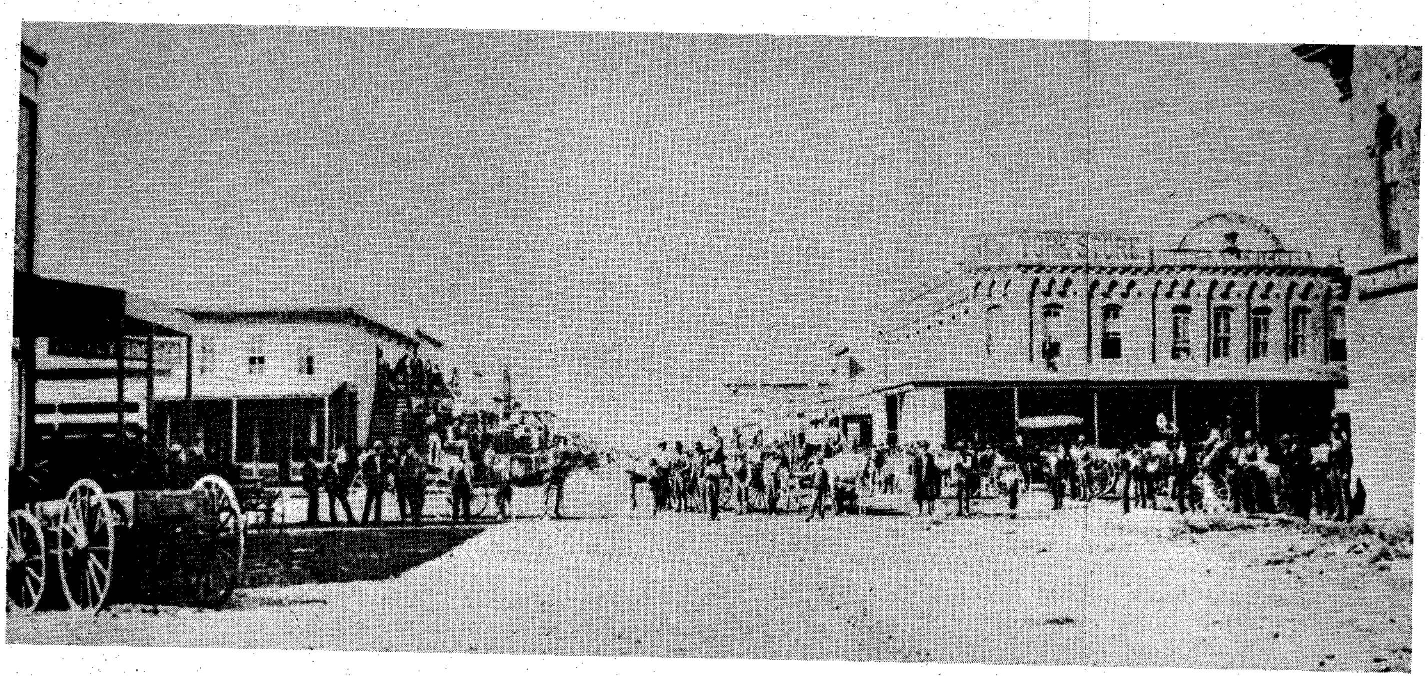
All my worldly possessions were rolled in my blanket tied to my back and with this little, I set my face toward the west with a firm vow to carve myself a home out of this vast prairie of buffalo grass. I reached the Little Arkansas River late that afternoon tired and thirsty.

Upon arriving at the stream crossing, I found a group of prairie schooners with signs printed on them: "Kansas or Bust" and "Pikes Peak or Bust." Several months later I saw some of these outfits with signs reading "Going to my Wife's Folks" and "Busted BeGosh."

The wagontrains were held up at this crossing on account of the stream being

Santa Fe station and yard office in Newton, Kansas in 1871. This depot greeted Chilver when he arrived by train in 1872 and later served as a hiding place under which the wounded visitor waited out a local gun battle.





Intersection of Main and Douglas in the heart of Wichita, Kansas in 1873, the year Chilver visited there. Wichita had gained a rail connection in 1872 and the next year alone shipped 66,000 head of cattle.

in full flood. The wagon boss offered five dollars to anyone who would swim over and anchor a rope on the other side. I at once accepted the offer, for I was practically broke and had no wife's people I could return to. I rested and stayed overnight with them and the next morning stripped down and swam that flood, got the rope anchored safely, and then collected my five-spot.

I was about to resume my journey when one of the party hailed me, saying, "Here's a sack of seed. You plant them and they will make you rich." Upon looking, I discovered they were just plain watermelon seeds, but how true that man's words would prove to be. They were a real godsend.

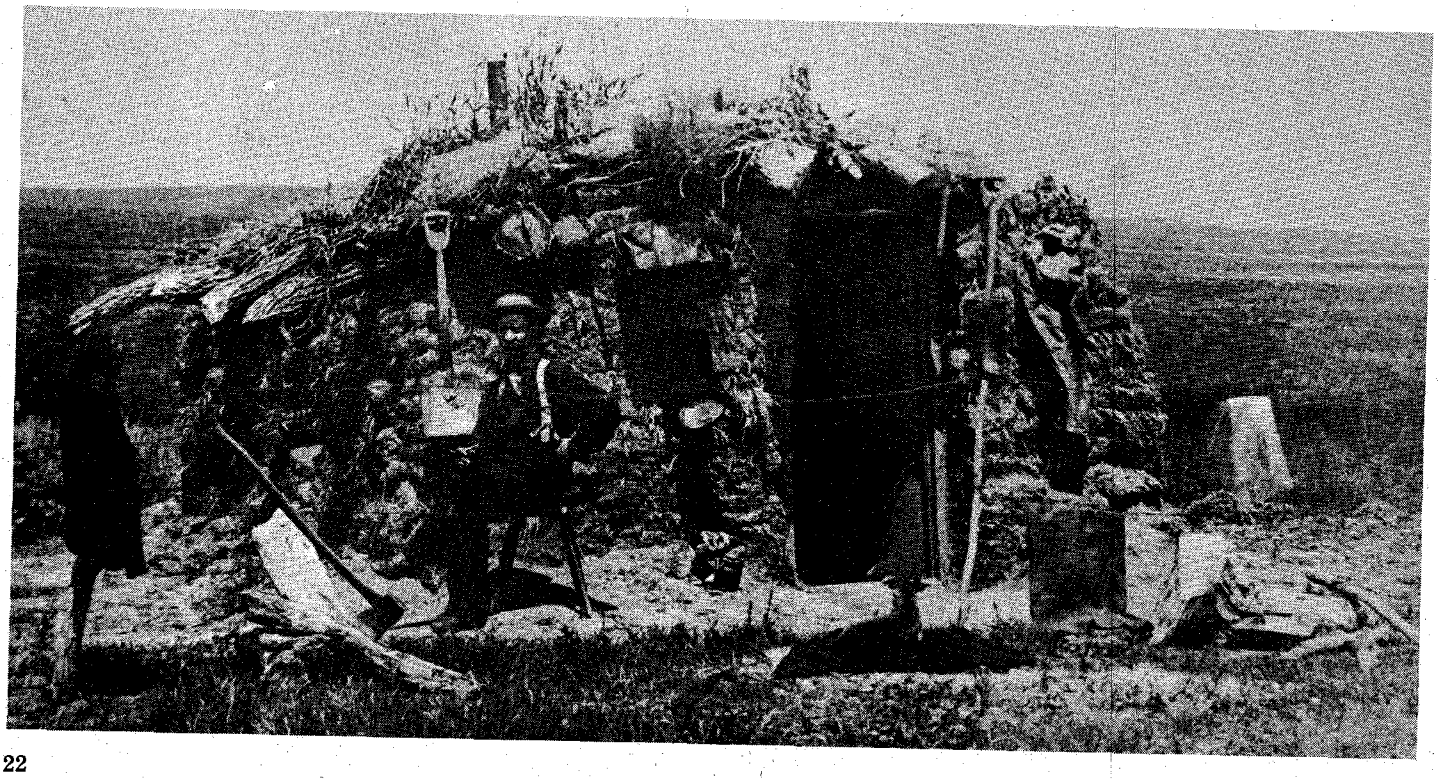
Late that afternoon I reached the mouth of Cow Creek where it emptied into the big Arkansas. Taking my knife I cut saplings, made a raft, put my possessions on it and swam that big river, arriving safely on the other side. Before me was the prettiest land one could ever want, very level and the soil very rich, heavily carpeted with buffalo grass. There did not seem to be another human being within miles of me.

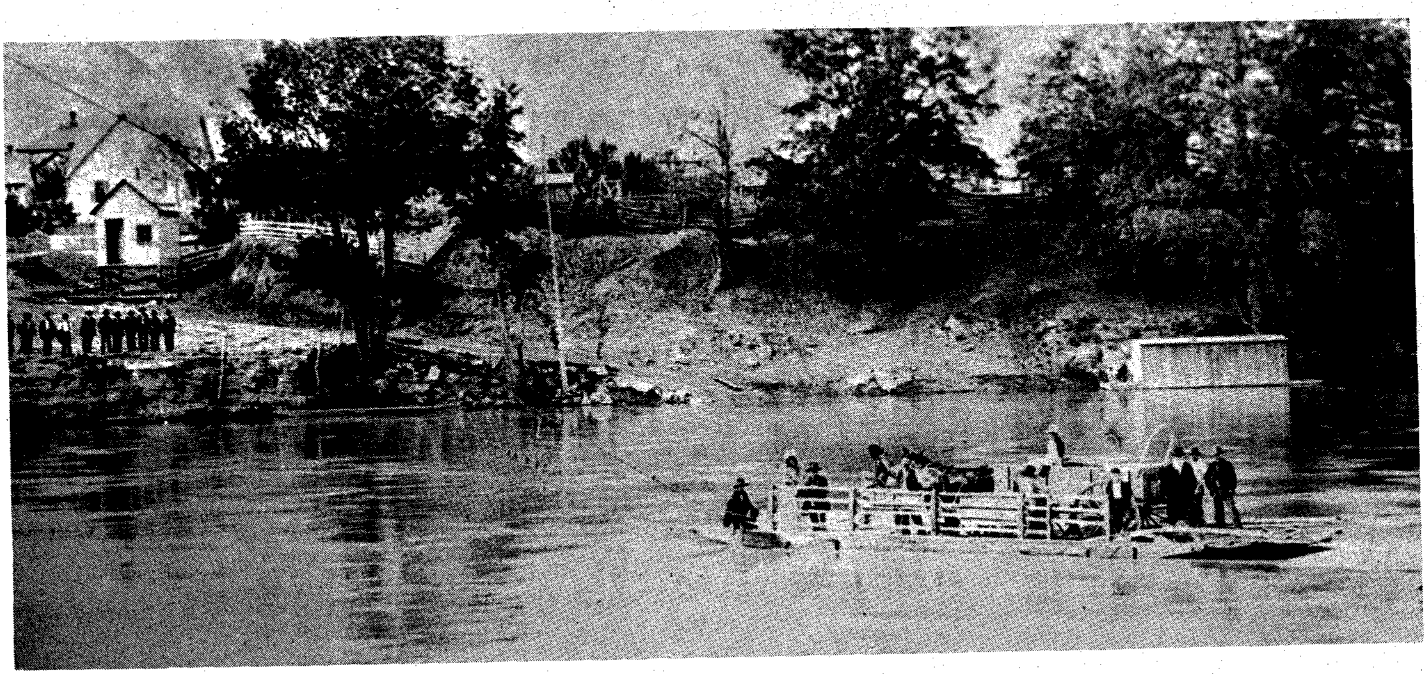
I at once picked my location and began to ponder. Spring was here and I had no plow, no horse, no seed—now how in the world was I going to plant my first crop?

I was sure going to have to hustle some way to overcome that bad situation. While pondering, I was startled by a voice exclaiming, "Igad! Welcome stranger, to our great land. Come over to my soddy; supper will soon be ready."

I was greatly surprised so asked him where he lived. "Over on the next claim

A sod house in Comanche County, Kansas in the 1880s. Like Chilver's soddy, this may have been a bachelor's domicile—it seems to lack a woman's touch.





Early day rope ferry across an unidentified Kansas stream.

an' I'm yer neighbor, Igad." I never did learn this man's right name, so as we became better acquainted I called him "Igad."

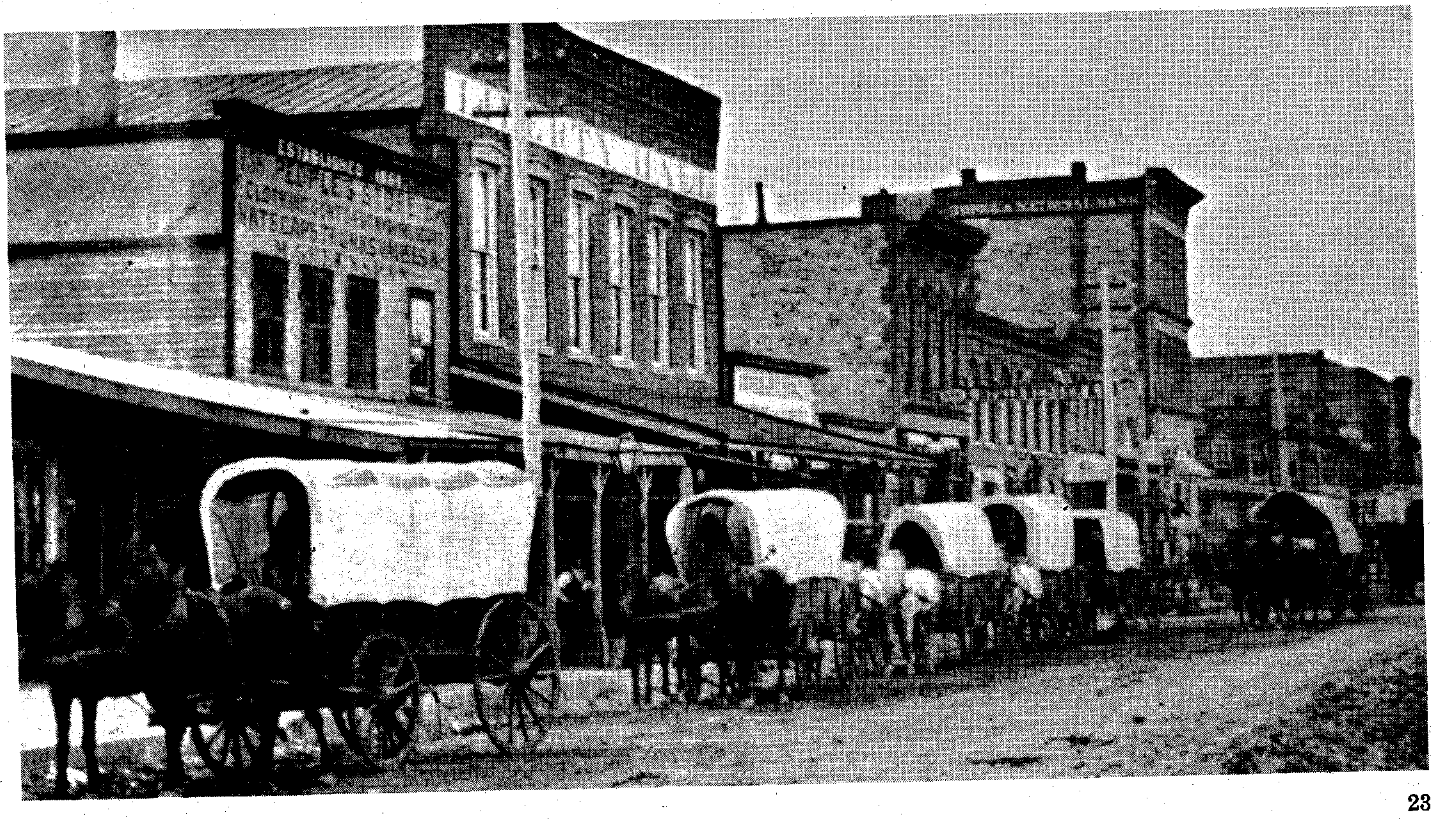
After a hearty supper of cornbread and sow belly I asked him if he had any implements to break the soil with. He gave a laugh, saying, "Sure thing. I got a spade!" Ye gods, people those days had a great faith in the future. Here I had 160 acres of virgin land and for a plow nothing but the loan of a spade. But nothing seemed to worry people back then.

I mentioned the melon seeds to him and he was in great glee. "Tomorrow we will plant them seeds, then start your sod house."

THE NEXT DAY Igad took the seeds, laid off the patch, split the sod with the spade, and I followed and dropped the seeds. I had little faith they would ever sprout, but Igad was highly optimistic. The next day we started my house. We took turns splitting sod and carrying it to the site I had picked—twelve by fourteen feet with walls two feet thick. Later we went to the river and cut willows for the roof, then covered the roof with sod. A small fireplace with a sod chimney completed the home and I was greatly pleased to have a roof over my head.

Wild game was all around—prairie chicken, jackrabbit, antelope and once in a while a buffalo—and the river nearby was covered with waterfowl. But I had no gun, nothing but a jacknife, so I snared those chickens and robbed their nests for fresh eggs. Thus I fared very well

Wagon train of emigrants on Kansas Avenue in Topeka in 1879.



for fresh meat. For coffee I used parched corn Igad gave me.

By July those melons had gone crazy in that rich soil. Great big long fellows, they were beginning to ripen and it was a problem what on earth to do with my enormous crop. Igad said he would tote the melons eight miles north where the railroad graders are working. "They got money an' we kin sell them melons like hot cakes!"

The next few days my old friend did not show up, but on the third day he hove in sight driving the most dilapidated outfit I ever saw, an old horse and mule, rope for harness and an old wagon which was ready to fall to pieces. This we rolled into the river to soak the wheels. Standing on the bank Igad slapped his side and said, "I been walking for three days, an' I begged, threatened, an' bargained for that outfit. Now I reckon we can tote them melons to the railroaders."

The next few days we were very busy hauling. The graders paid us ten cents apiece for the melons, and we followed the workers west to a new town named Nickerson. After that, they became too far from us and we called it quits.

The money derived from the sale of those melons was a blessing. I bought myself a muzzle-loading shotgun, an absolute necessity for it provided me with plenty of fresh meat.

One day a cowboy came riding by with a half-wild bronco and said the mare was awful kittenish, so I bought her and promptly named her "Kit." She was a beautiful horse but as wild as a crow and I had an awful time breaking her to ride. It took a lot of patience, kindness and some of my carefully hoarded brown sugar to make a pet out of that mare.

She became so attached to me she would come at my whistle and I could ride her without saddle or bridle. I kept her for thirty-five years until she died of old age, one of the best friends I ever had.

ALONG IN SEPTEMBER there came riding up to my soddy a young Texas cowboy who looked very tired and sick. He needed food and asked if he could stay a few days and rest up. This I consented to, for I often longed for company. I never learned his name, for it was not good manners to pry into other people's affairs—sometimes it was even unhealthy.

After being with me a week, he remarked one morning he reckoned he would be drifting and figured he would ride to Newton, hook up there with some Texas outfit, and be riding back south. Thereupon I spoke up, "If there is no objection, I'll be riding with you, as I would like to go there and get my mail."

Late that evening near sundown, we arrived on the outskirts of the town. Upon nearing we had noticed that the prairie to the south was literally covered with longhorn Texas cattle, so we knew there must have been a large drive. We also heard numerous pistol shots, which we paid little heed to for we thought perhaps there might be some kind of a celebration going on.

The ride that day had been very tiresome, hot and dusty, so after picketing our horses at the edge of town, we started for the pump to wash the dust from our faces and quench our thirst. The street seemed deserted, nobody in sight, but still pistol shots were heard. We had reached the pump and started to draw water when suddenly, without warning, a blast of pistol shots exploded in our vicinity. With a groan and a gasp the young Texan collapsed, and a pistol bullet passed through my arm. I grabbed the young man and ran with him, bullets spitting all about me with each step I took. Finally I reached a pile of lumber. Here I laid my friend down and made careful examination of him but it was no use for the lad was dead. I lay there until after dark. My arm was bleeding quite badly, so I took my bandana and with one hand and my teeth I bandaged myself as well as possible.

Some time later, after darkness came, there was a lull so I took leave of the lumber pile and ran across to the Santa Fe depot. There I crawled under the platform and lay there until next morning. All night long there were pistol shots, and from where I lay I could look across the tracks toward those honkytonks which were without lights, having been shot out. Women were running about screeching like a lot of escaped monkeys.

By the next morning, quiet had come and the citizens had begun to clean up after the night's brawl. After getting my wound dressed I picked up my mail, forked Kit, and left that cowtown and headed for home. I had had enough for one night.

As far as I could learn later, this fracas had been caused by rival cattle outfits and had ended with the cowboys taking potshots at any person seen by them.

ON MY ARRIVAL home late that afternoon, I discovered I had had a caller while I was away. Someone had taken my stove pipe. This was a great loss, for stove pipe was hard to get and I had bought it with my hard-earned melon money.

My arm was hurting me, I was tired and dirty from the long ride back from Newton, and the loss of my stove pipe made me fighting mad. So after watering and feeding Kit, I struck across the prairie to an adjoining settler's claim. This settler I had never liked for I was suspicious of him. And I kinda figured he was the guilty one for he had had no pipe as far as I had ever seen. On my way I had to pass around a large prairie dog town which I always avoided on account of so many pesky rattlesnakes being there. These snakes I detested, as well as the owls and dogs that lived together in one big family.

(Continued on page 72)

Sod house and farm family in western Kansas.

TROUBLE IN A

The car above is a later model but the muddy bottoms are just the same. At left, a couple of dressed-up dudes ready for a trip to Spiro.

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

"Old Zeke Perkins sold his hogs the other day,
The gosh-darned fool throwed his money right away.
He had rode into town a-settin' on a board,
He come home a-ridin' in a brand new Ford!"

WE were living down in the Choctaw Indian Country in LeFlore County, Oklahoma, when Brother bought his first "T-Model" Ford. It was 1916. Of course he wanted to take his girl out for a spin—and, of course, we girls wanted to go, too. My sister Roxie and I *begged* him to take us. If we'd only been patient we wouldn't have been forced to beg, for Mrs. Harris would never have thought of letting her daughter go away off like that with just her feller—after all, it was thirty-two miles!

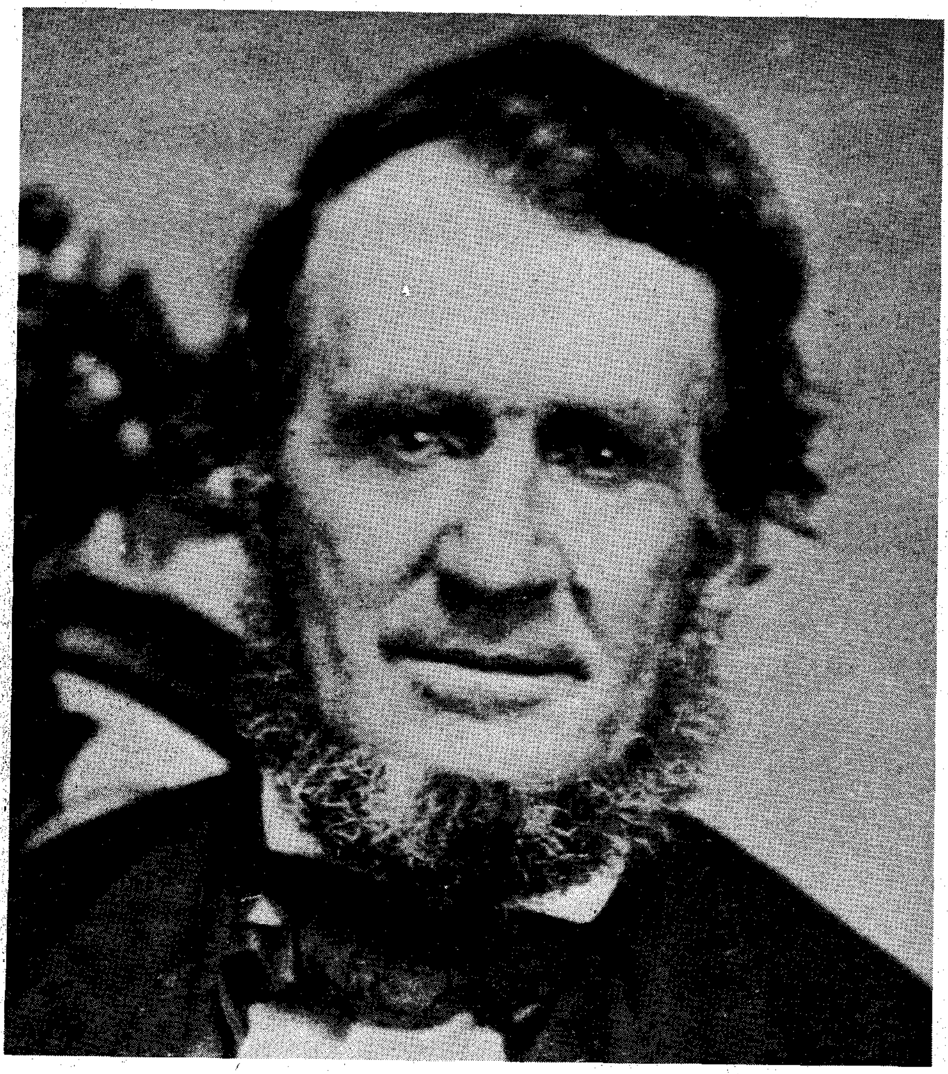
Anyway, everything was all set. We were going. It was late November and cold and rainy, but the Ford was a touring car with those wonderful side curtains with little isinglass windows in them. Brother put a couple of good-sized rocks before the fireplace to warm up overnight to keep our feet warm.

At four o'clock in the morning we were up and ready to go. We wanted to start early so we'd have plenty of time to visit Brother's friend who was working at Redwine's store in Spiro. The hot rocks were wrapped in gunny sacks and placed one in the back and one in the front.

Brother cranked, and cranked, and cranked, but the T-Model refused to start. Time after time he had me "ear" the spark back while he cranked some more, but no go. At last Brother went inside, took a big bucket of hot coals out of the fireplace, and set them under the motor to warm 'er up. To pass the time, I fixed ham and eggs and a big granite pot of boiled coffee. We'd as well eat while she warmed up. After three cups of boiled coffee, Brother went back and tried her again. No go. He got out the jack and jacked up one hind wheel and gave her a big crank. She sputtered and spit and Brother was hollering at me to "Give 'er more spark! Gas! Give 'er more gas!"

After several attempts, he came running back beside me and, reaching in, operated the spark lever, then the gas, and pretty soon she quit shivering and shaking and settled down to running as quietly as, I guess, a T-Model could.

(Continued on page 52)



By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

UTAH'S CURSED GOLD

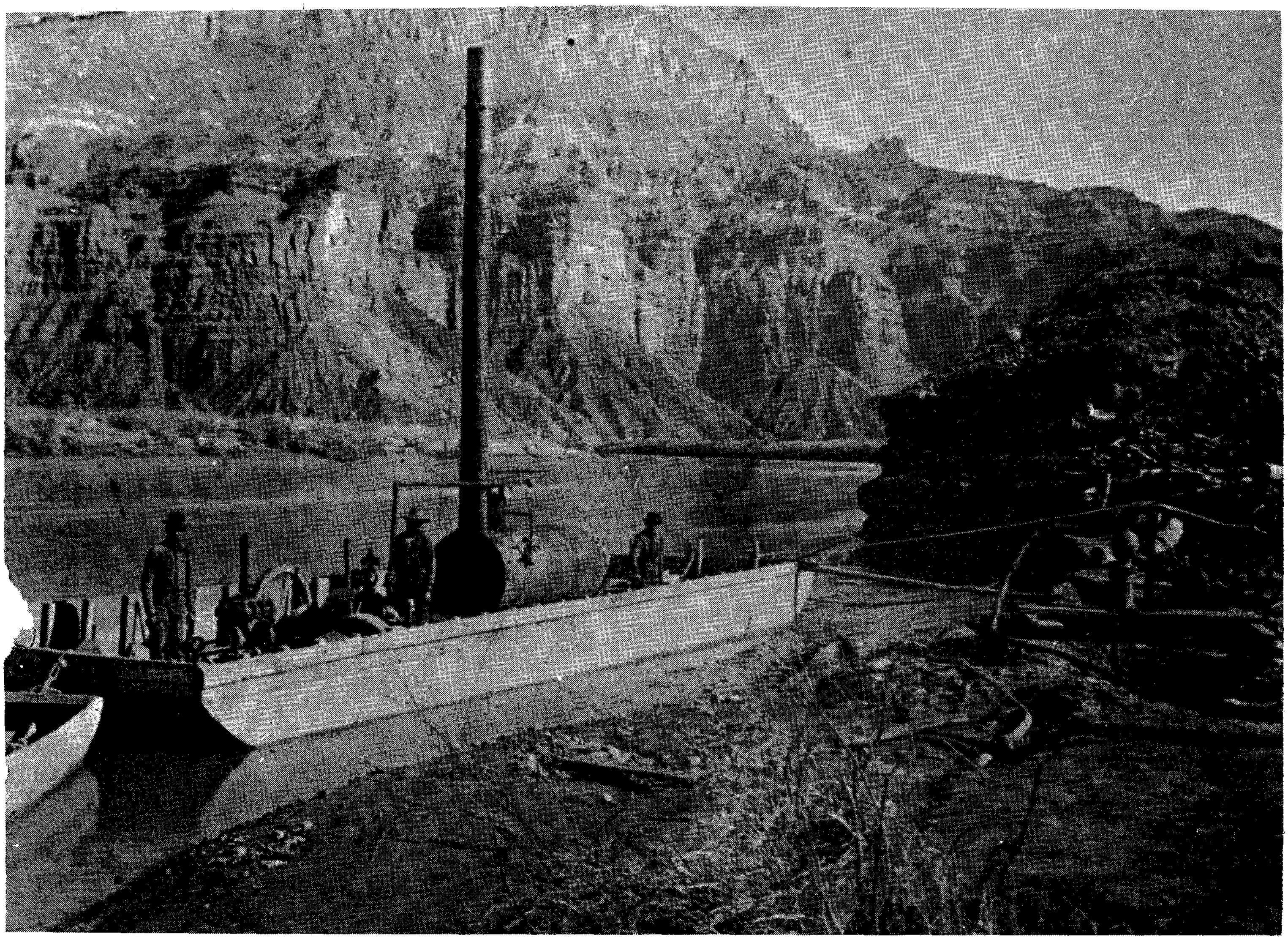
Burros weren't the only critters who led mankind to gold. This time a cow took over the role . . .

ABEL HERRINGER was tracking a strayed milch cow when he found gold in a salmon-pink walled canyon off the San Juan River in southern Utah. Wind had blown the sand away from the base of the cliff, disclosing a four-inch, horizontal vein of brackish-looking quartz. In it a thin line of pale yellow glistened in the morning sunlight.

Kneeling down he studied it momentarily before using a pocket knife. Several pieces an inch long were easily dug out, from which he cut slivers. Then Herringer rose to his feet, his grayish sixty-five-year-old face hardening. While he had never been a prospector, he felt certain that the metal could only be gold.

Instead of being elated, he was appalled. The discovery of gold would bring hordes of people around him. The peace and quiet of his remaining years would be disrupted, forcing him to move on again. Sorely troubled, he walked on up the wedge-shaped canyon, found the truant cow, and drove her home to his little place on the river.

A few years before, after suffering great tragedy, Herringer had established himself on the San Juan. Having plenty



of time he carefully constructed a four-room flat-roofed home of red sandstone. The barn was made of drift logs; the corral of poles, hauled several miles from a juniper forest. For three years he had lived alone, seeing only an Indian at rare intervals. Surely he had not much longer to live, but it seemed that the year 1881 would see him uprooted again if news of the gold spread to the outside world.

Thoughtfully Herringer considered the matter and concluded that the gold-laden quartz must be concealed. No one but he would ever know about it. Thus he made plans which were destined to set off a strange set of events.

HERRINGER had ranched and farmed in the extreme southwestern corner of Colorado. He had moved his family there from the central part of the state and taken up a homestead. It was an ideal community in many ways. Ute Indians were sometimes a nuisance, but no general uprising or raiding occurred in his vicinity until 1877.

That fall he went to Animas City for supplies. After a week on the road, he returned home to find all his buildings burned to the ground. The body of his wife, twenty-year-old son and eighteen-year-old daughter had been burned in the house after they were slain.

Indian sign was plentiful, the identity of the perpetrators definite. Some of Herringer's distant neighbors who escaped with their hair had already informed the military authorities. But nothing had been done about the horrible crime, or would be.

Very soon afterward, Herringer picked up some horses and thirty head of cattle missed by the Utes. He turned west into Utah, wandering around in little known lands until he reached a spot on the San

After Abel Herringer (above left) found the gold, dredges (above) were placed downstream to try to retrieve metal from the river. At right is the site of Herringer's home where he farmed small plots.

Juan which appealed to him. Working alone it took him four months to move 200 miles with his wagon and stock. By 1880 he had established a comfortable home. Wild hay was there for the cutting, and Herringer raised corn, wheat, and enough vegetables to sustain him during the frozen-in winters.

Only once had he been seriously disturbed, when a party of passing Mormons camped overnight. He did not know they were seeking fertile land for settlement—which was found about fifteen miles upriver. The colony they established was called Bluff.

Discovery of the gold upset Herringer for several days. Going back to the quartz he shoveled sand into a dune against it. Later it occurred to him that eventually he would have to travel to some trading post in the Indian country, or east into Colorado, for clothing and other necessary items. For this, money would be required and he had none.

Assuring himself that the secret could still be kept, he returned to the vein. Uncovering the quartz he dug out strips of gold varying from the pencil-lead size originally found to very flat flakes, all of which separated easily from the rotten quartz. After this visit he worked the mine two days a week.

As the number of small deerskin sacks hidden in the dirt floor of the house increased, Herringer decided there was much more than enough to maintain *him* the balance of his days. Still he continued getting out the gold, following the vein half a mile up the canyon. He supposed that deeper under the wall there must be greater wealth than what he had already extracted.

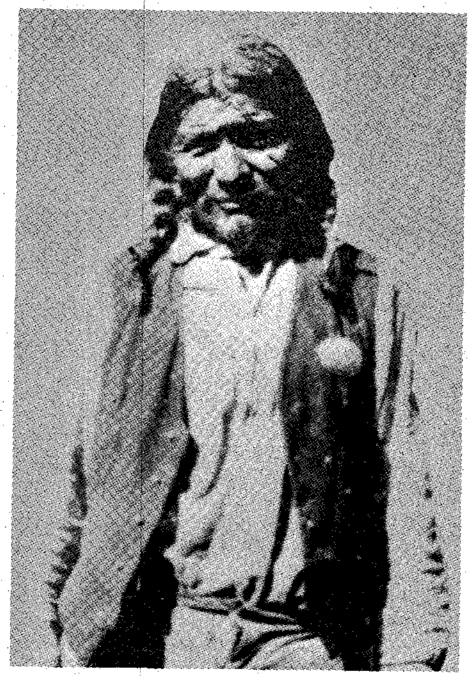
The broken quartz, after the gold was recovered, was replaced methodically in the wall base and concealed under sand. As Herringer moved along, following the outcropping, no more than three or four feet were exposed at a time as a precautionary measure.

The immigrant train which had come through to settle Bluff had bypassed the short canyon where he lived. Four months passed before riders from the village discovered his hidden home. They inquired as to how long he had been in the country and of the topographical features of the area. Warily Herringer gave them little information and cut their visit as short as possible.

From them he learned that settlers were already moving farther north of the river. The region between Bluff and Monticello was semi-arid stock-raising country and would soon be occupied. Because of the settlers' coming Herringer quit taking out gold altogether. Further concealment of the outcropping in the canyon was hastily made. Rocks placed in the proper places helped the wind deposit more sand against the wall base. As time went on, grass and weeds took root and covered all evidence of his digging.

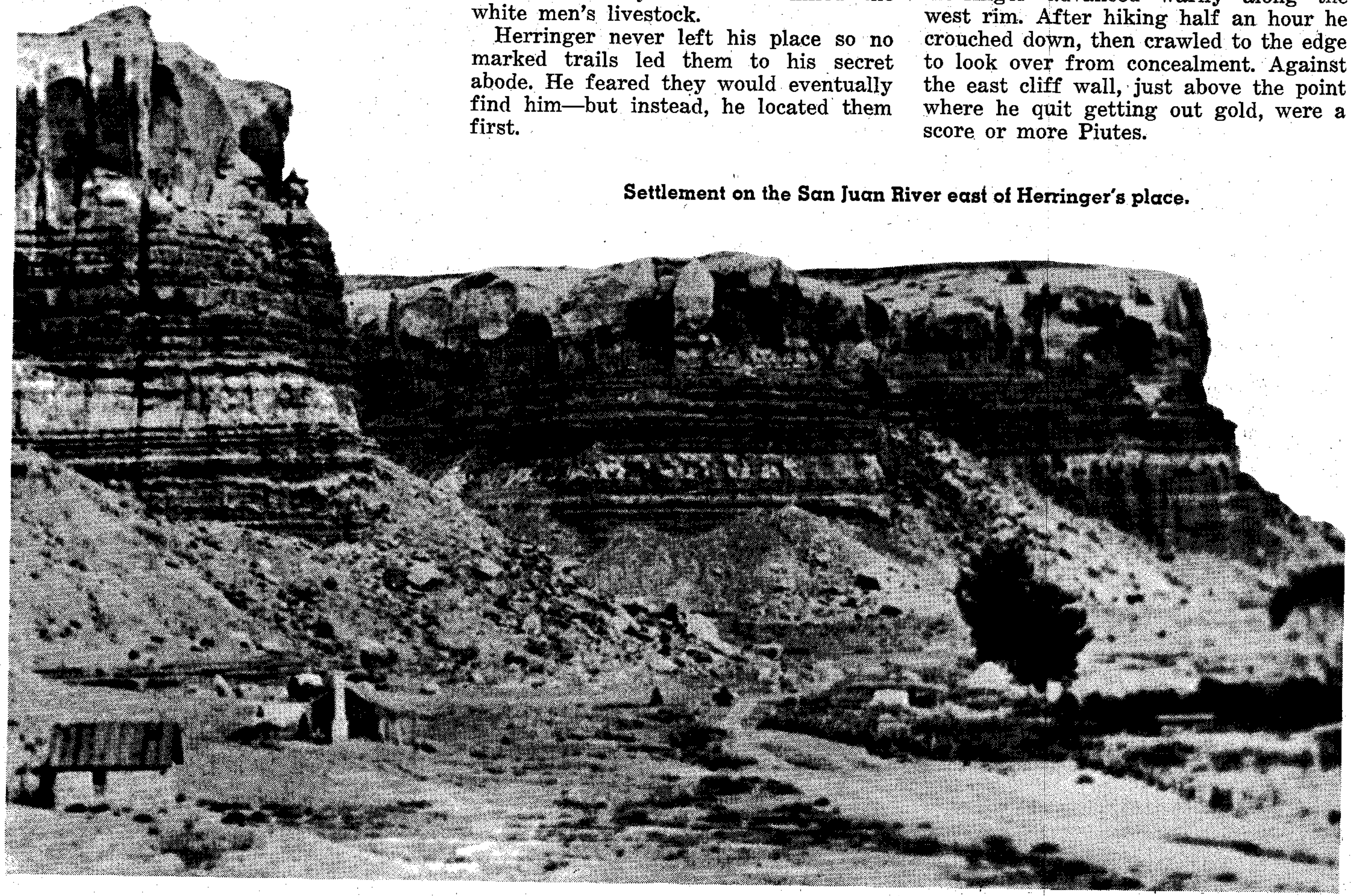
AFTER the establishment of Bluff Piutes appeared out of their desert fastness and from the Blue Mountains to lurk on the perimeter and beg food and supplies. Not receiving them, the Indians stole what they could and killed the white men's livestock.

Herringer never left his place so no marked trails led them to his secret abode. He feared they would eventually find him—but instead, he located them first.


William "Old Posey," the Piute renegade who visited Herringer and the cursed canyon.

One bright moonlight night eerie chanting funneled down through the canyon, awakening him. Picking up a rifle, Herringer went out to see what was causing the disturbance. He soon learned they were not close; the wind was bringing their howling from considerable distance —from the V-shaped end of the canyon. Herringer advanced warily along the west rim. After hiking half an hour he crouched down, then crawled to the edge to look over from concealment. Against the east cliff wall, just above the point where he quit getting out gold, were a score or more Piutes.

Settlement on the San Juan River east of Herringer's place.



The settlement of Bluff, Utah, east of the cursed gold canyon.

They were feathered and painted, bunched in a tight mass around a drummer. Not long after Herringer began watching their antics, the chanting ended with two booms on the big drum. Out of the spreading group one buck drew a knife, the long blade flashing in the silvery light. Going to the only horse brought down into the canyon and held by a rope, he cut the animal's throat in one swift slash. The horse fell, and the then-silent Piutes gathered near to watch until the last quiver went out of its legs. Very soon afterward, they trooped up the canyon out of sight. Herringer waited. Presently the Piutes appeared on top of the canyon, vanishing in a northwest direction.

There appeared no valid reason for the midnight ceremony and killing of the horse. The incident didn't make sense, so Herringer put it down to some form of superstition. They were "Water Utes," the same breed of murderous redskins as the Colorado Utes and he hated them equally. Their appearance in his territory posed serious danger to his well-being. For several days he remained alert for any Piute who might come around. Then one afternoon he went up the canyon to see how his cattle fared. Sooner or later the Indians would probably kill a few, as they did the settlers' stock.

Walking along, rifle cradled in his left arm, Herringer turned a bend onto the scene of the night's weird affair. The bloated horse carcass lay on the sand, a saddled horse now stood in the wall's shade, and a squatting Piute was digging through the sand to the thin vein of quartz. Immediately Herringer's hate for Utes got the upper hand. Throwing the rifle to his right shoulder he pulled the hammer back. As the metallic click reached the Piute's ears, he leaped to his moccasined feet, badly startled. Even across the distance his brown middle-aged face looked ashen.

Herringer squeezed the trigger as the Piute moved. Though it missed its primary target the chunk of lead killed the horse. A quickly levered second cartridge exploded as the Indian leaped into a sprint, and this time the bullet was true.

Returning home, Herringer holed up all that day and the following, expecting to be attacked. But several days passed without a sign of Piutes. The garden truck needed plowing, which he did with a double shovel point on a wooden stock hooked to a bay mare. While at this necessary work Herringer carried a rifle in a rope sling on his shoulder.

One hot afternoon a lone Indian came riding upstream. The Piute was round-faced, chunky and wore a ferocious scowl. After letting him get within fifty feet, Herringer stopped plowing and unslung the rifle.

"That's far enough," he called out, wondering if the Indian understood any English. But no matter, the leveled rifle was warning enough.

There was no fence around the garden. The Piute reined to a halt at the west end of the plowed rows. For a long minute he sat motionless in the saddle, his dark eyes studying Herringer intently.

Finally he muttered in broken English, "Me come peace. What you mad me about?"

"Just don't like people coming around. Now, get!"

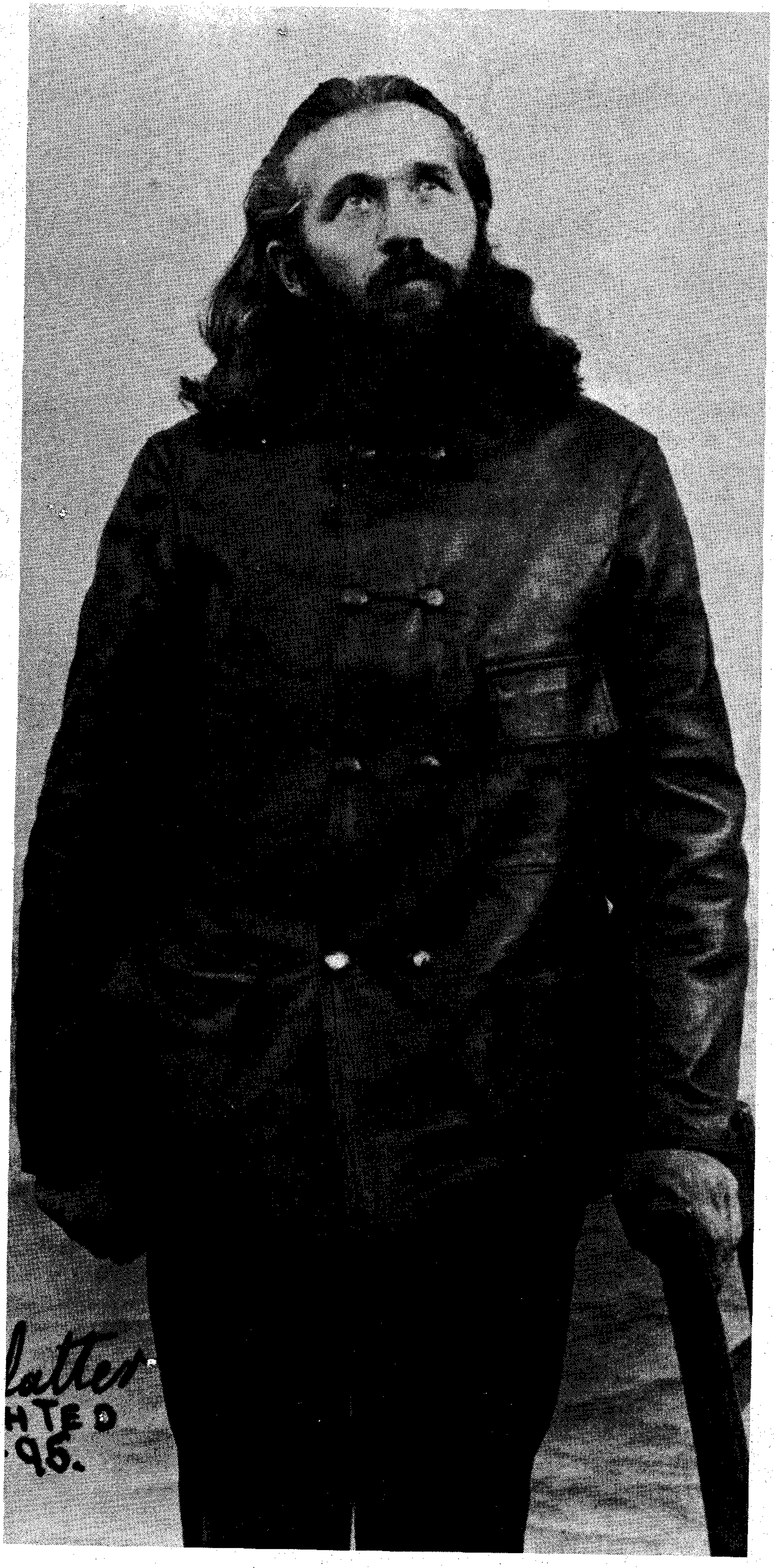
"Mebbyso go 'way."

"Get to hell at it and stay gone!"

Not stirring, the Piute appraised him stolidly a little longer. "You know about

(Continued on page 64)

Herringer built his hide-away home in the mouth of this San Juan River canyon. The gold was found along the base of these walls.

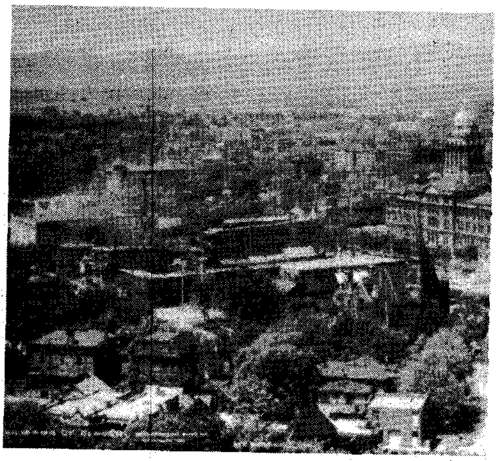


THE

By BILL JONES WALLRICH

Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library
Western Collection

Francis Schlatter, the self-proclaimed divine healer and mystic who visited Denver for three months in 1895. He appears to be assuming the pose described by the author's grandfather, who said Schlatter stared continually at the sky while receiving supplicants. His large hands, mentioned by Johnston, are apparent. This photo was made about two weeks before Schlatter vanished from Denver.

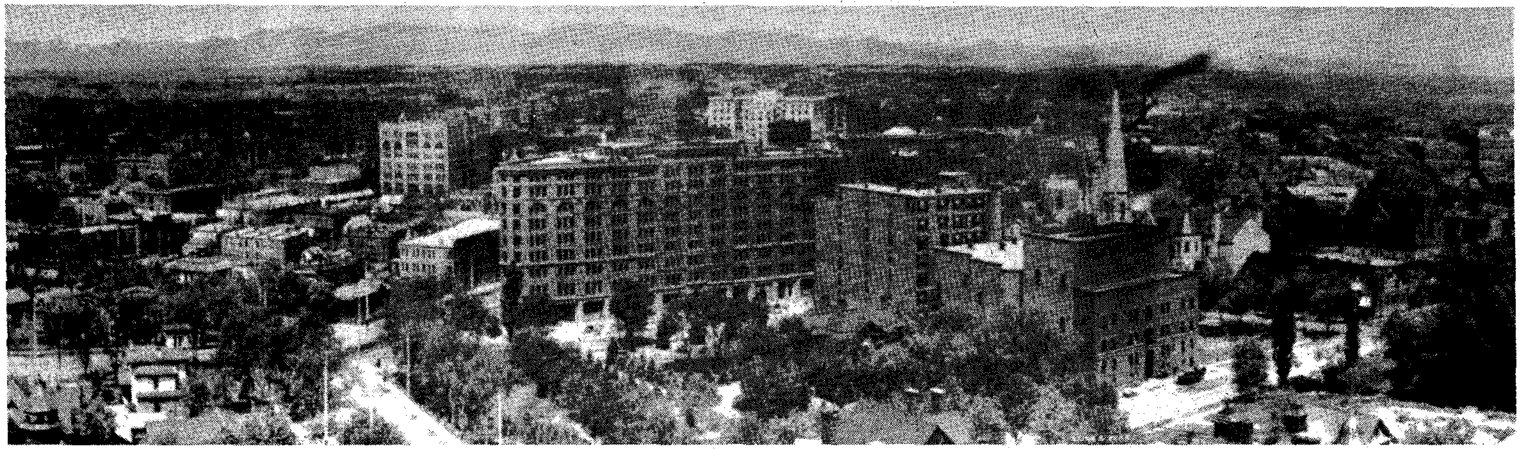


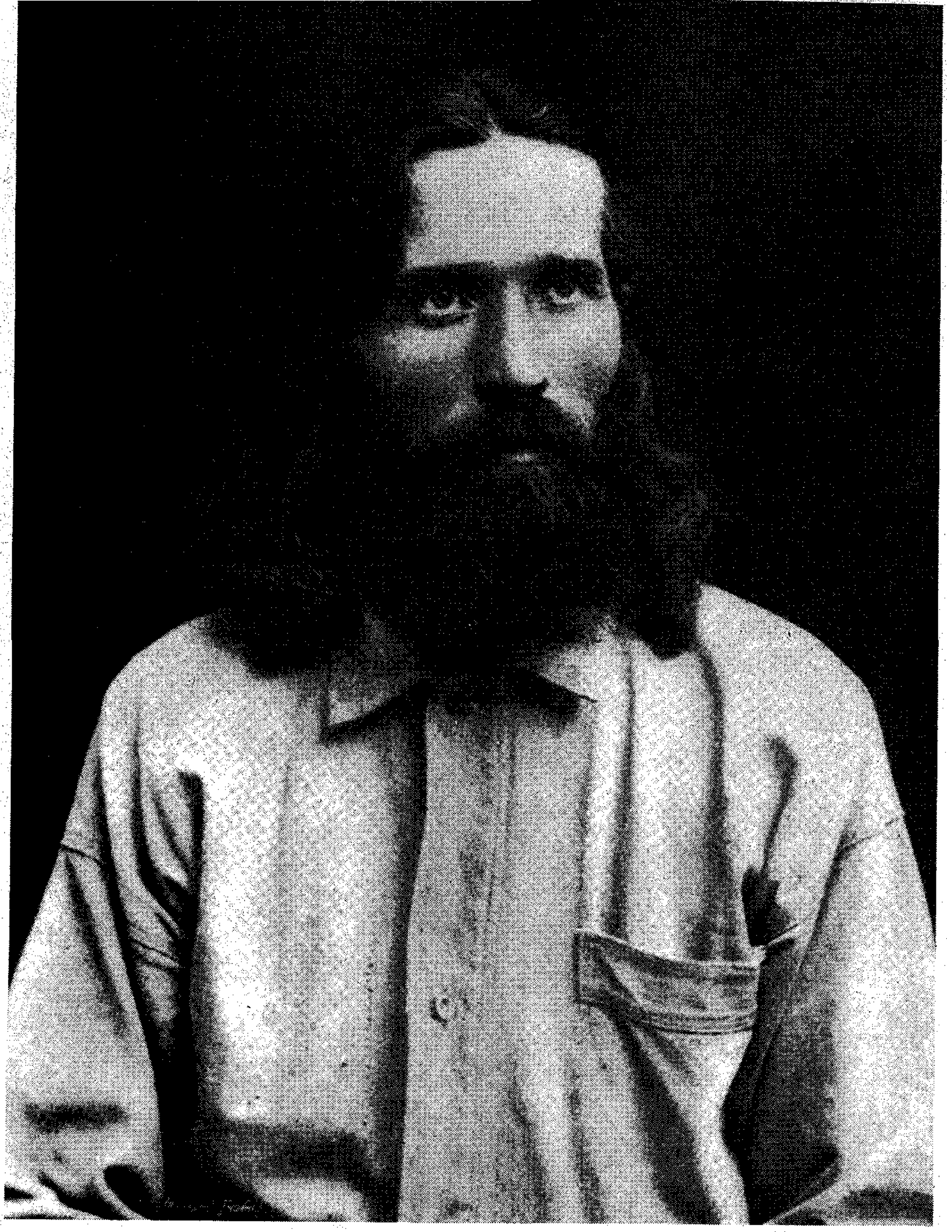
MYSTIC HEALER

A cobbler from Germany entered Colorado's mountains and became a "Christ-Man"

THERE are those personalities who fairly leap from the pages of the Old West—badmen, lawmen, cattlemen, miners and mountain men, empire builders and treasure-seeking loners. Most drop neatly into definite categories. Then, infrequently, one discovers individuals who fit no mold, who refuse to be pigeon-holed.

Above left is a part of the crowd waiting to be healed by Schlatter in Denver. People began gathering at 3 a.m. each morning and by 9 o'clock 1,000 were in line. Above right is a corner of Schlatter's room in Denver, showing the accumulation of mail. Below, Denver about the time of Schlatter's visit.





Francis Schlatter, photographed in Denver in 1895. Contrary to Forbes Johnston's mild experience at the hands of Schlatter, one contemporary newspaper reported, "His grasp was so strong that patients cried aloud. The sensation was described as an acute pain that darted through the body, for a moment causing intense suffering, and then relaxing into a delicious current that permeated every fiber of the frame." Schlatter's patients were not all Denver residents since his fame spread quickly across the country. On November 10, special trains arrived from Omaha, Nebraska and Fort Worth, Texas bringing about 1,200 additional persons from the points of origin and from towns along the routes.

Such a person was Francis Schlatter, the "Christ-Man," a self-proclaimed healer and mystic who held sway in the late 1800s from Denver to San Diego, from the booming mining towns of the Territory of New Mexico to the legendary mountains of the Sierra Madre in Old Mexico.

Schlatter first came into prominence in Elizabethtown, New Mexico, in 1883. He arrived there in all his eccentric glory astride a white horse. He was carrying his trademark, a thirty-pound rod or bar of copper, displayed prominently across the pommel of his saddle. And although he was dressed in rags and tatters, it is said he rode into this booming mining town as though he held a first and second mortgage on the universe.

The stranger, who was soon to be called the Christ-Man by his detractors as well as his admirers and eventually by the newspapers, immediately set up shop selling blessings and cures for a variety of ailments—among them surefire respite from drunkenness.

At the time Schlatter first hit Elizabethtown and the public eye, "E" Town (as it was popularly known) was in its roaring prime. Placer mines were going full blast and prospectors were flocking in from all over, especially from the Cripple Creek region in Colorado. Many of the prospectors and miners believed the two areas were just about the same in general formation and that therefore "E" Town was in the center of an area potentially as wealthy as Cripple Creek.

While in "E" Town, Schlatter capitalized on his ability to turn the most avid booze hound—overnight—into a militant fighter of the demon-rum. In 1950, I met an old-timer in Fort Garland, Colorado who had been in "E" Town at the same time as Francis Schlatter. He was Joe Roche, then ninety-two years of age, who had prospected in the '80s and '90s in southern Colorado, New Mexico and Nevada. Old Joe had seen them come and go—men, towns, fortunes.

"Joe," I asked him one evening as we sat smoking and watching the sun set behind the distant mountains, "how'd the Christ-Man make out with his drunk curing?"

"He surely did all right for himself. Half the drunks in 'E' Town wore a handkerchief he'd blessed for a buck or so around their necks to cure 'em of drinking."

"Sure, but did his cures work, Joe?" I asked.

"Well, I don't rightly know about that," the old gentleman replied. "But when we came in from work the day Schlatter pulled out of town, all the drunks he'd cured were drunk on their face already."

AFTER leaving "E" Town, Schlatter disappeared from public view for some time. And then, in August 1895, he suddenly made a dramatic appearance in Denver, Colorado and was on his way to national attention.

From the very beginning he made of himself a man of mystery, a man with powers not of this earth. For example, when he first arrived in Denver the night of August 22, he let it be known that he'd just spent the past forty days fasting in the mountain wildernesses of northern New Mexico "in preparation." Preparation for what? He didn't say.

In no time at all he was in business. Each day he would appear exactly at 9 a.m. in the front yard of his North Denver host, an Alderman Fox. He'd stay there until around 4 o'clock that afternoon when he'd knock off from his blessing and curing for the day.

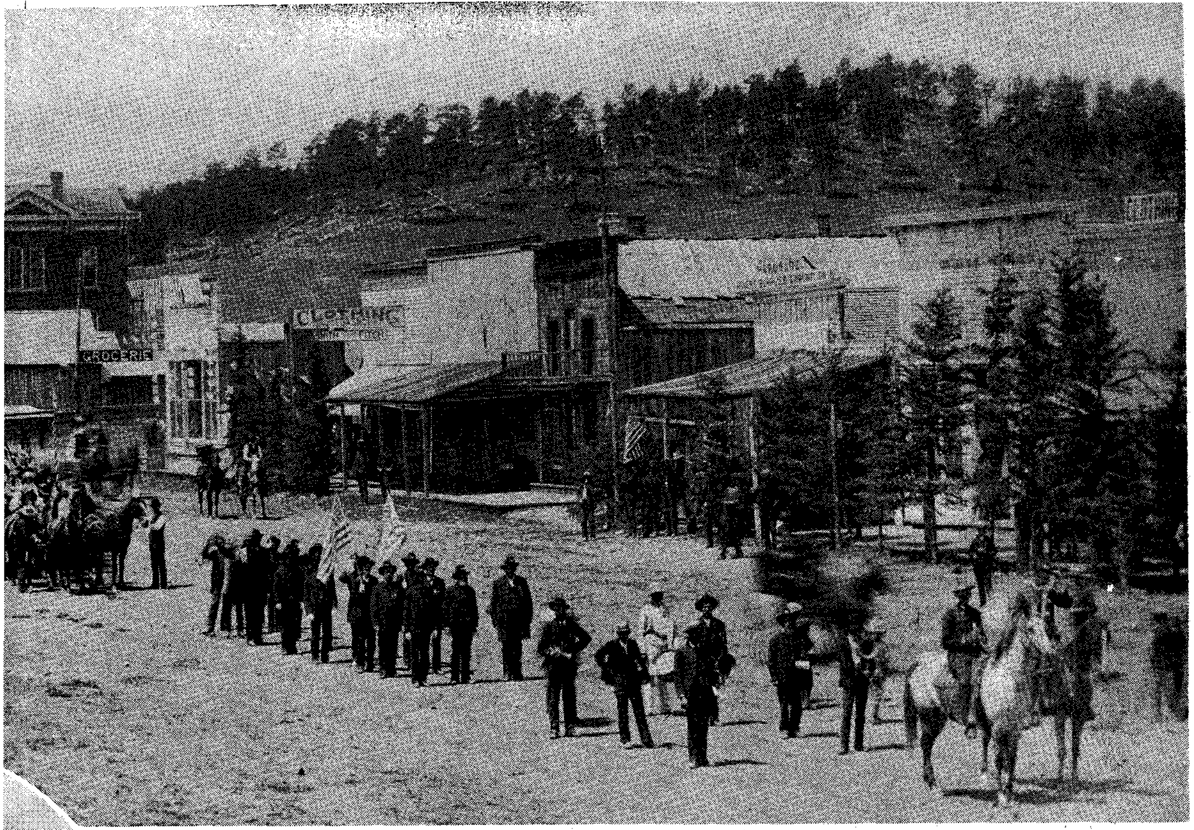
Schlatter rapidly became the rage—a fad, if such are the correct words to apply in his case. Crowds filled the streets and at times the lines stretched for blocks. Extra police had to be detailed. Barricades were constructed to keep the crowds away from him and to funnel them to him one by one, as well as to where a most commercial cashier sat.

My grandfather, Christopher Wallrich, lived in Denver at the time, prior to his move to the San Luis Valley in southern Colorado, and once told me of taking a different route home from work one evening so he might see "the show being put on by the Christ-Man."

He said when he reached the area at least a thousand people were milling around in the street and in a line which had been formed to pass before the healer. The Christ-Man, he stated, never once looked at those who came to him seeking help and health but rather he stared continually at the sky.

At a signal from the cashier he'd put out a hand. The person before him who

(Continued on page 60)

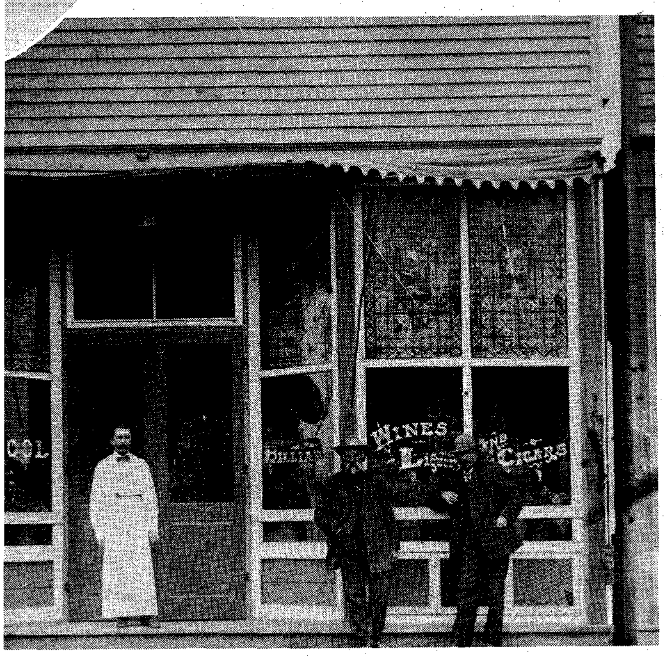


Fly Specked Billy

His was one grave which was dug with willing hands!

By G. H. LaTELLE

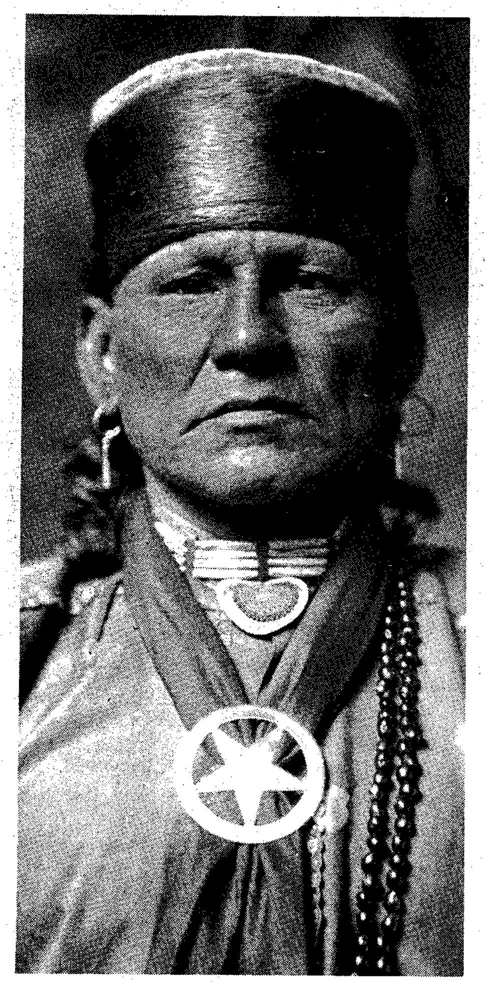
Photos Courtesy Frontier Museum, Custer City, South Dakota



ON JANUARY 5, 1881, a cold blustery Saturday, a bull train was working its way northward from Kearney Junction, Nebraska toward Custer City in Dakota Territory. The bullwhacker, Abe Barnes, was wondering by what quirk of fate he had become a freighter instead of one of the fortunate gold miners. Beating his arms against the cold, and contemplating the twenty long, dreary miles yet between him and his destination, Abe was relieved to see another freight outfit approaching from the north on the Deadwood-Sidney trail. When the freight outfits met, Abe recognized Fly Specked Billy on one of the southbound wagons, and was familiar with him as a member of the old Lame Johnny gang.

(Continued on page 58)

Above is Custer, South Dakota on July 4, 1880—only about six months before Fly Specked Billy arrived. Oval portrait is of Sheriff John T. Code. At left is Custer's Sunbeam Saloon, two doors up from George Palmer's place, also about 1880.



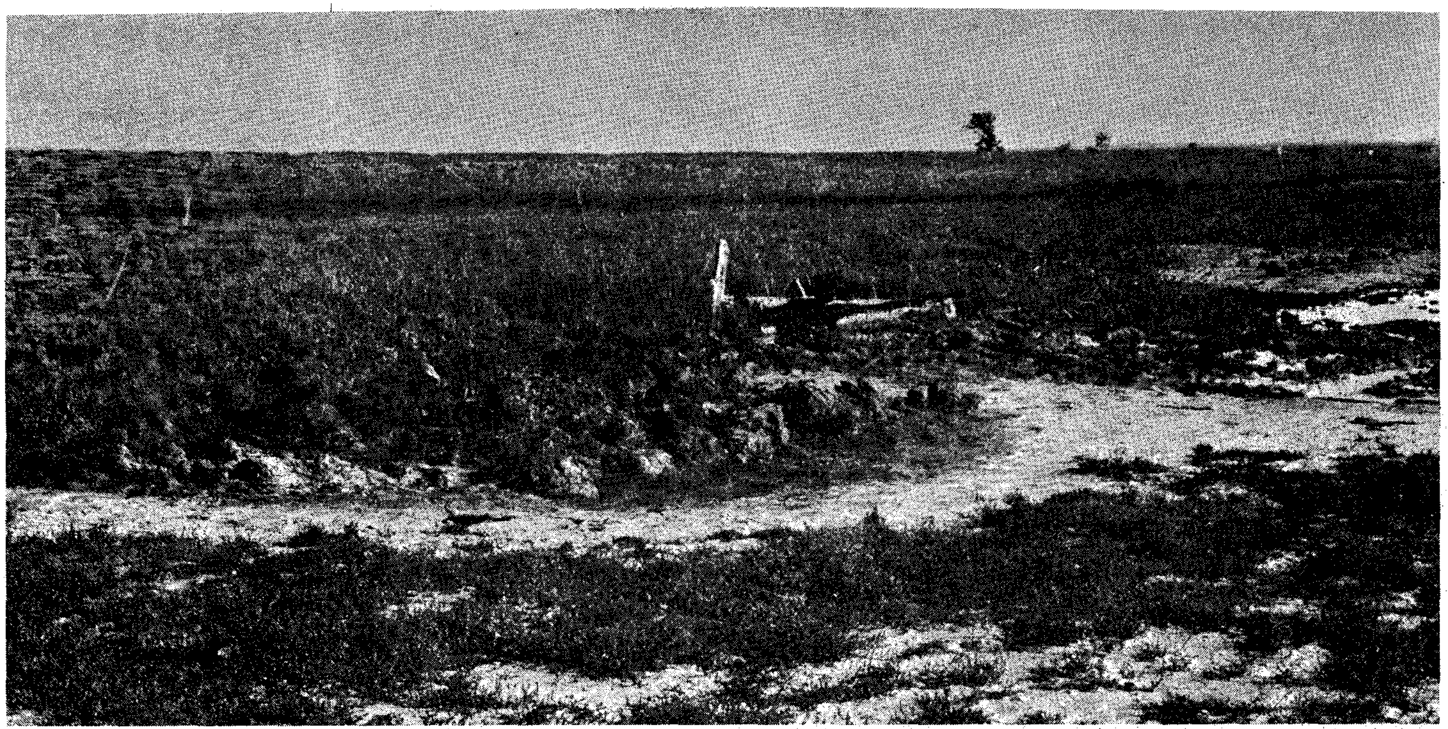
Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

SPIRIT SPRING OF THE OSAGE

It was treacherous, deadly—a shrine of water held in awe by the Indians

By VELMA NIEBERDING

Photos Courtesy Author



IN 1900, a group of Archaeologists from the Smithsonian Institution stood muddy and tired about a wooden frame sunk in the mud of an ordinary-looking spring in an ordinary-looking meadow. The location was a few miles north of Afton in the northeastern corner of Indian Territory. But the men of learning were so excited that several days of back-breaking digging was forgotten. They had made a most unusual discovery.

As the constantly welling water was pumped *from* the *spring* cavity, its gravel bottom yielded bushels of prehistoric bones, teeth, flint implements dating back to the Stone Age, and Indian arrowheads, spear points, knives and blades. The scientists were seeing the spring for the first time. Other men already attracted by what it contained had been digging at it for years and for the most part had gone away, profanely disappointed about "them old bones."

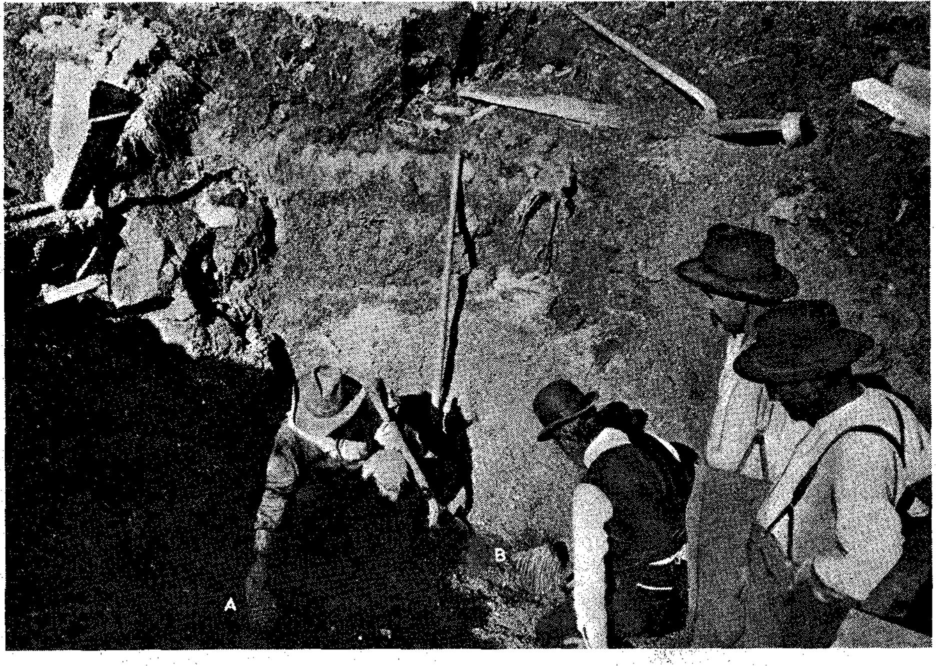
The bones dated back to the time when *mammoths and three-toed horses roamed* the plains of what is now Oklahoma. They had been in the spring long before glaciers slithering across the continent in the Ice Age made these animals extinct. They had lain there centuries before the Indians, in superstitious awe, came to cast their weapons and other treasures into the water to appease some ancestral god.

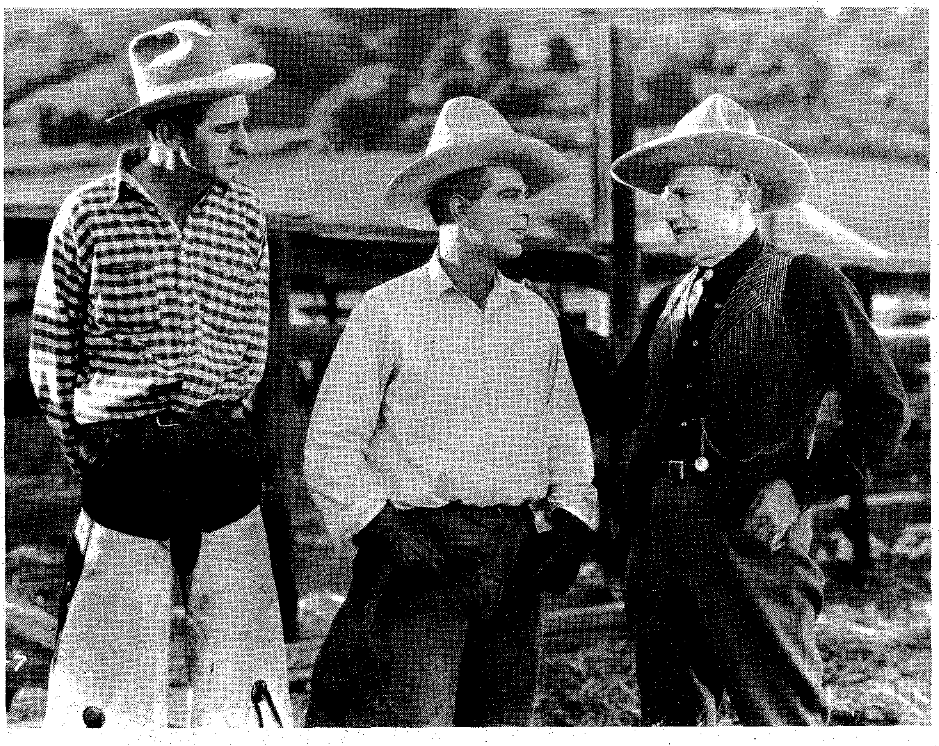
Many of the bones were those of mastodons, with teeth as long as eighteen inches. All had become coated with a deposit from the water itself, which turned them into metal-like objects which glittered like gold in the prairie sunlight.

It was this metallic shine, glimpsed through ten or twelve feet of water, that

(Continued on page 63)

Above is the site of Afton Sulphur Spring—the Osage Spirit Spring—in 1901. Evidences of the spring are still visible and the prairie land, today used for pasture, still looks the same. Above left is Che-Sho-Shin-Kah or Henry Red Eagle, the Osage who described the spring as a sacred place. At left, Osage Indians in 1874 are (from left) Hard Rope, Black Dog, Sahpahkea, Governor Joe (Paw-Nee-No-Pah-She), Big Chief, and Ogese Captaine. Below, excavators in 1901 with mammoth teeth found in the gravels of the spring.





Ted's father, Charles K. French (right) chats with Hoot Gibson (center) and Slim Summerville during one of Gibson's productions for Universal release in the late 1920s.

Motion Pictures Vignettes

By ROBERT S. BIRCHARD ©

Photos Courtesy Ted French

Fourth in a Series

ALMOST ALL BOYS used to give some thought to running off to join the circus—or perhap to becoming a cowboy. Few of us ever do anything about the dreams of our youth, but we hold in awe, or envy, those who do. One such man is Ted French.

The son of actor Charles K. French, Ted was born in New York State in 1899. He remembers his father best as a stern disciplinarian, a church deacon who applied religion with a beating. "That man was an artist with a horsewhip." Ted had always wanted to be a cowboy and when his family moved to Arizona in 1908, he found work on the King Ranch. His family, however, was insistent on his finishing his education, and moved to Santa Barbara, California where Ted took a job driving a Wells Fargo wagon to finance his schooling. While in Santa Barbara, Ted met Bill Donnelly, a professional fighter and wrestler, and took up wrestling—inadvertently becoming a professional, and thus making himself ineligible for school athletics. Ted lost much of his interest in school after that.

By 1915 Ted was riding on Walter and William Fudder's San Marcos Ranch. One day a company from Santa Barbara's "Flying 'A'" studios (American Film Company), headed by director Lloyd Ingraham, came to the ranch to shoot a stampede scene. The scene called for the hero to save the heroine from death by bulldogging the closest threatening steer, and carrying the girl to safety behind a fallen tree.

"When I saw that guy bulldogging that steer," says Ted, "I got ideas. If I could learn to do that, I'd be the only guy in that valley who could, and that would really be something!

Ted takes a movie pounding at the fists of Al "Lash" La Rue.

"I decided to teach myself how to bulldog. I got up early the next morning and went down to the Manzanita corral where we kept some calves. I picked myself out a calf, and went after him—but I misjudged it and got my boot caught in his horns and landed in a pile against the fence.

"Well, the morning after that, I got my determination back up again, and this time I brought him down—but he wouldn't fall the right way. I had to bring him back up, turn him over, and bring him down again.

"The foreman, George Rowe, had seen the whole thing, and he yelled—'What the hell are you trying to do, kill off all our cattle? Since you've got so much energy I've got a little pick and shovel work for you to do.' "

AFTER LEAVING the San Marcos Ranch, Ted rode briefly for the Elwood Ranch, and then landed a job as wrangler for the American Film Company. American's most famous produc-

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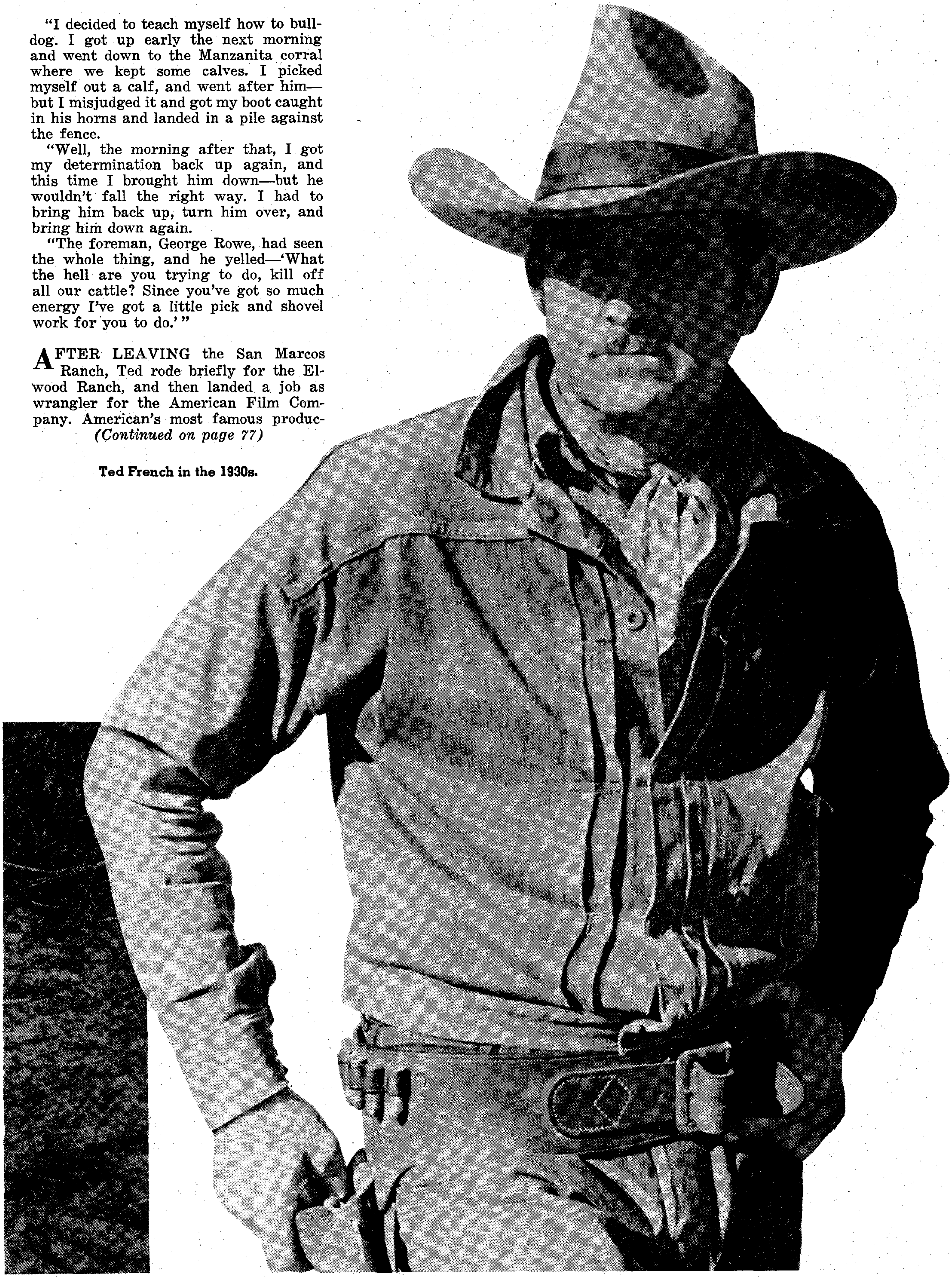
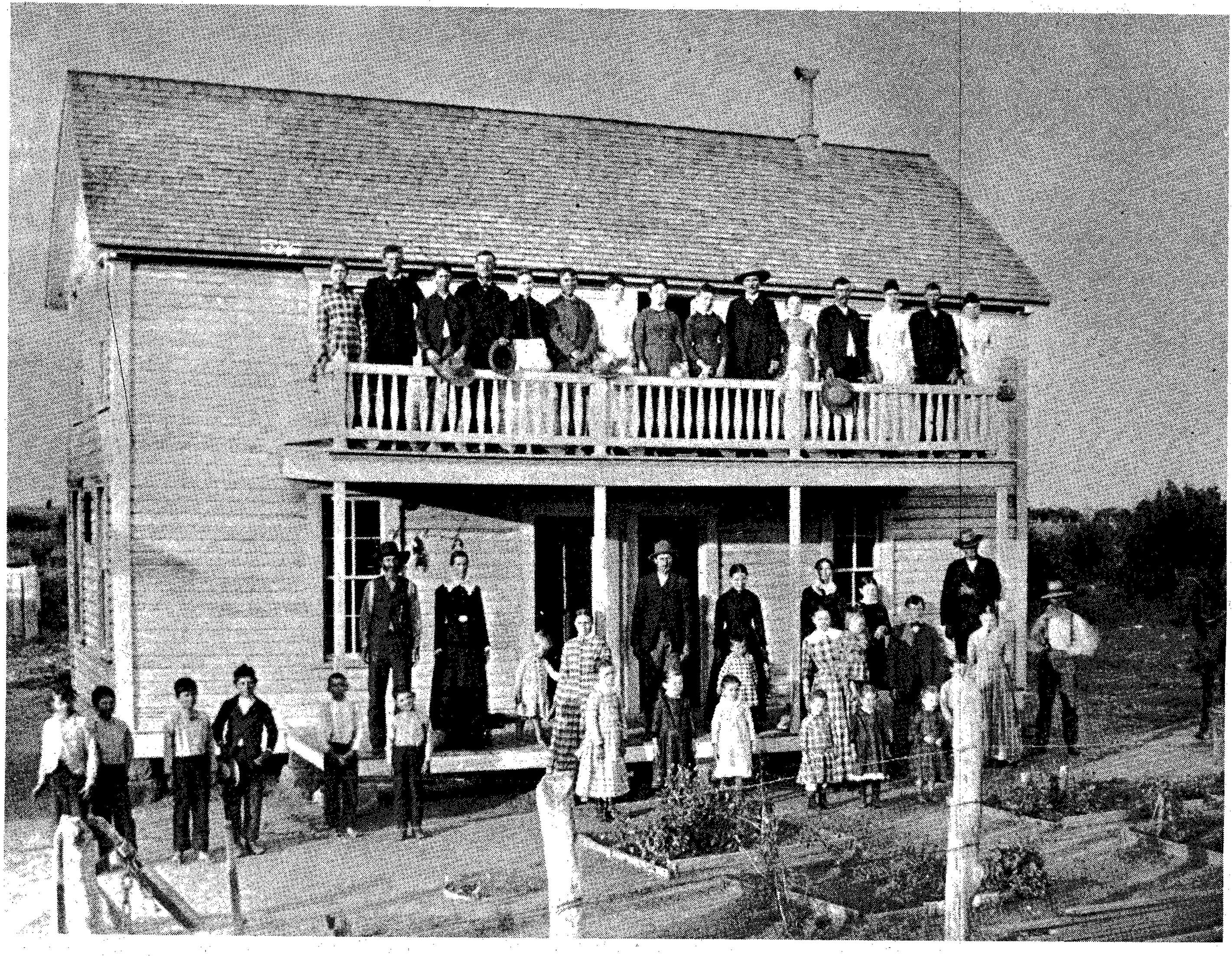


Ted French in the 1930s.



They Called It Content

—just a wide place in a happy road

By JUANITA DANIEL ZACHRY

Photos Courtesy Author

THE PLACE was named Content in 1881, a tiny settlement nestled in a mountain cove in Runnels County, Texas. It has borne other names—Blue Gap, Tokeen—but Content seemed more appropriate when the last of the Indians had ridden away and the settlers who were left could turn their thoughts to the future.

Dinosaur tracks on top of the mountain east of the old Smith homestead show plainly on a rock, which is several yards long and thirty to forty feet wide. The tracks go from west to east, and plainly visible is the imprint of the middle toe which was dragged in the mud, before the mud became rock. The sea in time dried up and many years after this, the Indians occupied the land.

In the beginning, the dreaded Kiowas and Comanches roamed the sparsely settled area and continued their marauding even after the Rangers under the command of Capt. Jeff Maltby of Co. E of the Frontier Battalion were sent here in 1874 to afford some measure of protection. The Ranger camp in Runnels County was located one-half mile direct-

The Rosson Hotel (above) and guests in Content, Texas in the early 1900s. At right is Content in 1906.

Grandpa and Grandma Choulson at Content. He lived to be 110.

ly east of a mountain which became known as Ranger Peak. Today Farm Road 382 runs one mile west of the old campsite.

Ranger camps were often located near heights which could serve as lookouts for Indians, and throughout the daylight hours scouts were posted to scan the landscape through field glasses. Four Rangers in pairs were assigned this duty exclusively, alternating morning and afternoon duty. Ranger Peak was used for this purpose.

Headquarters for Maltby's Company E was on Mud Creek, twelve miles south-southwest. Camp headquarters had been moved here after a disastrous flood in August 1874 swept away all equipment and supplies, and the Rangers barely escaped with their lives. Six permanent camps such as the one on Mud Creek were set up along an imaginary line across the Texas Frontier from the Red River to the Nueces. These camps were under the command of Major John B. Jones with a captain, a first and second lieutenant and the usual number of non-commissioned officers. Each company had seventy-five men, all of whom were volunteers and who were free to resign at any time. They were selected for good health, strength, horsemanship and ability with the lasso. Most of them stood six feet or more and were experienced frontiersmen.

Pay scale for the Ranger of the Frontier Battalion varied from $100 per month for captains to $40 for non-commissioned officers. These men furnished their own horses, saddles, and revolvers. The adjutant general's office furnished each man with a breechloading rifle at cost, the price being deducted from his first months' pay. The state furnished all ammunition.

Company E was composed of twenty-five men each from Brown, Burnet, and Coleman Counties. About one third of them were stationed at the foot of Ranger Peak and were led by Sgt. Andrew Mathers. The men presumably lived in tents since no trace of buildings remains at the site. A well was dug sixty feet deep by hand, and nearby were mesquite pole corrals where horses were penned, the remnants of which could be seen until a few years ago.

Supplies were brought to the camps when at all possible but there were times when it was necessary for the Rangers to fend for themselves and their mounts. The horses were grazed on the lush verdant grasses and fed on the ever abundant supply of mesquite beans. The Rangers themselves feasted on wild life when it could be had, but the firing of a shot on a scouting party was strictly forbidden except when an Indian was sighted.

One afternoon when the men camped near Ranger Peak were low on food, they chanced upon a big brown bear standing squarely in the middle of the trail. He eyed the Rangers defiantly as if he knew full well they dare not shoot. The Rangers returned the beasts' stare without fear, but were doing some quick thinking. They were hungry; they wanted this bear, but the size of him said he'd be a real fighter.

Sgt. Mathers who was in the lead continued to move his horse forward,

never taking his eyes off Old Bruin. He stopped a few feet from him. "Halt, boys," he said, raising a hand. "Remain in your positions."

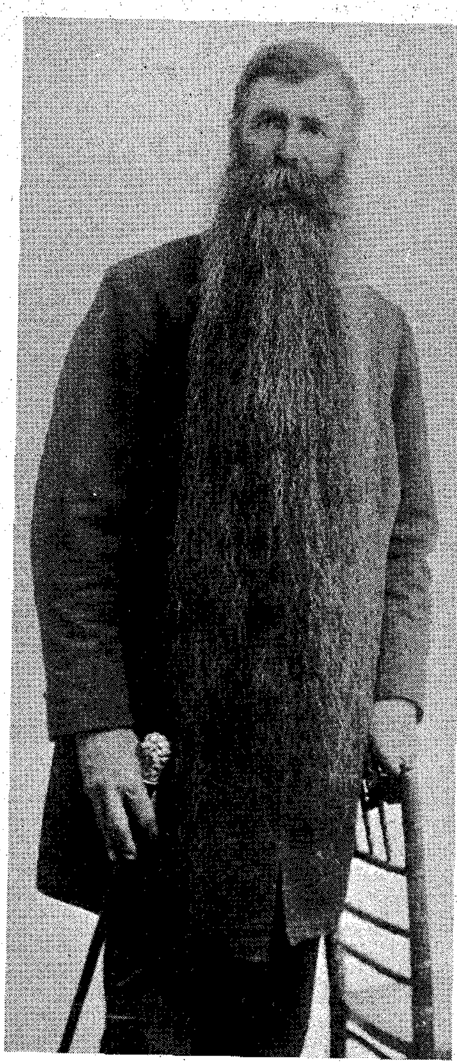
Not a man or horse moved. With deftness and a sure hand, Sgt. Mathers quickly uncoiled his rawhide lariat from the saddle horn. There was one swift motion then he looped the rope expertly around the bear's neck. The horse planted his feet and tightened the rope. In a matter of seconds Mathers was off his horse, running forward with bowie knife in hand to stab the bear in the heart. Not a man stirred from his place except Bill Dunman who ran to aid the sergeant when it looked like he might become entangled in the rope.

The bear was taken to headquarters and skinned. As this skinning was taking place, nine-year-old Tolbert Burford, son of one of the settlers, rode into camp to get tobacco from the Rangers for his father. Years later Burford often related the story of seeing the Rangers skin the bear which was taken without firing a shot.

THE CAMP near Ranger Peak was on the western edge of the frontier. Such scouting camps were moved about, much as a man might move chess pieces, and the actual date of abandonment is uncertain.

In a letter in 1876 to William Steel, the adjutant general, Maj. Jones stated that he felt the work of the Frontier Battalion had been accomplished. He reported that from May to September 1875 only six bands of Indians had been seen. From September 1875 to February 1876, no Indians were found in the territory guarded by the Rangers. During this period the dreaded Kiowa chief, Big Foot, and his Comanche partner Jafe had been killed on Valley Creek in Runnels County by Capt. Maltby and the men of Company E.

By 1876 or soon afterward, the Frontier Battalion had been withdrawn from this field of operation, leaving the settlement later to be known as Content to fend for itself. Less than a dozen families were in the area at this time—W. P. Hudman, A. A. Hanscomb, Dan Hale, Alex Simmons, Andy Fannin, the Tillerys, the Burfords, and maybe a few others.



Dick Tillery, a fiddler from nearby Runnels City. His beard eventually grew to reach the floor when he stood.

The assumption that the red man had entirely lost interest in Runnels and surrounding counties was false. A remnant returned, perhaps to avenge the death of their dead chief Big Foot. The Kiowas and Comanches knew the Rangers had departed, and they knew also where herds of horses were kept penned by night, ready prey for raiders.

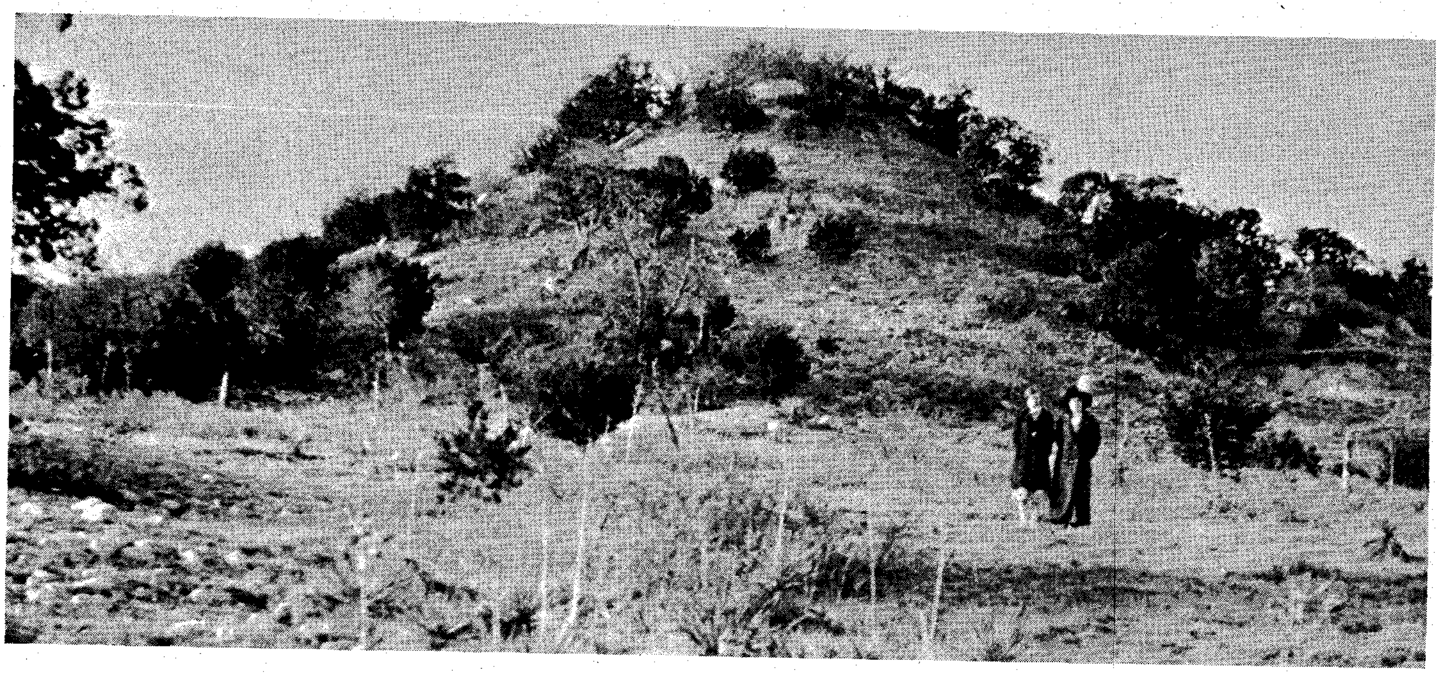
Indians preferred the light of the moon for their forays, and the moon was bright one August night in 1877—shining down with merciless light on the one-room log cabin of W. P. Hudman. Back of the cabin was the heavy timbered postoak woods, their huge trunks close together, entwined in wild ivy. Around the little cabin cat-claw thickets had been cut away, revealing distinctly in the clearing the lone log house with the pole corrals nearby where all the Hudman livestock was penned.

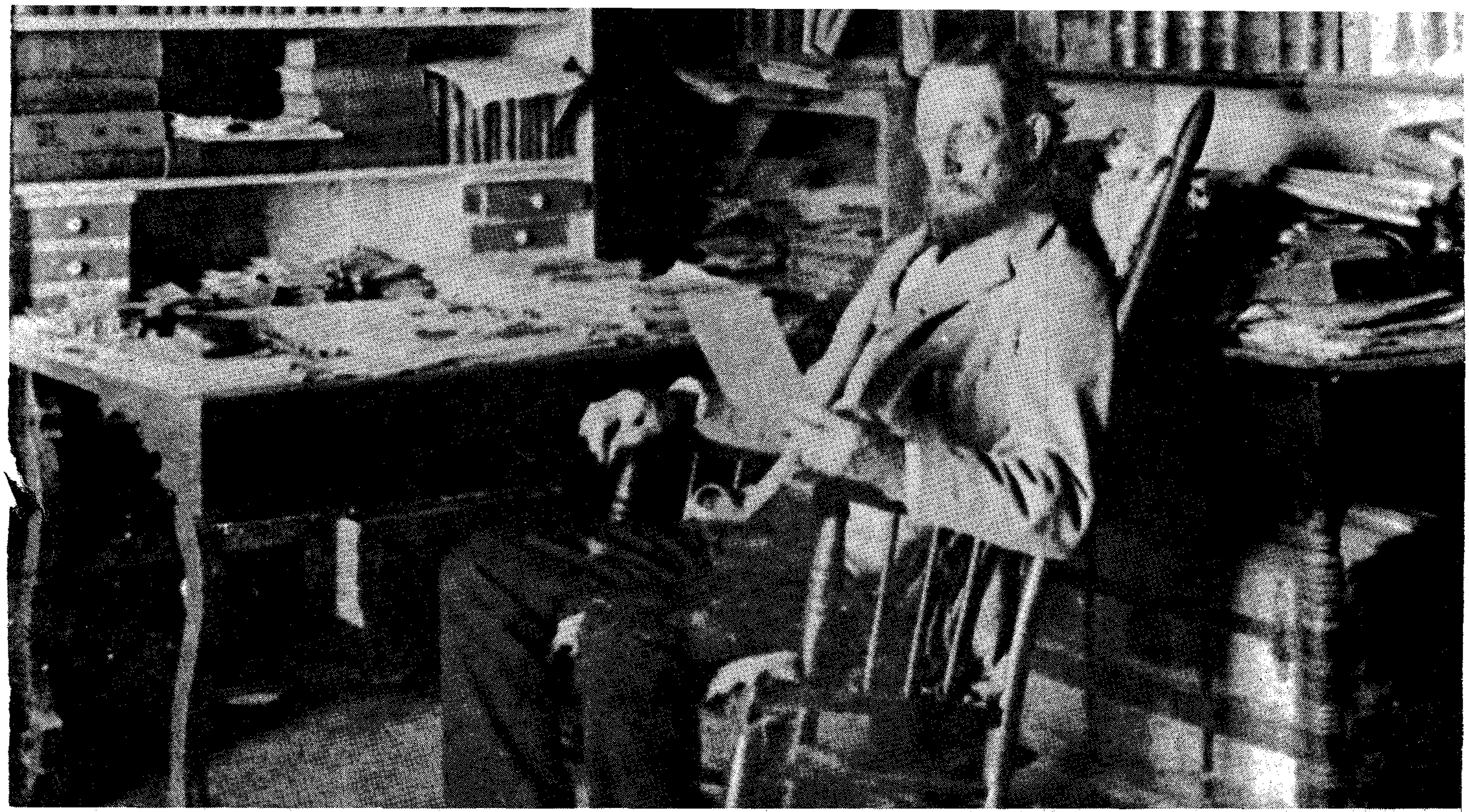
Just one year before, W. P. Hudman and his wife and five boys had come from Palo Pinto County to Runnels County to make their home. Logs were laid, and stuck together with lime from the kiln on a nearby creek, to build the small cabin.

That night the family slept, unaware of the stealthy approach of the dreaded Kiowas. As soft as the whisper of the night wind sighing through the treetops, the red men tied their horses and advanced toward the corral. By the time the Hudman family awakened to the sound of galloping hoofbeats, the Indians were pushing and hurrying the horses and cattle ahead of them as fast as they would go.

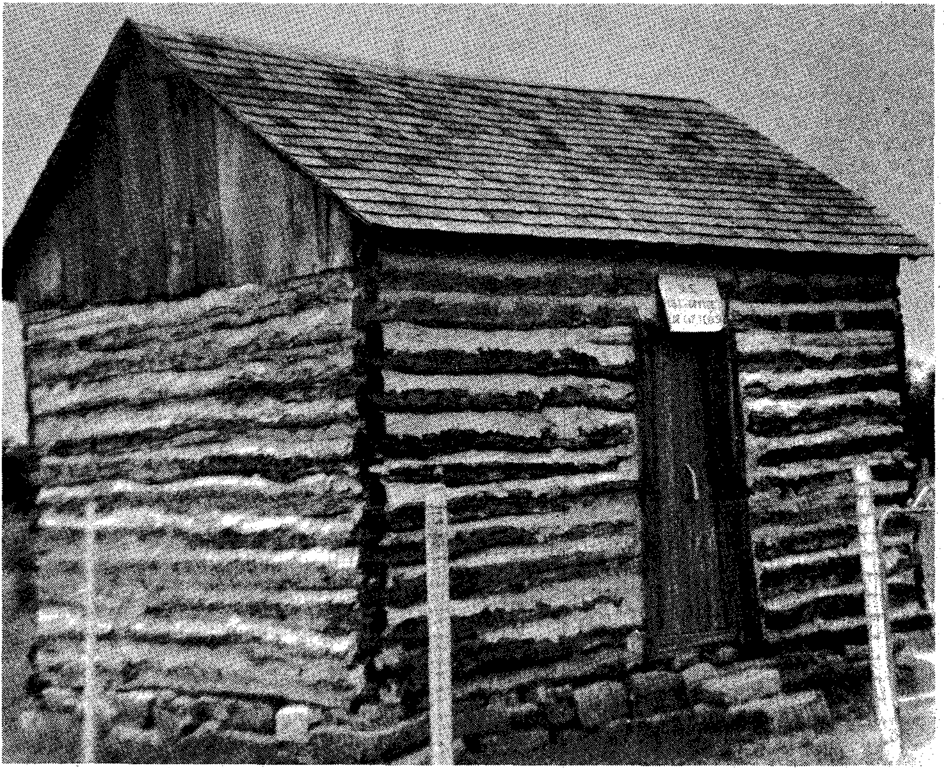
The next morning the Hudmans assessed the extent of their loss. Not a single horse was left to plow a furrow, and not one cow. While Hudman debated what to do, he was approached by a man who claimed to have information

Near Ranger Peak (below), Captain Jeff Maltby and his Company E Texas Rangers camped in 1874.





A. A. Hanscomb (above) was first postmaster at Blue Gap, whose post office (right) was established in 1878. The settlement later became known as Content.



concerning the stolen stock.

"After I got older I wondered how the man knew all this," said J. B. Hudman, one of the sons. "He promised if we would return to Palo Pinto County we would have a chance of getting our stock back." Since this was the former home of the Hudmans and since they had nothing to gain by staying, the family was not hard to convince.

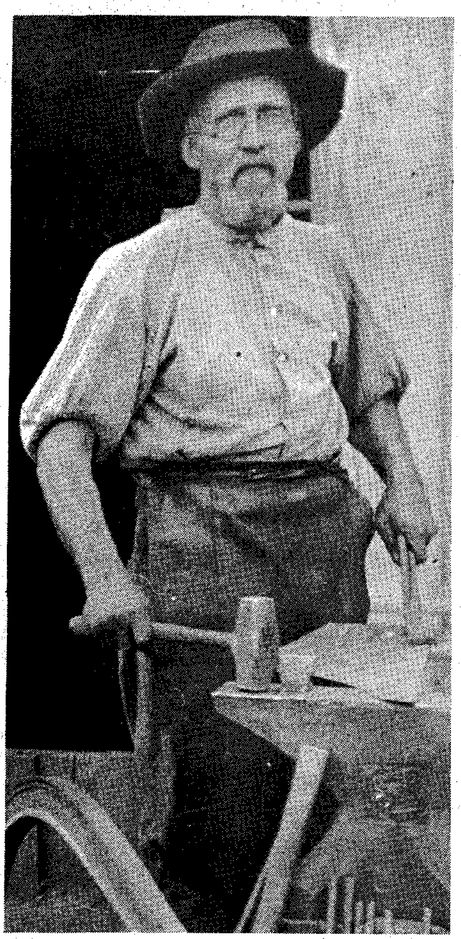
For the move the stranger lent W. P. Hudman a horse to make up a team for the wagon. Hudman had borrowed a mare from his brother-in-law, Andy Fannin. On the night of the Indian raid, Fannin had had his stock running loose on the mountain slope south of his house, thereby saving them from being stolen also.

THE HUDMANS did not retrieve their stock in Palo Pinto but leased land the first year and made a bountiful cotton crop.

A new family by the name of Lynch arrived in the fall. The health of Mrs. Lynch was very poor. She was placed under the care of a Dr. Barber, a relative of the Hudmans.

J. W. Lynch dug a well and the water had such a bad taste no one wanted to drink it. At first he hauled drinking water from a distance of several miles, but the water hauling became quite a chore, not only for him but for others. Soon many of the people were drinking from the Lynch well regardless of the taste. Dr. Barber began to notice an amazing change in his patients, especially Mrs. Lynch. She, of course was drinking from the well more often than the others.

Dr. Barber began to investigate, to observe and make tests. He concluded



Sam Wiley, an early day blacksmith in Content.

that the water possessed helpful medicinal minerals. He discussed his discovery with W. P. Hudman, and the two of them bought up part of the Lynch land and advertised lots, telling of the medicinal water of the area and of its curative powers. People with illnesses came from far and near. This was the beginning of the famous Crazy Water Wells and the town of Mineral Wells.

"My father and Dr. Barber made money hand over fist," said J. B. Hudman.

But as good fortune was favoring Hudman, tragedy struck his family once more. In the summer of 1881, his wife sickened and died. Hudman felt he must return to Runnels with his five small sons so as to have help from his wife's sister, Mrs. Andy Fannin, in rearing his family.

During Hudman's absence, A. A. Hanscomb had opened the Blue Gap post office in 1878. The cabin in which it was located was in the "blue gap" in Table Mountain. Hanscomb was a real old-timer in the area, arriving from Boston, Massachusetts in 1865, alone and unwed. He was a thin, scholarly man who, like so many others, was seeking a healthy climate. Mail was brought twice a week by stagecoach from Round Rock. The Blue Gap post office was still operating in 1881, and Dale Hale had a store in a log cabin at the foot of Ranger Peak.

When the Hudmans arrived in Abilene on the new T&P railroad, Dan Hale met them there. He had made the trip to Abilene for lumber to build a new plank store to replace the log cabin. After the store was built, Blue Gap post office was moved into the new plank building with Hale's store, two miles away from the old location. Hale became postmaster and changed the name to Tokeen.

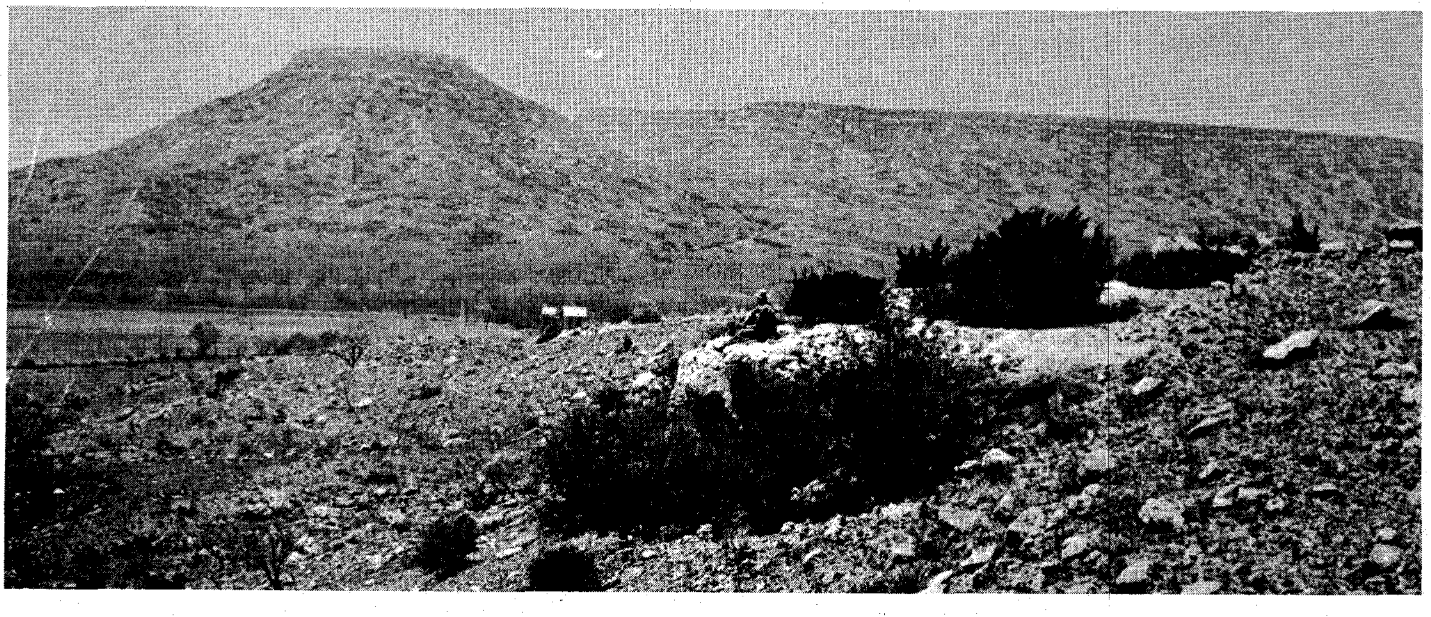
OTHER SETTLERS had moved in, among them L. D. Counts, M. L. Bright, M. C. Bright and his sons, Henry and Victor. The Indians were gone by this time and the railroad in Abilene was only thirty-two miles away. The people were happy here and eventually the settlement became known as Content. Gibbons and Counts opened a grocery store. Alex Edwards put in the first blacksmith shop when he was eighteen and operated the same shop for forty years. Sam Wiley, another smithy, started a business, too. Alex was the son of Tobe and Liza Edwards. It was Uncle Tobe who built the first church in this wilderness. He went into the saloons in both Abilene and Ballinger and asked for donations. The saloonkeepers gave him from $1.00 to $5.00 each. When he arrived back at Content with enough money to put up a building, the ladies were indignant and said they'd have nothing to do with a church connected with "tainted money." Uncle Tobe allowed the tainted money would buy just as much lumber as any other kind.

Ramsey and Smiley constructed a grist mill from native stone, the only mill nearer than Coleman. Farmers came for miles around to have their grain ground for bread.

"The mill was strictly a family affair," J. B. Hudman recalled. "The wives of Smiley and Ramsey made the silk screens and the men made the troughs and installed the augers to complete the bolting machines." Later the mill became the first gin in Runnels County.

The people of this valley assisted one

Table Mountain. On the far side is the pass known as Blue Gap through which the stagecoach passed on its way from Round Rock.



Nancy Parker, a pioneer herb doctor in Content in the 1870s, and her cabin.

another in building their log homes, many of which were the half dugout type. Lumber was brought from Fort Worth in freight wagons to build the Rosson Hotel, a spacious two-story affair. Here the young people danced to the tune of Dick Tillery's fiddle.

Dick was a giant of a man, six feet three, heavy of stature with a beard which is said to have trailed four inches on the floor when he stood erect. This beard was his pride and joy and he kept it tucked into a silk bag inside his shirt except on occasions when he wanted to show off. When he played for dances the beard was stowed safely away in his shirt for he fiddled with main strength and with sheer delight.

At the Rosson Hotel on Sundays huge meals were served in the big dining room for a small price. In the afternoon young folks engaged in sing-songs in the big parlor.

Although in the village itself there was an air of progress, in the postoak and wild ivy thickets of the mountains, life was as primitive as in years past. Here in a log cabin surrounded by hackberry thickets and cedar brush, lived Nancy Parker—Grandma Parker, she was called. Her one-room log cabin which is standing today was made of oak logs chinked together with homemade lime. The print of the broad axe can be seen on the split logs used for sleepers, which hold up the floor. These sleepers are resting on native creek rocks which are impressive in size. The cabin has been well preserved. Only six of the logs have been replaced and the original chinking is intact except for that on the replaced logs.

From the south door of the cabin which sets on a rise, Nancy could view the tangled terrain of postoak, towering and scraggy cedars and snarls of trumpet vines. Almost every day and often at night she was called out to minister to the settlers with her bag of herbs.

No doctor was nearer than Brownwood and it took a rider on horseback two days and one night to make the trip. During the years Nancy Parker served the community, a physician was brought from Brownwood only once.

"This was for my three-year-old cousin, Bennie Fannin," said J. B. Hudman. "Bennie died and they buried him southeast of the Counts place in a thickly timbered spot."

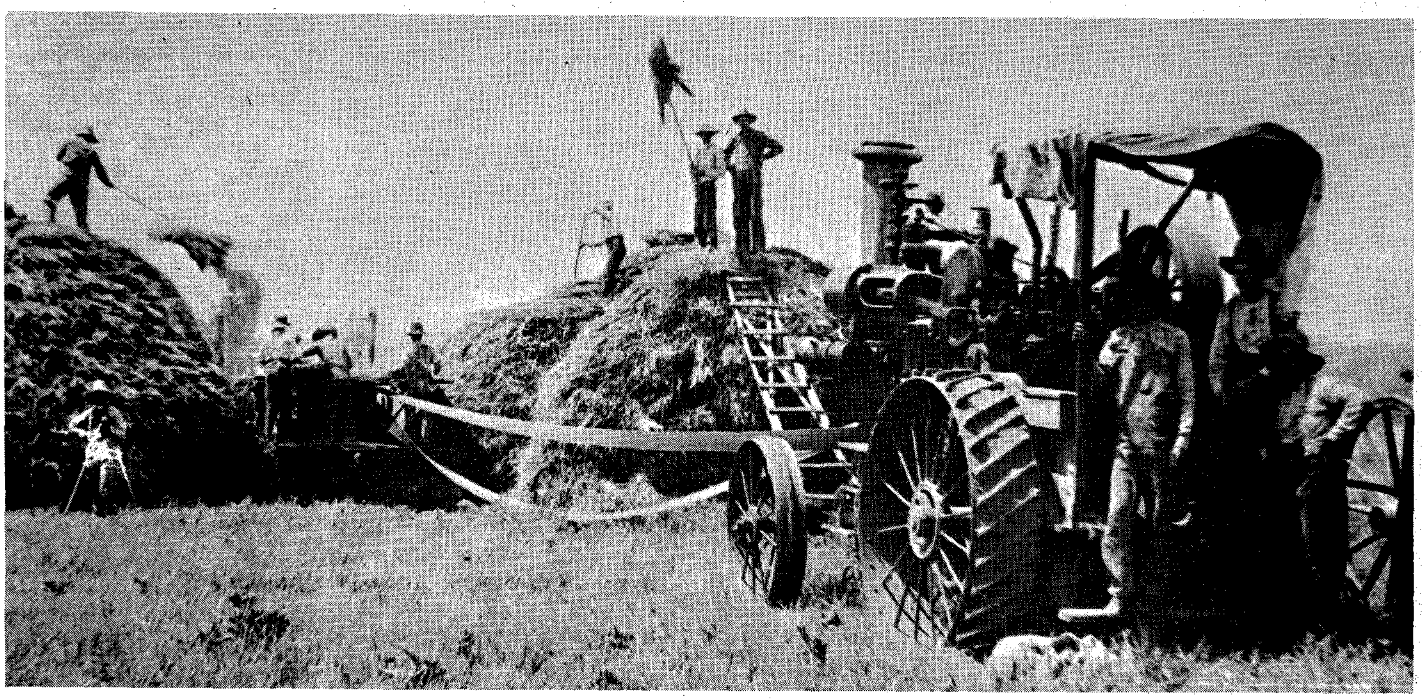
Hudman stated further that he could not recall Nancy's ever losing a case. Herbs and plants used in her concoctions grew profusely on the mountainside near her home. Tea from the balmony weed, which was very bitter, was given for billiousness. Its effect was quite weakening, and many a hardy frontiersman after drinking this tea, found himself unable to stand on his wobbly legs.

A brew made from the redroot plant was given for diarrhea; broomweed tea for coughs; and tea from the sassafras plant for a general spring "cleaning out." Grownups who had asthma smoked dried leaves of the mullein weed; if a child was affected, the mullein leaves were brewed, sugar was added, and a hard candy made for the patient.

Doctors became more numerous by the turn of the century. In 1904 when the town was in its heyday, the population of Content had reached 200—and among

(Continued on page 62)

A steam-powered threshing machine at Content.



NUGGETS

TWO HUNDRED AGAINST ONE!

By Victor A. Croley

VARIOUS FRONTIER characters, more renowned for words than deeds, were wont to boast that one white man was equal to ten Indians. It was never true, of course. Man for man, and with other odds equal, the Indian was as courageous, as strong, as wily and resourceful as his white antagonist, but he had fewer chances to prove it. This was not due to any lack of guts or backbone but simply because of circumstances and custom.

Indians were used to hunting and fighting in tribal bands and groups. Harvesting buffalo and other big game was a cooperative effort requiring teamwork and subordination of self to insure greater accomplishment. Even the squaws and children would get into the hunt when needed, as in the annual chases when bunches of buffaloes would be separated from the main herd and trapped in box canyons or stampeded over cliffs. It was only natural for group actions to carry over into the feuding and fighting which was so integral a part of the savage life. They knew the advantages gained from numbers and, while individual coups and acts of bravery were recognized, the principle of teamwork was their basic strategy.

The white invaders were another breed entirely. We are speaking of the odd-balls, cast-offs from civilization, or disappointed and frustrated gold-seekers afraid to trust a stranger and psychotically sure that every man's hand was against them. They had no business in Indian territory. The Federal government had entered into solemn treaties guaranteeing the sanctity of the western Indians' hunting grounds and promising to keep whites from trespassing or encroaching upon them. Already the buffalo and other big game were becoming scarce. Hungry Indians were resentful of white hunters who killed wantonly and wasted more meat than they kept.

WHEN gold was discovered in the Montana-Wyoming country the situation worsened. Washington refused to furnish sufficient soldiers to effectively police so large an area. Pressures built up in Congress to establish forts west and north of old Fort Laramie, and the notorious Fetterman Massacre followed. This led to prolonged warfare which ended with Red Cloud's victory.

The United States' peacemakers again guaranteed to keep whites out of Indian territory and agreed to supplement diminished game harvests with issues of government rations and supplies. In effect, the treaty made trespassing whites fair game for the tribesmen. Scalps in the ceremonial lodges began to show the finer textured and lighter hair of Caucasians. How many white men were killed in the decade preceding Custer's fight on the Little Big Horn will never be known since so many of these were loners who had already cut themselves off from family, friends and civilization. Their passing would be only casually noted, and they were little missed. Yet these were the white men who fought against the heaviest odds. They were skilled at evasion and wary of ambush and surprise. When parties of Sioux, Cheyenne, or other warring tribes caught up with them and forced them into a fight, it was usually a desperate, last-ditch stand against overwhelming numbers and certain death in the end. One man against ten, twenty or thirty of the enemy.

Occasionally the white man was the victor, inflicting such damage that the Indians called off the battle. At other times he might escape through subterfuge or by holding out until help came. Patrols of soldiers were few and far between but they sometimes were able to offer protection to illegal trespassers, even though it meant throwing the man they rescued into the army guard house.

One such incident occurred early in 1870 when a miner named Bennett was overtaken while riding a mule near a small mining camp in what is now Fremont County, Wyoming. A down and out drifter, he did not even have a gun. When the Indians discovered that he was unarmed, they decided to have some fun torturing him before they killed him. They took turns riding close, jabbing him with their coup sticks, or batting him over the head with them. Bennett was unable to resist or to fight back. Bloody but still conscious, he prodde his mule as best he could and led h laughing tormentors on a course whic came within hailing distance of a wate hole where he knew an army patrol w camped. As soon as the soldiers sa what was going on they chased the Indians away, and Bennett escaped bruised and beaten but otherwise unhurt.

NOT FAR from where this happened, another miner, Jim Goodson, fought on May 4, 1870, what must be one of the epic battles of all time. A large war party, estimated at between two and three hundred braves, trapped Goodson on Little Popo Agie Creek. Before he discovered them, the Indians had Goodson surrounded on three sides with no chance of escape because the fourth side was blocked by an impenetrable patch of willow, buck brush, and bull berry bushes some six to eight feet high. At least, the Indians believed it impenetrable. But with no other way to escape, the miner had to chance it. He spurred his mount into a mad dash that carried them ten or fifteen feet into the thick growth.

Grabbing his rifle and saddle bags, Jim dropped to the ground. As he expected, the thicket was interlaced near ground level by game trails of badger, coon, fox, coyote and bear. Goodson was a smallish fellow of slender build, and desperation spurred him to squirm and twist his way into the depths of the thicket, a feat impossible under other circumstances. The brush covered an area roughly a quarter of a mile.

The Indians quickly surrounded it and captured Goodson's horse. Through the middle of the thicket ran a shallow creek bed, dry except for occasional waterholes. These would assure him against thirst, while the creek bed itself provided a shallow trench for protection from rifle fire. Here Goodson waited and listened for the savages he knew would be coming after him.

Frustrated by the escape of prey which had seemed within their grasp, the Indians paused for considerable palavering before a couple of braves worked themselves up to the proper pitch to go in after the white man. It took no small measure of courage. Goodson was driven by the desperation of knowing that certain death waited if he tried to fight outside the thicket; the braves could only expect a few minutes of glory if they crawled into the thicket and killed the white man. And now their numbers were no advantage and the odds were all against them.

Jim had time to catch his breath and wipe the sweat out of his eyes. He was a cool operator who had survived many close scrapes in the past, was a dead shot, and his rifle was probably better than anything the Indians owned. His eyesight and hearing were acute and, most important, he was in a sheltered position where he could wait for the foe to come to him. His buckskin shirt and pants provided excellent camouflage; his weather-burned face was tanned as brown as any savage's. Chances were excellent that he could see and hear an approaching warrior before the redskin could spot him. Goodson would just lie stone-still and watch for the slightest movement, listen for the inevitable rustle of leaves or the snap of a twig. The Indians would be at a disadvantage in this kind of fight where only the first shot would count.

Two braves advanced slowly, using the patience and the stealth which had come from years of hunting game. They knew that death waited any carelessness or false movement. Inevitably, the white man saw them first and killed them quickly with a ball through the head of each. The Indians waiting outside the thicket knew what had happened as soon as they heard the shots and recognized that they came from the miner's rifle. Sure that their scouts were dead, they let loose a volley of bullets toward the spot where the shots seemed to originate. Goodson hugged the ground and the balls flew harmlessly overhead. Then, at the first lull in the firing, he crawled and squirmed some forty or fifty feet along the creek bed to another location and waited for the next attack.

The thicket was too dense to permit a large group of Indians to attack together but there were enough hot-heads and glory seekers in the war party that three or four vain attempts were made to reach the entrenched white man. Goodson was never a very talkative man and he refused to say how many Indians he killed during the fight which lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until nine at night.

With gathering darkness, the warriors became discouraged and went into camp. The white man had a little grub in his saddle bags and plenty of ammunition. He knew he could lie low and probably hold off the tribesmen long enough to persuade them that his scalp wasn't worth the price they would pay for it. With water at hand and the sheltering creek bed, he felt secure and confident, but there was an outside chance that the Indians might come after him in the hours of darkness or might hit upon some other strategy which would overcome his advantages. Goodson decided to try to escape while he could.

He managed to elude any Indians who may have been staked out around the thicket and made his way to the safety of a small placer mining camp not far distant. When a patrol of soldiers investigated the scene of battle a few days later they found the bodies of two Indians who had been overlooked in the dense brush, and pools of dried blood where several others had apparently died. Twenty-five years later the brushy thicket still showed scars and damage from the hail of bullets which had clipped branches and marked trees where the war party of two to three hundred had tried to kill one lone but determined white man.

MYRTLE POINT TO RURAL IN 1913

"Myrtle Point, Or. to Rural, Or. Is One Of Hardest Mail Routes in United States."

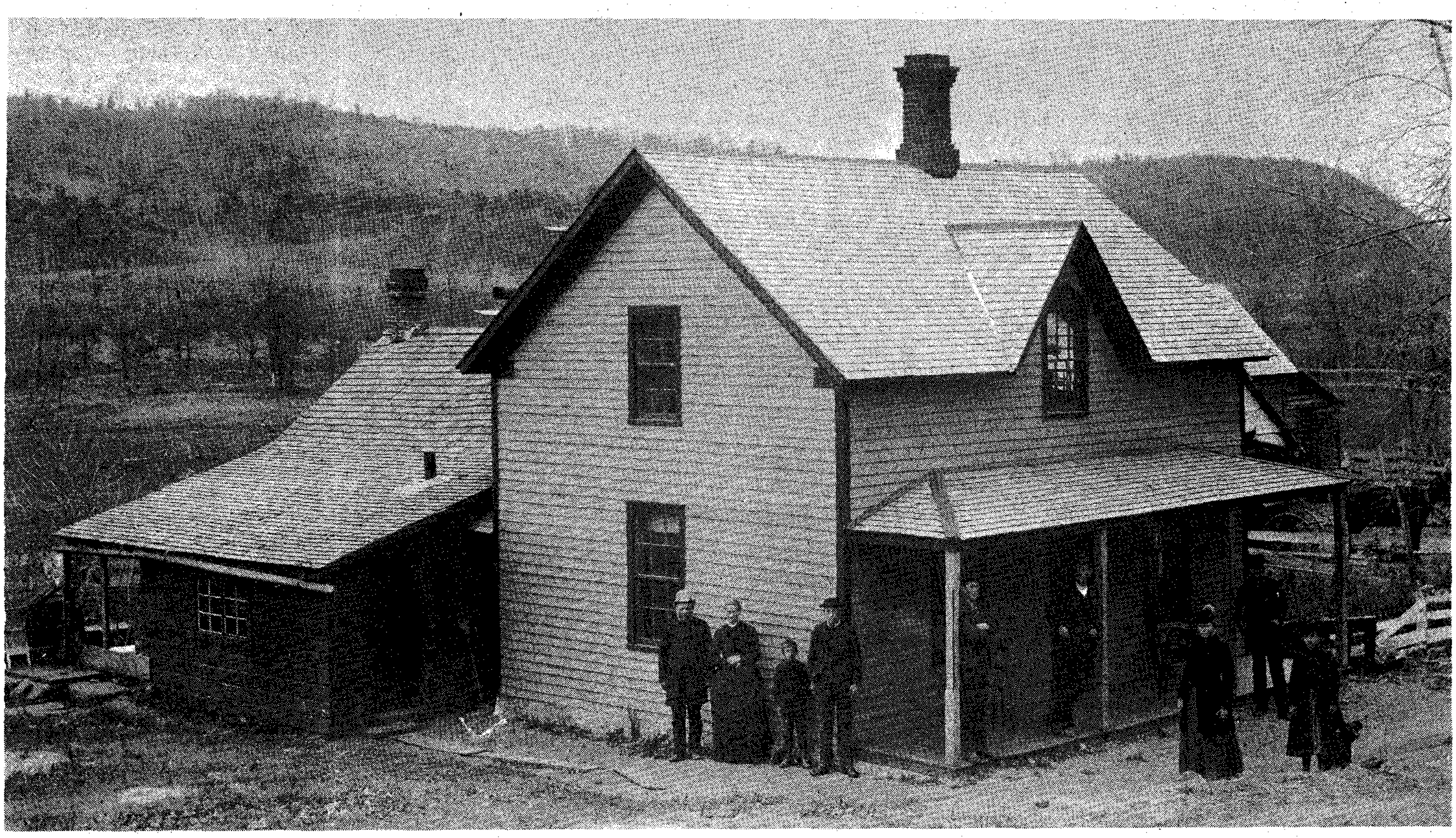
"Young Man 19 Has Traveled 15,600 Miles On Horseback Over 25-Mile Stretch."

Under these headlines the following account appeared in the* OREGON JOURNAL *January 4, 1913. Myrtle Point is, and Rural was, in Coos County.

MARSHFIELD, OR. Jan. 4—Carrying mail to and from an isolated part of Coos County is one of Uncle Sam's post office department jobs which require hardships and difficulties few persons

Johannson ranch in central Wyoming about 1890 near the site of Jim Goodson's 1870 battle with Indians.

Photo Courtesy Author



who mail letters in more settled districts would ever think would be necessary in order to make a two cent postage stamp carry a letter to the destination for which the government is responsible. These mail routes which reach the far away points of the mountains and are the only means of sending the news, require something more than is expected of the city postman whose life in comparison is a flowery one.

Probably one of the most difficult of mail routes is the one which extends from Myrtle Point, twenty-five miles up the south fork of the Coquille River, to Rural, and is carried by a young man who has an unusual record. He is but nineteen years old, has been carrying the route for the past three years and is the youngest man in this part of the state shouldering the responsibilities of the mail service. The distance from Myrtle Point to Rural is twenty-five miles and the round trip is made twice a week. Thus the service requires a horseback ride of 100 miles a week or 5,200 miles a year and as the young carrier, Harry Wise, a native of the county, has been in the service steadily for three years, he has traveled on horseback 15,600 miles, or 3/5 of the distance around the world, in order that the people of Rural district receive their letters and news.

As there are about twenty-five patrons of the Rural post office it means that in order that one person shall receive regular mail service, the carrier must ride four miles a week or 200 miles a year over rough and muddy roads, rain, shine, or snow. A letter directed or stamped for Rural must, after leaving the railroad train at Roseburg, be transferred to the stage from Roseburg to Myrtle Point and there it is turned over to Wise and his saddle and pack horses. It must in winter season be taken over mountain roads, dragged through mud two feet deep, carried through brush one minute and through watery holes the next, and finally forded over the Coquille River, which at times is exceedingly dangerous, before it is delivered by the drenched mail carrier to the postmaster at Rural. The latter is by no means a city. It is simply a farm house which stands on the side of the river and is reached only by ford or foot bridge, but it serves as the distributing point for the mail of the settlers, ranchers, mountaineers and homesteaders of the district.

No one would wish to take the mail over that route for the cost of the postage stamps affixed to the letters. The government maintains the service and pays the mail carrier, but the latter earns every cent he gets.

TO CARRY such a route good horsemanship, first class judgment, patience, perseverance, and the ability to stand all kinds of weather and many hard knocks are required. This particular young man who has traveled so many miles over the same road to make United States postage stamps good for what they were intended, seems to possess the qualifications necessary. After three years of work without a rest, young Wise looks upon the carrying of that mail route as a matter of course. Sometimes the fording of the river when the waters become swift is exceedingly dangerous and too great a chance would mean loss of man, horse and mail. It is up to the carrier to decide. Only a mountain man would be able or willing to hold down the job.

The country from Myrtle Point to Rural has been rather isolated as it is not on a through road. One can't simply go in and go out as the end of the road is reached before the post office. Consequently the mail carrier is depended upon by everyone along the line as a means of communication. Everybody knows the carrier and everybody wants him to get something or other for them in town. So the mail is not the only burden. In addition, the carrier may bring on his pack horses everything from a bottle of medicine to a stovepipe. All sorts of mechanism is strapped on the horse and a rubber blanket tied over it.

Sometimes this extra freight is difficult to handle, but the carrier says his worst job was getting the school teacher out of the mountains to civilization. She was delivered to him at Rural. Being by no means a teacher of small size, her difficulties on a pack horse were great. The carrier at times thought he would lose the precious teacher over a grade or in deep mud, but he finally delivered her safely to her friends. What further complications the inauguration of the parcels post will bring him, the carrier does not venture an opinion.

An interesting feature of this route is that it presents a vivid picture of the passing of the old way and the coming of the new. The Smith-Powers logging railroad is being constructed along the route to Rural, and the carrier, now traveling in the most primitive manner employed in the service, is passing at every mile the construction camps of the new railroad which will make possible the use of cars and steel rails instead of pack horses to transport mail and freight.

While the mail route penetrates one of the richest but most isolated and inaccessible parts of the country, it is to be the first district of Coos County to have rail transportation to tidewater. The carrier, as his horse flounders through water-soaked trails, points out the ranch which has been purchased as a townsite and which within a year will be made a thriving distribution point. If in a year or two the mail sacks for Rural are easily thrown off a railroad car, the present young mail carrier is one man who will not soon forget the thousands of miles he traveled and the difficulties, hardships and dangers he encountered, in order to give the people of that part of the state their only news of the outside world.—Courtesy Elmer J. Binker, Editor, *The Postal Historian*.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

duction resumed, others were brought in as the star.

Sid served out his contract as a supporting actor, stunt man, and stock supervisor. During his career he worked with such stars as Buck Jones, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, Rex Bell, Gene Autry, George Montgomery, Gary Cooper, Will Rogers, Tyrone Power and George O'Brien. With George O'Brien he and another fine Bartlesville cowboy, Herman Nowlin, served as stunt coordinators. O'Brien gave them credit for his record of safety during the filming of his pictures. Sid's friendship with such directors as John Ford and George Marshall made him an "unofficial casting" director and cowboys would call Sid at all hours for a job. Sid turned no one away, in the true spirit of the West. He staked many a down and out cowhand. He was a "Dutch Uncle" to star and extra alike. In the make-believe world of Hollywood this was quite a feat. His last film was Gary Cooper's "High Noon" in 1950. He retired to travel the West in his camper. His only kin was his wife of over fifty years, Alice, who also played in the early films as a stunt woman. They not only shared each other but in all things were together. She is not alone in the mourning of this grand cowboy. He was eighty-one years old and until his illness was still straight as an arrow. Another thought crossed my mind—October 12, thirty years ago, Tom Mix was killed in the crash of his Cord automobile at Florence, Arizona.

Sid was the subject of a story in an earlier issue of FRONTIER TIMES, written by Robert Birchard. —Robert Cotton, 4100 Limestone Road, Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74003

Red Buck's Death Retold

Regarding the story of Red Buck in the July 1970 issue of FRONTIER TIMES, my folks settled near Seiling about fifteen miles from Taloga in 1900, when I was sixteen years old. I finished my education there, taught school several years in the country, published two small town newspapers, farmed and served twenty years as Justice of the Peace of Little Robe Justice District. I married the ex-sheriff's daughter in 1906.

C. L. Bradley was elected sheriff of what was eventually named Dewey County, Oklahoma Territory in 1894, taking office on the first day of January 1895 for a term of two years. Early in the term the county treasurer, Fred Huffman, was murdered from ambush along the bank of the Canadian River. A man by the name of Sun was tried for this crime and defended by the well-known attorney, Temple Houston. He was acquitted and the mystery of Huffman's murder was never solved.

Later in the summer it became known that Red Buck and his gang were holed up in a dugout in the big bend of the Canadian River south of Lenora. According to rumor, which of course I cannot verify, Joe Ventioner was a member of the gang. The further rumor is that he fell out with his boss and not having the intestinal fortitude to face Red Buck in a shoot-out, came to Sheriff Bradley and offered to lead a posse to the hideout.

Having arrived there and while the

posse went up in front and demanded a surrender, Ventioner is said to have crept around back and shot Red Buck in the back as he came up the runway. Certain it is that Ventioner killed Red Buck in the presence of the posse and that in falling Red Buck shot off the top of Ventioner's left hip—a wound from which he limped the balance of his life.

"Three Fingered Miller" was wounded and captured at the same time and served several years in prison, not for any offense committed locally, but for prior crimes of the gang. If there were other members captured there I have lost the names. It was an outlaw gang loosely organized around Red Buck.

It is a matter of record that Ventioner soon after was appointed deputy sheriff and served many years as deputy or jailer, and it was the general understanding that the appointment was a reward for his service in breaking up the Red Buck gang. Everyone locally knew he had killed Red Buck and it was considered a feather in his hat, the only man he ever killed.

Many years after when I was justice of the peace I joined with other citizens to bring pressure on Sheriff Clarence Jones to give Ventioner a final dismissal. One of the rumors was that he never took the old .45 off his hip until it was known that Three Fingered Miller was dead—out of fear that Miller would come back to kill him for the betrayal of Red Buck. —D. Ivan Fritts, 794 Fortner Lane, Ontario, Oregon 97914

Jesse Hood's Mean Mule

I would like to add a second mule to the story of Old Pete, the one Ike Osteen described in the September FRONTIER TIMES, for I am sure my father, Jesse Hood, must have owned Pete's twin brother.

The mule had been christened George and was the best and meanest mule of the four my father owned. We drove this mule team quite often to Vilas, Colorado, forty miles north across the Cimarron River for supplies. The big general store was owned by C. F. Wheeler, a friend of all the old-timers of the Cimarron Valley.

On the return trip the wagon would be heavily loaded with supplies and we always depended on George to see us safely across the quick sandy river.

We did not own a barn with stalls for the mules, for if we had, old George's stall would have been kicked to bits in no time at all. Each of the mules was fed in an individual feed box, and if George was not securely tethered to the wagon wheel, he would go from box to box, with his ears laid back, collecting generous bites of grain from every box. None of the mules protested for they had learned the hard way. When George *was* tied to the wagon wheel he would chew, squeal and flail with both hind feet throughout his entire meal. Both Pete and George sound like ill-tempered, quarrelsome mules, but I firmly believe if Old Pete and George had been harnessed together they would have been a dandy span.—Annie H. Carter, Box 1275, Rifle, Colorado 81650

When Dog Meets Porcupine

We really enjoy TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES and look forward to each issue. We particularly enjoyed the story, "Trained for Trouble," by R. C. Henry, as we love dogs.

The story brought back an incident which happened shortly after my husband and I moved to Redding, California in the early '30s. One day our little pup came home with a porcupine quill in his nose. He was lucky—our neighbor's dogs had quills in their noses, necks and even in their mouths. Calvin and I used pliers to pull them out, but they bled so, the dogs would pass out. We worked far into the night and finally extracted most of them.

However, the purpose of this letter is to let people know of an easier method. If you clip the ends off the quills, they will come out without pain and suffering to the animal.—Calvin & Ruby Black, Possum Trot, Box 91, Yermo California 92398

Camp Cooks and Mail Order Brides

(Continued from page 10)

The White Steamer was just pulling in at the end of the long wide platform. Luther, the chauffeur, was at the wheel. Alongside was B. D. Phillips in a battered sweat-marked Stetson, shirt sleeves and unbuttoned vest, with Levi's protecting his suit pants.

A curious crowd was gathered on the platform. As George and his two companions came into view the Malta Coronet Band struck up the familiar popular song, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Several of the local citizens shook George's hand and did a lot of backslapping in such a spirit of warm friendship it brought tears to the eyes of the bridegroom.

"From where I'm standing," B. D.'s voice sounded from behind Sam, "I'd say my friend George has the makings of a crying jag." There was a gritty sound to the big sheepman's voice.

Before Sam could think up an indignant denial, the long wailing sound of the locomotive whistle filled the air. "Here comes the Flyer!"

A red carnation was to be the symbol of recognition of the bridegroom, and the bride's identification was to be a corsage of violets. As the train jolted to a halt and a uniformed porter alighted with a stool, all eyes were fixed as if on target as Gloria Lamont stepped down. She wore a lavender-hued dress, fitted around the waist to display her tightly-corseted hour-glass figure. A large lavender straw hat topped a mass of auburn hair, and pinned to her ample bosom was a corsage of imitation violets. As she stepped down on the stool, the gaping crowd caught a brief glimpse of silken legs and French-heeled lavender pumps. Her painted lips forced a smile that thinned into a scarlet slit, and with that welcoming smile she held out both arms in a mechanical gesture as George enveloped her in a fumbling embrace.

"A cheap, two-bit painted hussy," B. D.'s voice was a growling undertone as he gripped Sam's arm. "A Chicago

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hustler if I ever saw one. Scrape that paint off and you'll find a wore-out hag with dyed hair. A gold digger from way back. You got George into this beartrap, and it's up to you to get him out. Or else!" B. D. walked away in disgust.

Ringbone Sam stood on wide-spread legs, a speculative look in his narrowed eyes. The train was pulling out. The band was playing "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

The lanky sheep boss was introducing himself to Gloria Lamont. "I'm Ed Woolworth. Sheep boss for the Phillips outfit. And bein' as how I'm goin' to give the bride away, it's time we got better acquainted. How's about a big hug and kiss for ol' Ed?" And the next moment Woolworth had her locked tightly in expert embrace, while George just stood there with a silly grin.

Sam reckoned it was time he made his first move in the new game B. D. had outlined for him in no uncertain terms. He swaggered over and bowed stiffly from the waist. "Since the bashful groom is too lovesick to introduce his best man, I'll do the honors," Sam put on his best smile. "I'm Sam Frazier. Better known as Ringbone Sam. Champion bronc rider. Strawboss at the Phillips ranch." He smiled down at Gloria. On close inspection he saw that B. D.'s accusations were partly right, partly wrong. The widow might have seen better days but she wasn't too hard on a man's eyes.

"We're takin' you for a grand tour of the ranch," Sam announced. "Mr. Phillips has placed his new White Steamer at our disposal. We'll stop at a saloon for some liquid refreshments. But mebbe you don't drink intoxicating likker, ma'am?"

"A little sherry would taste good after the long train trip," she replied in a husky tone, and gave Sam a smile of gratitude. But the big bronc rider was wise to the fact that Gloria Lamont had eyes for only Ed Woolworth, and when the sheep boss horned in on the rear seat of the automobile between the bride and groom, Sam smiled an inward secret smile.

George got Sam off to one side before they boarded the White Steamer. "How come you're lettin' down the bars, lettin' me have a few drinks? B. D.'s orders?"

"What B. D. don't know won't hurt him none," Ringbone Sam winked slyly. "A guy's entitled to a few nips on his weddin' day. But mind you go easy, George. Don't get drunk or outa line. B. D.'s holdin' me responsible."

Sam climbed into the front seat beside Luther. "Stop a minute at Long Henry's Saloon. Hot day like this a feller needs a cold beer to cool off his tripes. You a drinkin' man, Luther?"

"Not on the job, Mister Ringbone. And be careful not to spill nothing on these red leather seats."

Sam turned to scowl fiercely at Ed Woolworth. "You heard what Luther said, sheepherder. You spill anything on the red cushions, I'll throw you out, set you plumb afoot. Put up an argument and I'll gut-shoot you." He pulled a pearl-handled .45 from the waistband of his new pants, waved it threateningly and then shoved it back where it belonged, winking at Luther.

Ed Woolworth grinned reassuringly at Gloria whose eyes were wide with alarm.

"Nothing in the world to be scared of, purty lady," the sheep boss told her. "Long as I'm here to protect you. If that big windbag gets outa hand, ol' Ed will cut 'im down to size." He opened the big blade of his Barlow knife and made a cutting motion before he put it back in his hip pocket.

GEORGE, a silly grin on his face, had paid no attention whatever to Sam's threatening words and flourishing gun play, or the covert exchange of smiles and flirtatious glances between the girl and the sheep foreman.

"It ain't often," he boasted, "that a bride gets met at the train by a brass band, or gets to tour the country in a fancy automobile." He groped and found Gloria's hand. "This here White Steamer belongs to the Phillips outfit that I got an interest in. President Teddy Roosevelt has the mate to it."

While the car was parked in front of Long Henry's Saloon and Sam was inside getting liquid refreshments, George carried Gloria's two suitcases into the lobby of the Great Northern Hotel and left them in the baggage room. Ed Woolworth didn't miss this chance to get confidential with Gloria.

"I got no idea about the line of goods George sold you in them letters," he said, "but you better take what he wrote with a lot of salt. I know for a fact Sam helped him write those letters, and Sam's the biggest liar in the country. Your best bet is to sit back and say nothin'. Just listen. You ain't the first gal George L. Bickler has fooled. You're in a strange land, Gloria, but I'll go the limit to help you. Here comes George now. He's got a load on. Be drunker'n seven hundred dollars by night."

"Thanks very much, Ed." Gloria squeezed his hand. "I'm depending on your loyal friendship. I'll try to repay you." There was an unmistakable promise of delights-to-come in the depths of her eyes—also a trace of disappointment and hurt pride. This aging, balding, pot-bellied man, with his flushed face and clumsy manner, was not the mail-order bridegroom she had anticipated. But if he was the wealthy rancher he claimed to be in his sickening love letters, she made up her mind to go through with the wedding ceremony, regardless.

A quick divorce and a handsome alimony had been in the back of her mind to start with. And this other amorous hayseed alongside her would come in handy when the time came. Gloria Lamont wasn't about to get the loser's end from any country hick. All she had to do to rake in the jackpot was play her cards right.

When George returned he carried a long linen duster over his arm. "To keep the dust off your dress, sugar plum," he said with a smile as he helped her into the garment.

Gloria Lamont was at her most gracious as George climbed into the back seat, and let her hand be covered by his calloused palm. Sam loaded in a case of beer and a bottle of sherry, covered by a gunnysack filled with cracked ice.

ON the twenty-five-mile stretch of stage road leading to the Phillips ranch they passed half a dozen bands of sheep, and the roundup cook beamed and said, "Another band of our sheep on the way to the shearing plant."

Ringbone Sam twisted around and, with a grin on his face, cracked a time-worn joke which played on Ed Woolworth's last name. "Hey, Ed, how much is wool worth?" Ordinarily it was good for a belly laugh, but it got no more than a forced smile from Gloria Lamont.

"Better ask B. D.," Ed Woolworth replied. "The man who owns those bands of sheep. Anybody else claims he's got an interest in this sheep spread is a damn liar."

"Dry up, sheepherder," Sam advised him. "Quit runnin' off at the head."

"I was under the impression, George, that you owned a big interest in the sheep outfit," Gloria said with a thin-lipped smile. By way of reply the roundup cook made a gallant attempt at enfolding her in a loving embrace, and she had her hands full as Luther guided the White Steamer down the lane approach to the home ranch.

"Here we are," Sam sang out as Luther drove up to the long horse trough at the barn and stopped. "It's time to take on water for the boiler."

Sam put ice in the tall saloon glass, poured in some sherry and handed it to Gloria when George L. assisted her to the ground. He opened a bottle of beer for George and one for himself, and let Ed Woolworth open his own. Gloria was looking around at the scattered buildings with more than a city girl's curiosity. There was the bunkhouse, the office, commissary store and post office, across from the mess cabin and kitchen. Across the creek in a big cottonwood grove was the big white house where B. D. Phillips and his family lived. The bridge across the creek was flanked on both sides by high willows and wild rose bushes.

"Which is your house, George?" Gloria put the direct question to him.

"That's the big surprise, Gloria," Sam answered quickly before the roundup cook could think up a suitable reply. "Directly Luther gets this fancy contraption watered we're headin' for that little gray home in the West George wrote you about. Drink up, ma'am and we'll be on our way."

As they crossed the bridge Gloria got a glimpse of B.D.'s rambling house, the green lawns and flower gardens enclosed inside a white picket fence. The road passed acres of alfalfa fields and hay stacks, and then a bend in the road showed the sod-roofed log cabin on George's homestead a scant hundred yards distant. The recent cutting of the alfalfa field had left an unsightly expanse of stubble. Luther halted the White Steamer near the front door.

George stepped out of the car, announcing that this was their home, newly and completely furnished. But Gloria sat stiffly, unable to hide the look of disgust on her face.

"A shack!" she spat out the words. "If you think for a minute I'd set foot inside that miserable shanty you've got another guess comin', mister. You've got some gall to expect a lady accustomed to the luxuries of city life to bury herself alive in this desolate place." She pointed a white-gloved finger accusingly at the frame privy a couple of hundred feet away from the cabin. "Not even inside plumbing. Take me back to town, driver, as fast as this fancy automobile can travel."

George stood there swaying a little, the blood drained from his face. It took a moment for him to recover sufficiently to climb back in the car where he slumped dejectedly.

Sam took a flat pint of whiskey from his pocket, twisted the cork free and shoved it at the roundup cook. "Drink hearty, George." The cook tilted the bottle and proceeded to down a couple of long swallows before he passed it back.

"Seems like the lady craves the bright lights of Malta," Sam said, smiling his secret smile. "So give 'er the gun, Lu[illegible]er. The joy ride is over!"

AN atmosphere of uneasy silence held the occupants of the White Steamer on the way back to Malta. The three men who made up the bridal party had long since shed coats, vests, and their stiff celluloid collars. But pity the Widow Lamont. The torture of her tight corset, the merciless sun, the hot dry wind, the alkali dust that soiled the freshness of her lavender dress, and in spite of the veil played havoc with her face. The physical discomfort, however, was nothing compared to her bitter disgust and anger, the feeling of being cheated.

Sam refilled the sherry glass and handed it to Gloria. "There ain't nobody blamin' you, ma'am, for blowin up," he said with an apologetic smile. "It's been a hot and dusty day, and for a city-raised gal plumb torturous. Me'n George is to blame for thinkin' you'd be content to live in a sod-roof cabin in the broad middle of nowhere. Just between me'n you, ma'am, my old friend George can afford a nice cottage in Malta. He'll stake you to a dressmakin'-millinery store that's bound to make money."

The somewhat mollified Gloria Lamont accepted her drink and said, "The dream of a lifetime come true." She lied sweetly to cover up her ill-fated plans for a quick divorce and alimony.

As the cowtown of Malta came into view, Sam told himself he had saved the day, and mentally slapped his own back. Although the big cowhand laid no claim to being able to read minds or foretell the future, he had absolute confidence in a certain plan he had worked out. He would sit back and deal his marked cards to Ed Woolworth, the widow Lamont and George L. Bickler. And when the bets were down and the cards dealt, then Ol' Ringbone Sam would maybe collect a bonus from B. D. Phillips.

The combined efforts of Sam and Ed Woolworth were needed to load George on the train, while the porter assisted the bride-to-be up the car steps and took care of the luggage.

It was approximately sixty-five miles to the divisional point at Havre. Sam saw to it that the drinks flowed freely and figured that George would be as blank as a blowed-out candle by the time they reached their destination.

George had one of his crying jags as he sat on the double-facing plush seat, but his tears were not shed in sorrow. On the contrary, the roundup cook wept for sheer joy and happiness. The Malta band had given them a sendoff which proved to all the wide world that George L. Bickler was a man of importance.

It was early evening when the train pulled in at the depot at Havre. The drunken bridegroom-to-be had to be helped down the car steps by the porter and Ed Woolworth and deposited on an empty luggage truck in a prone position. Gloria Lamont descended unassisted. The luggage was deposited on the platform and moments later the train got underway.

A cab with its team of gentle horses was waiting at one end of the platform. The cab driver approached Ed Woolworth and the woman standing beside him. "Cab, mister?"

"Shore thing," Ed Woolworth replied. "It's a weddin' party and one man took on too much likker and he's passed out. Lend a hand and we'll carry him to the hack." And they proceeded to carry George and put him inside the cab, while Gloria followed a step behind. The cab driver loaded the bags and the cab pulled out.

When the cab had gone, Sam headed for Shorty Young's Saloon.

INSTEAD of bedding George down in the wedding suite, Ed Woolworth and Gloria Lamont took him to jail and persuaded the jailer to lock him up in a private cell to sober up overnight. Then the traitor, Ed Woolworth, and the scheming Gloria drove on to the hotel.

Half an hour later, Sam sauntered over to the hotel. The night clerk was sound asleep on a canvas cot behind the desk, so the big cowpuncher, without the knowledge of the snoring clerk, had access to the names on the hotel register. And there in a bold hand was written "George L. Bickler and Bride"—forged by the Judas hand of Ed Woolworth. There was no mistaking that bold handwriting. There was no sign of any of them, so Sam walked silently up the broad stairway to the first floor and along the carpeted hallway to door Number One. There in the dimly lit hallway Sam produced a thin skeleton key and quietly opened the door. There was no one in sight but he could hear Ed Woolworth's voice behind the closed bedroom door.

Sam banged on the door and yelled, "What the hell's goin' on in there?"

Seconds later the door was flung open, and outlined in the dimly lit doorway was Ed Woolworth, with a Colt .45 in his hand.

"Where's George?" Sam demanded.

"Locked up in jail, dead drunk." Ed Woolworth said. "He won't be sober enough to get married until tomorrow."

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"There won't be any weddin' tomorrow," Sam said. Then walking over to the bedroom door, he called out in a loud voice, "You better be on the first train back to Chicago, or else! And as for Ed Woolworth, he'd better quit town just as fast! When I get George out of jail and sober him up, he can borrow the loan of my six-shooter!"

Sam walked out the door, saying he was going back to the saloon to likker up to get the bad taste out of his mouth. Down in the lobby he informed the desk clerk, who was knuckling the sleep from his eyes, "The man and woman in the bridal suite will be checkin' out soon."

The next day B. D. Phillips received a somewhat lengthy telegram.

"Gloria Lamont long gone to Chicago. Stop. When Ed Woolworth shows up, stake him to a ewe band and short-handled sheep hook. Stop. Me'n George are going on a honeymoon trip to Great Falls. Address while the money holds out care of Sid Willis at the Mint Saloon. Stop. When you get around to it whittle me out a leather medal inscribed to the hero who saved the day." It was signed Ringbone Sam.

Keelboaters' Heyday to Doomsday

(Continued from page 18)

recruits for Fort Gibson and 100 Cherokee emigrants.

Gilcrease Institute lists other steamboats also: *Eagle, Yellowstone, Victoria, Wyoming, Niagara, Saratoga, Walter Scott, Hermit, Sea Gull, Compromise, Navarina, Cavalier, Catawba, Florence, Lucy Walker, Aunt Sally, Mary D, Little Rock, Volant, Reindeer, Spy, Harp, Cherokee, Tom Bowlin, Rolla, Wabash Valley, Franklin, Ben Franklin, Hickman, Arkansas Traveler, Quapaw, Tennessee Belle, Rough and Ready, Violette, Jennie Whipple, Lady Walton.*

In 1833 seventeen steamboats docked regularly at Fort Gibson. By 1850 eighteen steamers were making the round-trips between Napoleon and Little Rock. Before the railroads laid track across this part of the country a government official reported twenty steamboats plying between Fort Gibson and St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans. Some were owned by traders and planters along the rivers. The *Yellowstone* was built in Louisville for Pierre Chouteau; Joe Vann owned the *Lucy Walker;* John Ross, the *Victoria.*

One of the last steamboats on the Arkansas was the *Mary D,* which was operating in 1905-06. Some say it belonged to J. J. Harmon of Muskogee, an early-day "steamboater." Other reports say citizens of Muskogee held part interest in the boat. There was some talk in 1913 that Harmon was going to build a new steamer to ply between Tulsa and New Orleans. A request was made to the city commission to assure a steamboat landing on the Tulsa waterfront. At that time Mr. Harmon owned another steamboat, *The City of Muskogee,* which he planned to run between Muskogee and New Orleans. A few old-timers still recall how the *Mary D* used to steam to and from Fort Smith; possibly some of them remember Harmon's other boats.

THERE WAS plenty of grief connected with steamboating. When the *Little Rock* was hauling equipment for the regiment of Dragoons in 1833, she struck a snag and sank. In 1834 two steamboats exploded and burned; another one hit a snag at the "Devil's Race Ground" and sank. It seems amazing how quickly a steamboat could sink—take the case of the *Harp.* It sank in ten minutes after striking a snag.

Occasionally, there were steamboat races which were not unlike drag racing with cars when one boat started to move past another one. Sometimes in the excitement of the race, excessive steam caused boilers to blow up. One such tragedy resulted in loss of lives to men and racehorses. Another steamboat burned when both boilers exploded, killing eighteen persons. During a 60-year period on the Arkansas 152 boats were sunk or destroyed, 10 blew up, and war resulted in the loss of 23.

Low water was a big menace. In 1850 not one steamboat was able to reach Fort Gibson for a period of a year. Many were stranded below Little Rock with tons of badly needed supplies. Four steamers were aground on the shoals at Webbers Falls.

Another deadly peril to smaller craft during steamboat days on the Missouri and Mississippi was fog. It was also a great hazard on the Arkansas and Red Rivers when steamboat traffic was at its height on these streams. A common safety measure, especially at night, when this ghostly mantle cloaked the rivers was for boatmen on small craft to bang out a deafening racket on tin pans and iron pots whenever they sensed there was danger of a big steamboat suddenly looming up straight ahead and running them down. At times such accidents did happen, with tragic results to occupants of a boat or raft who were unaware that a steamer was bearing down on them. Dense fog would swallow up the feeble light of their lanterns and small craft were demolished before such collisions could be avoided.

The many salt works along the streams in eastern Indian Territory gave steamboats some heavy business in transporting salt kettles from the East. Some of these huge iron kettles were about five feet in diameter, a half-inch thick and weighed up to 1,500 pounds. A load of them made a steamboat huff and puff to reach its destination. Even so, when kettles were to be delivered to a salt works beyond regular docking points they had to be unloaded onto wagons and hauled by ox teams to the salines.

At Gilcrease Institute visitors may see two big salt kettles leaning against a tree north of the Institute building. It is believed they were dug from the sand of the Arkansas River and were part of a cargo of kettles shipped from Pennsylvania down the Ohio and Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas and up that river some 300 miles, heading toward the Grand when the steamboat hauling them was sunk.

Some operators of salt works in Indian Territory found their product to be in so much demand that they built their own boats and floated boatloads downriver to Little Rock and settlements along the Arkansas—sometimes going on to markets in New Orleans.

From the 1858-'60 ledger of William Whitfield, trader at the Creek Agency, we learn that, during this period, thirty-seven different steamers unloaded cargoes there. Some of the supplies carried were "glass, bitters, oysters, rope, and 20 lb. putty." Another boat had "moss matting, casks, saddling, horse collars." Lists of other boats— "sugar, coffee, almonds, candy, perforated tin" or "axes, shot, scythe blades, hames" or "hides, beans, deer skins."

Some of the items on bills of lading for 1859-'60 were "saltpetre, lemon syrup, tea, figs, pickles, kegs of Dupont powder, molasses, and a wheelbarrow." Another order was "rice, cook stove, crackers, salt, tar and four reams of white paper."

From Van Buren to New Orleans are shown: "27,538 pounds of pecans. Freigh rates were barrels @ 75¢ and bags 40¢." On old lists are other items such as "whiskey, sarsaparilla, churns, flo[illegible]s buckets, nails, soda, tubs, candles, bed cords, rocking chairs, raisins, buggy whips, pain-killer, feathers, mackerel . . . ." And—"Long awaited missionary boxes."

STEAMBOATS began to gobble up much of the trade of flatboats and keelboats, especially along the Arkansas and Big Red, while smaller craft continued to haul cargoes on the tributaries. Supplies were delivered to homesteaders and plantation owners in Texas and Indian Territory along Red River and cargoes picked up for hauling to markets such things as cotton, grain sorghum, pecans, dried peaches, beans, gopher peas (peanuts), snake root, ginseng and a good quality of upland rice.

Steamboat landings were established on both sides of the Red as far north as Clear Boggy Creek near present Hugo, Oklahoma. In 1842 a steamer made two trips up the Washita to within a half-mile of Fort Wichita, about thirteen miles north of where Durant, Oklahoma is now located. Several boatyards were located at heads of navigation for large rivercraft. One which did a thriving business was operated by the Chouteaus at the mouth of the Verdigris. The usual cargo shipped from here was made up mostly of peltries and hides. Salt and other products were loaded on at landings downstream.

Webbers Falls, the settlement near the shoals, grew with riverboat trade. The shoals, also called Webbers Falls, have always been a stumbling block for boats. During early days they were much higher than in recent times. Through the years sand built up over them until they became hardly noticeable from a short distance. Craft often had to wait for rains so they could navigate the "Falls." Sometimes during periods of low water cargoes were unloaded and hauled on to their destination by ox or mule teams. And there were a few shallow-draft steamers which had the reputation of being able to navigate "after a heavy dew." They could operate when others were stranded.

A ferryboat operating between Webbers Falls and Fort Smith was a big boon to folks along the river in later years. G. L. Wadley, whose children now live in Tulsa, utilized the ferryboat for trips to and from Fort Smith where he stocked up on merchandise for his store in Tamaha.

IN July 1885 a consignment of 2,000 pounds of flour for the Kaw Agency had to be hauled overland the last few miles because, as someone said in speaking of the unpredictable Arkansas, "The bottom [of the river] was too near the top." And this river had that reputation—sometimes shallow, then thirty-foot floods, treacherous with quicksand—channel changes—and *always* those snags, roots and sunken logs.

About 1875 the industrious residents of Cowley, Kansas decided to revive water commerce along the Arkansas. Several flatboats headed downstream, loaded produce at towns along the river, and took it to markets in distant ports. The Jayhawkers built a steam tug out of walnut cut along the Walnut River. The tug was constructed so that it could navigate bayous of the low country bordering the Arkansas Valley. Elated over the successful maiden voyage of *Aunt Sally* (the tug), businessmen of Kansas City, Kansas figured there was a good chance to take over the business of hauling supplies to government agencies in Indian Territory.

Finding a contractor with the know-how to build their steamboat was a problem. Finally they found one qualified to do the job according to their special needs. On November 6, 1878 the *Cherokee*, first steamboat ever built in Kansas was successfully launched to the wild cheers of "Ark City" residents. Newspapers were favorable in their reports of the historic event. One reporter's comments are especially noteworthy because of today's development of the Arkansas River Basin:

"With the Arkansas River opened for navigation and a good line of boats and barges making regular trips between points mentioned in this article (i.e. in Kansas and Indian Territory) business of all kinds will receive a fresh impetus in southern Kansas. There will be no more railroad monopolies, no 'poolings of earnings' and no forming of combinations to affect interest of the producers. The farmers of this locality will then have a highway of their own by which they can exchange their surplus wheat, flour and corn for the coal and lumber of the lower Arkansas. The advantages of this proposed line of commerce are apparent, and need not be repeated here. The attention of Congress has been called to them and we patiently await the official report of its commissioner on the subject of navigation of the upper Arkansas River."

Along about this time my great-grandfather, William M. Berkey, was struck with one of his many "big ideas." Great-

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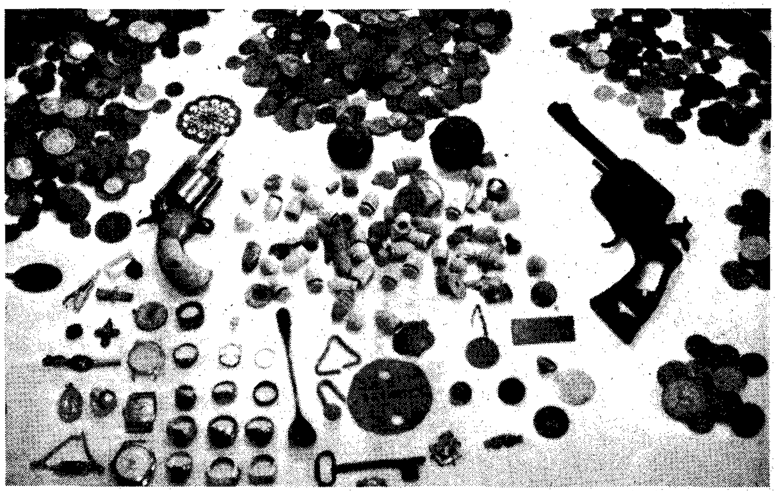

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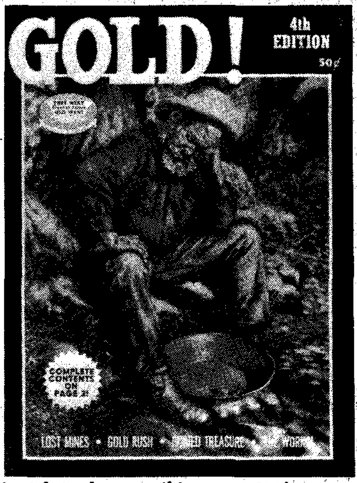
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granddad had served in the Union Army as a wagonmaster. After hostilities ceased he seemed to have had a bad case of "gypsy heels"—never liking to stay too long in one place or at the same occupation.

The particular brainchild mentioned pertained to an overstock of flour he had purchased for his store in Geuda Springs—about thirteen miles west of Arkansas City. Berkey also operated the "Springs" at Geuda—several different kinds of mineral waters which had publicized the town as a health resort. A lake there for boating and swimming was another attraction.

True to his on-the-spur-of-the-moment way of doing things, Berkey and several cronies who went along for the ride, loaded the sacks of flour on a small raft, poled out into the current of the Arkansas and were on their way downriver to find a market for the flour—maybe at some Indian Agency.

On nearing a river crossing they were met by rifle fire from a band of mounted Indians who suddenly charged out of the thicket. Faces of the whooping braves were painted black—sure sign they were after blood. A couple of the boatmen poled for deeper water as the first bullets zinged by, then ducked behind the "fortress" of sacked flour where the other scared men were hiding. Fortunately for them, the river was up and the swift current sped them by as several angry redskins who had splashed their ponies into the current in the wake of the raft were forced to turn their swimming mounts back toward shore. Indians nearer land whipped their ponies to the bank, racing along, screeching and shooting, till they reached a barricade of bushes. Even then they continued to fire and whoop it up after the raft was far beyond the range of bullets.

The shook-up palefaces were very grateful that what at first looked like a scalp-lifting job stopped at the hair-raising stage. Later Berkey learned that a white man had killed an Indian. Members of his tribe had gone on the warpath to avenge their red brother's death by trying to kill a paleface—or several.

Another project of Berkey's was ventured because he hated to see "good land going to waste" on a small island in the Arkansas River. The land was plowed and a corn crop planted. The corn came up and prospects beckoned to a bumper harvest. Then the rains came and the island washed away toward the Mississippi.

THE ARKANSAS sprouted many islands—some big ones farther downriver. One with much history is O'Kane Island, near present Dardanelle Dam in Arkansas. The island is 2½ miles long, a mile wide and part of its 1,280 acres is covered with pecan, walnut and cottonwood trees. The rest of it is good grazing ground. Surface coal is found in one location and the land is leased for oil. This is a *growing* island. The first government survey in 1831 checked it as 93 acres; by 1953 it had built up to 767 acres.

Upstream are the ghostly remains of Roseville—a river port where steamers docked to unload cargoes and take on bales of cotton for river ports gulfward. The steamboat of Captain Gains sank off O'Kane Island during the heyday of riverboats.

Down through the years steamboating continued on the Missouri and Mississippi. Then tugboats, barges and seagoing vessels marked the beginning of a new era in riverboating. Finally the steamboat, along with the steam locomotive, were consigned to the past. Both are an important part of the early Americana and haloed with nostalgia.

A hundred years ago the "Big Mo" and the "Father of Waters" reverberated with the whistles of steamers. Steamboat men tried to outdo one another in building bigger and better boats. A crowning result was the *Delta Queen*, built during 1924-'26 on the River Clyde in Scotland at a cost of $1 million. She was shipped to California for assembly. Her steel hull is 250 feet long, the super-structure, 50 feet high; the 26-ton paddlewheel powered by powerful steam engines. During World War II she was painted gray and used for carrying troops to transport ships. In 1946 she was sold and towed 5,378 miles from San Francisco to New Orleans via the Panama Canal, refurbished at a cost of three-quarters of a million dollars and put in service on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers as a luxury steamer from March into December. Passengers from all of our states and many foreign countries were booked far in advance for her yearly round-trips from Cincinnati to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. She steamed down the Ohio on week-end and Labor Day cruises and to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby. Since she was sold in 1946 for $46,000 the *Delta Queen* has carried 4,600 passengers a year on these cruises.

As a passenger ship she is governed by the same law which applies to today's sea-going vessels; and since her superstructure is not of steel, plans were made to replace her with a boat which would meet the required safety ruling. But such a luxury riverboat would now cost about $10 million! It could be that 1970 will mark the last year of this lone survivor of the Mississippi River's luxury steamboats.

One of my early recollections was a trip I made with my mother about 1908 to visit her grandfather, W. T. Berkey and his father and mother whose log house was on a mountain slope near Chester, Arkansas. Yes, the reader's surmise is correct—W. T.'s father was the same William Marion of the flour and island episodes, who was still afflicted with gypsy heels. He had changed locations and occupations several times before moving to Chester.

As the train whistled into Fort Smith from Oklahoma, one thing vividly remembered today was the little white sternwheel steamboat gleaming in the bright sunshine on the river upstream from the railroad trestle. Could she have been the *Mary D* turned out to pasture after her 1905-'06 spell of work? Or was she still in service after 1906? Maybe some reader will know.

Today, water transportation on the Arkansas is assured in the near future. Work is progressing rapidly along the stream and the Port of Catoosa is being built near Tulsa, foreshadowing greater development to come when Kansans may again send their farm products gulfward by barges and tugboats.

Steamboating on the Arkansas and Big Red continued for a number of years after the Civil War, but Captain Pennywit's death in 1866 seemed to forecast the decline of river commerce in Indian Territory where it had flourished for some forty years. It had been a period of much excitement with the hustle and bustle of river craft transporting Indians to their new homes, troops to territorial forts, cargoes to various ports—almost everything imaginable being carried at one time or another. Then came workers laying steel for the M.K.T. Railroad—more than a hint to steamboaters that their monopoly of commerce on the Arkansas and Red Rivers would soon fade away.

On Christmas Day, 1871, the triumphant whistle blast of the first Katy engine to cross the Arkansas became the swan song of steamboats in Indian Territory.

Trouble in a "T"

(Continued from page 25)

Off we went to pick up Brother's girl. Down at the end of the lane, I had to get out to open the gate so he could drive through, then close it again to keep the stock in. Then we went flying down the dirt road at about twenty-five miles an hour.

She was ready and, as soon as she was seated up front by Brother, he buttoned the side curtains down fast and wrapped the lap robe (a big, old quilt) around her feet and the rock. That black, stiff horsehide upholstery in the T-Model was like ice and had no more give than an oak board, but we felt pretty comfy all wrapped in our quilts and traveling down the road just as lamps were beginning to be lighted in the scattered farmhouses. We laughed at the idea that farmers were probably wondering who was out in an automobile at that time of the morning. I guess the hound dogs wondered too, for at every house we passed they drowned out the clarion call of the barnyard roosters.

To get to Spiro we had to go out by Poteau, as there was no road straight through that an automobile could navigate. We reached Poteau, eleven miles from Monroe, just at daylight and a few people were stirring. I remember wishing that they could see that it was the Carters who had a new automobile. (Carter was my maiden name.)

At Poteau we headed due north to Spiro; it was not easy as it sounds. There was not a foot of paving. Just mud and not much of anything else. Of course, Brother had the necessary equipment along. This consisted of a tire pump, Monkey Grip tire patch, tire tools, a shovel and a log chain for getting pulled out if we stuck fast, an ax for cutting brush and small timber, a lantern, and the gauge stick. All we had to do to see how low we were on gas was just unload, pull out the front seat, unscrew a cap and stick the gauge in. Nothing to it.

We planned on reaching Spiro about ten o'clock, eating breakfast, cleaning up a little and having dinner with Brother's friend. Then we were going to a moving picture show in Spiro and head for home about three o'clock. Brother said we should be there by early bedtime. It didn't work out that way.

BRAZIL CREEK and the Brazil Creek bottoms north of Poteau were noted for the gooey mud and bottomless chug holes which developed after a rain. Just before we went into the bottoms, Brother got out and wrapped the back wheels with a big, long rope he had brought along for that very purpose. He said we'd get through all right. We did—in about five hours!

Those ropes just seemed to help dig in. Brother had worn rubber boots in case of getting stuck; even so, the mud almost ran over the tops as he shoveled, pulled timber and carried rocks and chunks to get us out. No sooner were we out of one hole than kerplunk! we'd hit another one. The work was to do all over again. Brother always had a habit of chewing his tongue if he got aggravated about anything, and I began to wonder if he was going to have any tongue left by the time we got out of the Brazil bottoms, which we did with the help of a farmer and his team and a set of chain harness. Cost a dollar, but it was worth it.

We expected clear sailing—no more bottoms, no more mud holes—but we hadn't figured on Redwine Hill! This was a long, steep grade just out of Spiro which was narrow and, as we found out, slick when wet. The T-Model sputtered and tried hard but it couldn't make it. After several tries, Brother backed down to the foot of the hill where he could turn around. Then backed up. Slipping, sliding and almost going off the road and down the steep hillside, he made it. We girls walked up, and our shoes were hunks of red sticky clay.

Brother passed us in reverse and when we got to the top he had the hood up on the car, fiddling with her innards. Pretty soon he walked around, felt up under the dashboard where the coil box was and began to pull out the four little wooden boxes housing the coils. Sure enough, one was burned out.

It was only about a mile to the nearest gas station, so Brother, in his rubber boots, started hoofing it. I remember that the coils cost fifteen cents each, but when he got back to the car he'd bought a dollar's worth. Said the station was selling them two for a quarter, so he just laid in a supply.

The noon whistle was blowing at Redwine's cotton mill when we drove in and parked at Spiro. We went to lunch with Brother's friend with mud all over our legs and feet—feet which were wet and cold. I began to dread the ride back home with those wet feet because I knew the rocks in the car were just about cold.

After a hasty dinner, Brother decided we had better not go to the moving picture show as we might have real trouble trying to get through the Brazil bottoms after dark. He knew the farmer would not want to get the team out at night after a hard day's work. So, just after one o'clock, we started the long thirty-two miles back home. We were all dreading the Brazil bottoms again, but thought we were all set for a good trip for several miles. It should be no trouble to go *down* Redwine Hill. At least, it never was in a wagon. There is where we learned something new about the Tin Lizzie. Brother rode the brakes pretty good going down the hill, as the road was slippery and we had the feeling we were going to ease off down the hillside. We made it all right, though, but pretty soon Brother said there was something the matter with the automobile. (We didn't shorten "automobile" to "car" for several years.) We had no power!

"Wouldn't pull the hat off your head!" Brother fumed.

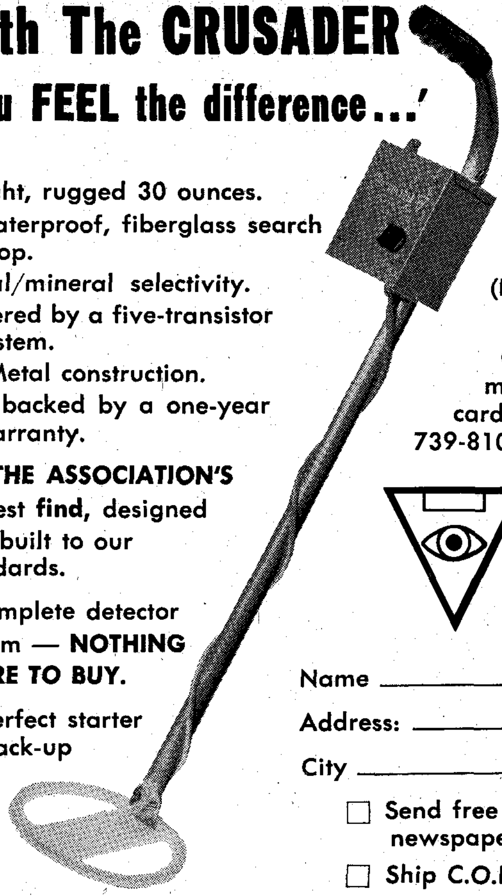
WELL, he found a place after awhile where he could get out of the ruts of the road and we pulled over. There was no door on the driver's side of the early Ford, and the driver had to crawl over the side or have the front seat passengers get out to let him out.

This time Brother's girl friend had to get out and stand in the red mud beside the road while Brother tightened the bands. There was a small trap door in the front floorboard which had to be lifted up to expose the motor. Three of these bands circled a sort of drum and had to be kept tight against it or the car would lose power. Well, Brother got the piece off the floorboard, took the special wrench and tightened the bands up pretty good, slid back under the wheel and waited for the girl friend to climb in. Then away we went with the Ford pulling like a work mule.

The dreaded Brazil Creek bottoms were no trouble after all, for the farmer had spent the day there pulling cars across. Brother just gave him $2.00 and he pulled us all the way. What a relief, for we were all wet and cold and miserable.

From there on the road was hard enough to keep us from getting stuck, and we wrapped the big, old comfort quilts around us and settled down for the rest of the trip. It was getting dark. Tightening the bands had taken quite a while, and pulling through the bottoms had been slow, so we were hungry and tired. Sister and I were suffering so much from cold, wet feet that we finally pulled off our high-topped, laced shoes and black-ribbed cotton stockings and somehow managed to both curl up on the old horsehide seat. Putting our frozen feet against each other for warmth, we huddled under the comfort and went to sleep. Poor Brother's feet were freezing, too, for he, of course, couldn't keep his feet covered and drive.

After awhile I woke up to find we were not moving. When I looked out through the isinglass window, there was Brother, chewing his tongue as he struggled to patch a flat tire. His girl friend



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stood beside him holding the coal oil lantern. I slid back under the heavy quilt, tucked my now half-warm feet a little closer to Sister and went back to dreamland. How I managed to sleep through the cranking of the T-Model and the accompanying shaking—which was like nothing else on earth until Lizzie leveled off—I'll never know. The next thing I knew, Brother was shaking me and telling me to get out. We were home.

We talked for weeks about the fun we had had going way up to Spiro.

Mountain Lions at Robbers Roost

(Continued from page 11)

Several caves are to be found there with walls and ceilings smoked. Ashes in some are a foot or more deep—left by the early Indians, no doubt. One cave which I accidentally found high on a mountainside offers a grand view of the valley for a half-mile down. Vasquez probably made use of it. He was followed up there after robbing a tax collector but evaded the posse and got to Monterey before being caught.

In 1915 I homesteaded that area under the homestead and grazing acts and built a log cabin, the first structure of any kind ever erected there. After finally getting the land fenced, I ran some cattle there. At night one could often hear the cry of a mountain lion, and find tracks in the mud around watering troughs and springs. Skeletons of deer lying about were commonplace. One partly eaten deer which I found was the work of a lion, since the brush all around was badly broken down, showing that the big buck must have had a terrible battle. In 1929 I moved to Oakland, but week-ends would find me at the ranch, checking on the stock and fences.

While living in Oakland I heard of a lion hunter, the late Jay Bruce, who resided in Hayward and was employed by the state. I did not know at the time that he was also working with the Snow brothers of Oakland, endeavoring to get moving pictures of large animals in the wild for the moving picture "Sequoia."

I got in touch with Bruce and made arrangements to go down to Robbers Roost the next week-end. When the time came, I left my car at Bruce's home and rode with him in his Chevrolet screened truck, with his dogs in the back part. Unbeknownst to me he had invited one of the Snow brothers to go along, but Mr. Snow would be driving his own car.

We drove to King City where we did our shopping, getting enough provisions to last several days, then drove back a couple miles to Thompson Gulch, and on up to the end of the road. This was still a mile from my cabin, which meant hoofing the rest of the distance with the provisions on our backs. Bruce had his hands full with the four dogs on leashes so he didn't carry anything.

The next morning found us up early, and after breakfast Bruce and Snow left with the dogs on leashes, telling me they would do some scouting around and should be back by noon. They returned at midday, tired, hungry and disappointed. Having walked many miles up and down various mountain ridges and finding no sign was too much for Snow, so after lunch and resting for a while he left for home. Bruce looked discouraged but decided to stay on.

"Suppose I try my luck?" I said to him. To this he agreed. So I took a walk past a big sand rock that is a hundred feet high and about two hundred yards from the cabin, then on up through the brush a-ways to a sand rock about twelve feet high and leaning considerably with a level space underneath covered with sand. In this sand were lion tracks that looked to be fresh. I hurried back to the cabin and told Bruce. He was greatly relieved after being down in the dumps.

"It is too late to start hunting today," he said, "but we will get an early start in the morning." He explained that it sometimes takes a full day to track down a lion as they will double back and try almost anything to lose the dogs.

THE next morning Bruce was ready with the four dogs on leashes. He told me before he left, "I will take the Pine Canyon trail and work in above you and will call to you when I am even with the cabin. Don't let the dogs destroy those tracks."

In about an hour I heard Bruce calling to me from the top of the ridge that he was coming down. It was impossible for him to make it through that chaparral with the dogs on leashes so he turned them loose and they, hearing my voice, got to me before Bruce did. The lion's scent got them all excited, and not only did they destroy the lion tracks, they knocked me for a loop. When Bruce reached the scene and saw the dogs around trying to pick up a trail he did not ask to see any tracks. He seemed to know what happened to them.

Apparently the lion had been all over that mountainside and the dogs were finding it hard to hit a fresh track. Bruce and I climbed up to the top of the ridge where there is an old cattle trail, arriving about the same time the dogs did, only they were a hundred yards ahead of us. They were working up the ridge but not on the trail, as a lion seldom follows a trail. This trail takes one up and over to the head of Relice Canyon but not through the chaparral where the dogs entered. Right there was where Bruce asked me to carry his movie camera. It was the size of a four-cylinder automobile battery and felt as heavy.

He said he always followed his dogs, and here the brush was just too dense for him to get through with the big camera, so I agreed to carry it. He strapped it on my back and headed into that brush saying, "You take the trail. It should take you down to those trees below that high rock." I hated to see him enter that brush, since he had but one eye, having lost the other in just such undergrowth.

It was about a mile down to the trees where Bruce wanted me to wait for him. On the way down I could hear the dogs, first on one side of the draw and then on the other. The lion was trying to lose them, but kept working down the draw all the time. I got down to those trees before the dogs were anywhere near, but it was not long before I heard barking as if they had something treed.

Since there were no trees where they were, I walked up to find out what all the barking was about. The lion was on top of a 150-foot high rock, similar to the one at Robbers Roost. The only way the lion could have reached that rock was from the rear where it jutted out from the high ridge and where it was too steep for the dogs to climb. In a little while Bruce appeared, and what a sight he was. His face and hands were scratched and bleeding and his clothes were in rags.

Seeing the lion on top and at the edge of the rock, he took aim with his long-barrel pistol and fired. The lion was hit but was able to run. However, it leaped off the rock where one of the dogs just happened to be, and was soon put up an oak tree.

When we reached the scene Bruce said, "Let me have the camera, and you climb the tree."

"Do you expect to get a picture of a lion killing a man or what?" I asked. "Not me!"

He said, "Just pretend, then."

So I went to the tree and, looking up, I saw that the lion was only about ten feet above my head and holding its tail straight out, as if about to jump. Just then Bruce exploded with a string of words that didn't sound very good. He had forgotten to bring the camera crank along—had left it at home! In a way I was glad.

Bruce tied each dog a safe distance from the tree so they wouldn't be tangling with a wounded lion in case his second shot missed. Then, holding that long-barreled pistol in both hands, he took aim and fired, and the lion fell to the ground dead.

We dragged it down the draw where there was some water. Bruce was sure blue and showed it, too, but when he began skinning out the animal his face lit up with a smile. The lion turned out to be a female and had milk, which meant there were one or more young ones somewhere, undoubtedly at Robbers Roost.

Bruce skinned out the body but not the head, since he would be selling it to a taxidermist, who would want to do that. When finished, it would sell at a good price.

After feeding the dogs all of the lion meat they could eat, we hit the trail for Robbers Roost. The dogs were tired, in fact, too tired to do any more hunting that day. Bruce was weary also, and decided to rest up and go out again in the morning. This we did, and the dogs picked up fresh scent right near the cabin. They treed two young lions in a small tree with low branches. The lions were about eight months old. Bruce had a large piece of canvas and two gunny sacks which he had brought from the cabin. By throwing the canvas over each little lion, getting it out of the tree and into the sack was not a big job. Bruce said those lions would bring him big money.

Sure enough, a couple of weeks later at the Rowell Rodeo in Hayward, there were the two little lions on exhibition in

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BADMAN
See page 65

a chicken coop, and Bruce was there feeding them hamburger.

Suicide at El Paso

(Continued from page 19)

was run over by a train. El Paso still remembers Pete Kern, and the tract of land he sought to promote is today one of the city's best residential areas. It is called Kern Place. But one of the strangest characters ever to leave a footnote in El Paso history books, chose the town for no other reason than to write "finis" to a bizarre and otherworldly career.

For Ambrose Bierce, El Paso was a way station to the unknown. For Baron James Aloysius Harden-Hickey, King James I of Trinidad, graduate of France's most famous military college, defender of the Catholic faith, theosophist, newspaper editor, and expert on suicide, El Paso was the end of the line. And it was a most remarkable line while it ran.

JAMES A. HARDEN-HICKEY, in heart and mind a Second Empire Frenchman and kinsman of Napoleon III, was actually born in San Francisco on December 8, 1854, of one of the city's founding families. His father was an Irishman, a miner whose vein apparently came in, and very rich. His mother was French. Harden-Hickey later embroidered his lineage, tracing the Irish side to King Milesius, the French to 16th century nobility, and brazenly included this biographical canard in a book on French authors he wrote in 1887 which included sketches of de Maupassant, Flaubert, and Victor Hugo.

About 1867 young Harden-Hickey was sent to Paris for his education. His body was to traverse the world in the next twenty years, his mind to bend—literally—to an incredible variety of subjects and schemes, but his spirit was to remain to the end of his days in Louis Napoleon's France.

While imbibing heavily the atmosphere of Paris during the last gasps of the Second Empire—the Paris of boulevards, cafes, Dumas, Bernhardt, Empress Eugenie—Harden-Hickey left long enough to enter a Jesuit college near Liege, Belgium; to study law at the University of Leipzig, and, at the age of nineteen, to enter the famous military school Saint-Cyr, near Versailles, from which he graduated with honors in 1875.

For the next seventeen years of his life Harden-Hickey's days were of infinite variety, troublesome and smooth, creative and destructive, wise and unwise. Mostly they were troublesome, destructive, and unwise. He groped first for a career as artist—sculptor, novelist, painter. He was a failure at all three although eleven of his novels were published under the name Saint-Patrice in the period 1876-1880, and a young reporter named Richard Harding Davis recalled, many years after Harden-Hickey's death, seeing an exhibit of the strange man's paintings in a New York gallery.

Before his around-the-world voyage, Harden-Hickey spent his time as a journalist, novelist, duelist, habitué of the Latin Quarter and of the boulevards of Paris. In 1878, as a result of the many pamphlets he wrote in defense of the Catholic Church against attacks by Parisian Republicans, he was made a Baron of the Catholic Church. More importantly, he began editing a weekly satirical scandal sheet in Paris called *Le Triboulet*, named for one of Louis XII's favorite court jesters. It was a fanatically Royalist paper, existing for the sole purpose of promoting the cause of the Count of Chambord, grandson of Charles X of France, to the French throne. In his tenure as editor, according to one source, Harden-Hickey was sued 42 times, fined 300,000 francs, and once expelled from France for caricaturing high political figures.

The Baron is also said to have issued a standing challenge to his fellow editors in Paris: "Would you prefer to meet upon the editorial page or in the Bois de Boulogne?" Among those who chose the latter alternative were Aurelien Scholle, H. Levenbryon, M. Taine, M. de Lyon, Phillipe Du Bois, and Jean Moreas. It is not known what became of these men but Harden-Hickey was not reported to have been so much as wounded in any of his duels.

In 1878 the Baron married the Countess de Saint-Pery by whom he had two children, a girl and a boy.

In 1887, some time after the death of Chambord, Harden-Hickey divorced himself from the futile Royalist movement and moved to London where he met Madame Helena Blavatsky, the high-priestess of theosophy, threw off his mantle of Catholicism (but retained his honorary title), and adopted theosophy and Buddhism as his religions.

Sandwiched between these activities, and related to his study of theosophy, Harden-Hickey, spending freely the inheritance left him by his father, sailed for India to study Hindu, the Indian Vedas, and Brahminism first-hand.

BOUND for Cape Horn en route to India, the British merchant vessel *Astoria* was storm-buffeted into seeking refuge behind a small, desolately rocky dot of an island called Trinidad, described by Harden-Hickey as being 700 miles off the coast of Brazil. The island, shown on only the most comprehensive of maps today, is located at coordinates 20° 30″ 32′ south latitude, and 29° 50″ west longitude. It is variously listed as Ilha da Trindade, Trindade, and—in the earliest accounts of voyages in the South Atlantic—as Trinidad o Ascencion. Little is written in English about the island but in 1698 one Dr. Halley is said to have visited it and found nothing more remarkable there than land crabs and sea turtles. In 1700, Trinidad was settled by a handful of Portuguese from Brazil who left soon afterward and whose stone houses were seen by Harden-Hickey nearly 200 years later. In 1821 a great store of gold and silver plate plundered from Peruvian churches was supposed to have been concealed on the island by pirates. Commodore Owen dropped anchor at the island in 1822 and found only cormorants, petrels, gannets, and man-of-war birds. And, in 1889, E. F. Knight, a newspaperman who would later represent the London *Morning Post* in the Russo-Japanese War, visited the island to search for the allegedly buried treasure.

The two most noteworthy features of the wart of land called Trinidad are Ponta das Tartarugas—Turtle Point—near where the rare visiting vessel dropped anchor, and Pico Trinidade, a peak in the center of the island, 1,952 feet high. Despite Harden-Hickey's later outrageously contrived description, Trinidad was a depressing stretch of rocky ravines, petrified gauno deposits, lava flows, low-hanging fogs, and sharp coral ridges.

After exploring the island and before reboarding the *Astoria*, Harden-Hickey planted a makeshift flag and proclaimed Trinidad his own. With barely a backward glance, but with a bizarre scheme already hatching in his fertile mind, the Baron and the *Astoria* set out for India.

By 1890, when he returned to France, the Baron had learned Sanscrit, traveled in India, China, and Japan, and was ready for a second try at matrimony. The bride, Anna Flagler, was the daughter of an American millionaire and Harden-Hickey wasted no time in whittling away at his wife's fortune. He continued his Buddhist studies, finished a book titled *Bible Plagiarisms*, purchased ranch properties in Texas, California, and Mexico, and wrote a fantastic tract he called *Euthanasia: the Aesthetics of Suicide*, filled with classical quotations defending suicide and enumerating several methods of accomplishing the job.

HARDEN-HICKEY'S Trinidad scheme became public knowledge in November 1893. In a series of public statements, press interviews and stamped, sealed, beribboned proclamations, Hardin-Hickey not only proclaimed the island as his own (under what he termed "a maxim of international law" which declared that anyone may seize and hold unclaimed waste land), but laid down his plan for promoting, populating, and ruling his island principality. From a "Chancellerie" established in a West 36th Street walk-up flat in New York City, Harden-Hickey (now King James I of Trinidad) said frankly he would rule the island as a military dictatorship; would seek colonists willing to purchase bonds and otherwise invest in the venture; would establish definite social classes of the populace (the aristocracy would pay well for the privilege of being aristocratic); reward efforts in the arts, industry, and science; and promote such natural resources of the island as its guano, turtles and legendary buried treasure.

Coolie labor would do all the hard work, according to a prospectus the Baron had printed up, while the aristocracy would "live beautifully." Richard Harding Davis wrote years later that Harden-Hickey not only recruited 400 coolies and fitted out a schooner to take them to the island, but progressed so far as to hire an agent to conduct tours of the island and to supervise construction of docks and wharves to receive the shiploads of colonists and equipment.

Davis visited the "Chancellerie de la Principaute de Trinidad" which he said was in a "dirty brownstone in a dirty neighborhood just west of Seventh Avenue," and described it in these words: "On its doorstep children of the tenements were playing dolls with clothespins; in the streets a huckster in raucous tones was offering wilted cabbages to women in wrappers leaning from the fire-escapes. The smells and the heat of New York in midsummer rose from the asphalt. It was a far cry to the wind-swept island off the coast of Brazil."

As for Harden-Hickey himself, Davis wrote: "He should have lived in the days of the Three Musketeers. He was absolutely honest, and as absolutely without a sense of humor."

From the "Chancellerie" the Baron showed visitors the official flag of Trinidad—a yellow triangle on red ground—sold his bonds, issued postage stamps, answered correspondence, promoted his scheme, and watched it collapse like a house of cards, in all its papier-mache splendor when, early in 1895, a British warship landed troops on the island for the seemingly innocent purpose of building a wireless cable station there.

To the Baron, the landing was an invasion of his kingdom (and in Brazil it was considered a flagrant provocation as that country considered the island as its own) but his protests, aside from creating good copy in New York newspapers, was lost in the diplomatic din between Brazil and Britain. The two nations resolved the dispute when the British withdrew its garrison and Brazil formally assumed possession of the island. Although Harden-Hickey's plans were shattered, he continued to try to find a solution which would permit him to establish a monarchy there.

EARLY in 1898 the Baron traveled to Mexico in an effort to dispose of the ranch property he and his long-suffering wife owned. The idea was, of course, to raise money.

Somehow he failed to sell the property. On February 3, 1898, the Baron returned from Mexico, crossed the Rio Grande at Ciudad Juarez, and entered El Paso. He registered at the Pierson Hotel as "Harden-Hickey, Paris" and for several days wandered about town, impressing those he met as a military man, an aristocrat, aloof and elegant, but courteous and of refined manner. He was truly a striking figure—tall, expensively dressed, with a decidedly French manner, military moustache and beard, hair cut short and coming to a point on the forehead.

At the Pierson all eyes followed him as he strolled through the lobby and ascended the staircase to his room, Number 35. The Pierson's manager, a Mr. Fisher, and the hotel maids and other employees came to look forward to his courtly, courteous greetings.

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It was not surprising then that on February 10, when the distinguished guest failed to leave his room, suspicion was aroused. At first the room service help rapped on the door and when gaining no response, assumed the French visitor was merely enjoying a late nap. By noon, however, when he still could not be aroused, someone was appointed by Fisher to peer through the transom into the room. Harden-Hickey was seen lying motionless on the floor, his eyes wide open. The door was forced, doctors summoned, but the Baron was dead. Following one of the prescriptions in his morbid book on euthanasia, he was a suicide, having apparently taken a heavy overdose mixture of morphine and chloral hydrate.

Among the man's pathetic effects were a note addressed to his wife, a small tin box containing jewelry, medals, the crown he intended wearing as monarch of Trinidad, and a copy of *Euthanasia* which an El Paso newspaper described as "containing a philosophy such as could emanate only from a deceased (*sic*) mind." In addition there was a letter from Ralston J. Markowe, lawyer and one-time officer of artillery. The letter indicated that Harden-Hickey was giving some thought to another scheme as fantastic as his previous ones. Markowe outlined a plan by which a group of Hawaiian royalists were intent upon a filibustering expedition to overthrow the Dole government and to restore Queen Liliuokalani to the throne. Harden-Hickey was offered the island of Kauai to rule in return for his services on behalf of the Hawaiian rebels.

The El Paso *Times*, edited by a shrewd newsman named Juan S. Hart, headlined the Baron's suicide as

END OF ALL AMBITION

and ran as the lead sentence these words: "Baron Harden Hickey, the French journalist, duelist, author and ambitious dreamer, is lying dead at the undertaking rooms of Emerson and Berrien." The story ended, "Family troubles and disappointed ambitions were no doubt thorns that goaded Baron Harden Hickey into taking his own life." The Baron's effects were forwarded to his wife, his remains shipped to San Francisco for burial.

In his book on suicide, the Baron had written: "The wise man lives as long as he ought, not as long as he can," and although he was decidedly not wise, James Aloysius Harden-Hickey, after cutting as weird a swath through life as is imaginable outside books of fiction, apparently decided he had lived about as long as he ought.

Fly Specked Billy

(Continued from page 33)

Lame Johnny had started out stealing Indian horses, without undue criticism, but when he spread his operations to holding up lone prospectors and stages he was quickly listed as an undesirable. His career ended suddenly on the end of a rope when he was taken from a stage north of Buffalo Gap in 1879. One of the members of the Lame Johnny gang was James Fowler, commonly called "Fly Specked Billy" because of his multitude of dark freckles. After the hanging of Lame Johnny the gang scattered, and presumably confined future activities to horse stealing and picking off lone travelers. Fly Specked Billy had been one of the more insignificant members of the gang, and under no circumstances was ever considered a gunslinger, but when tanked up on what passed for whiskey in the area he could become quite obnoxious. Why an accomplished horse thief like Billy should be cadging a ride on a bull train has never been explained, or if it was, it was lost in the excitement of the days to follow.

The members of the two freight outfits kindled a fire to warm themselves, and brewed a pot of coffee while tossing around the news from north and south. Billy checked with Barnes on the identity and activities of the peace officers in Custer City when Barnes was last there, and decided to change trains for Custer when he discovered no threat to his own safety.

The Barnes bull train arrived at Custer on Sunday, January 6, and Barnes unloaded freight and saw to the comfort of his bulls. Foresighted founders of the little town had laid out the main street of such width that a twenty-yoke bull team could be turned around without crowding pedestrians off of the rough planks which served for sidewalks; and such is still the width of the main street.

Fly Specked Billy, in addition to being horseless, was also without a gun. Pleading fear that he might run into an enemy he asked to borrow Barnes' gun, and the freighter, knowing of no reason why he himself might need to be armed, obligingly unbuckled his gun belt and handed the gun to Billy. Barnes then settled down to enjoying what passed for civilization in the Black Hills. On his trips from saloon to restaurant and back again to a saloon he frequently bumped into Fly Specked Billy, who was rapidly accumulating a skinful of the local joy-juice.

ABOUT TEN p.m. Billy came blustering into George Palmer's place, where Abe Barnes was tied up in a game of billiards. After watching the billiard game for a few minutes Billy bellied up to the bar beside a stranger, who wasn't permitted to remain a stranger for long with Billy buying the drinks. As Billy got drunker he got noisier. Pulling his new-found friend away from the bar Billy stepped around him, pulled the gun Barnes had lent him and—using his new friend's shoulder for a rest—fired three times through a window at a building across the wide street. Saloonkeeper Palmer loudly protested against the disturbance and the loss of a window light. Billy reached across the bar and jerked Palmer against the mahogany by the shirt front, jammed the gun barrel against Palmer's forehead, then amused himself by cocking and lowering the gun hammer with his thumb. while sweat trickled down the cheeks of the trembling saloonkeeper. William Summers, a bystander, became frightened and started to run for the door. Billy whirled around and cut off the retreat of Summers, shoved the gun barrel against his chest, and pulled the trigger. There was only the click of a hammer falling on an empty chamber, but Summers staggered out of the door as if mortally wounded. Billy slapped his leg and guffawed as he continued to cock and lower the hammer on the gun.

Barnes, thinking Billy had tired of his pranks, returned to his game of billiards. A few minutes later Billy caught him by the shoulder as he was making a shot, and demanded that he come have a drink. Barnes angrily protested that he was busy winning a billiard game, and had had enough to drink. Billy spun him around, shoved the gun against his chest, and pulled the trigger. The gun roared; Barnes grabbed his chest and gasped, "Oh, I'm shot."

The freighter turned half-way around, staggered a couple of steps, and fell dead in the middle of the floor. Billy charged toward the door, but a man named Eby slowed him by grabbing his shoulder. Another bystander, Red Moore, whipped out a gun and took a' lusty swing at Billy's head with the gun barrel. Billy ducked, and the gun barrel crashed down on two fingers of Eby's grasping hand. Eby let out a bellow of pain and shoved his crushed fingers into his mouth as Moore took another swing at Billy's head. This time the gun barrel connected, and Billy collapsed into the arms of sheriff John T. Code as he charged through the front door in answer to the shot.

With the help of the men in the saloon, the sheriff quickly bound Billy hand and foot and carried him to John McHugh's place, as the local jail was not considered adequate to hold a murderer. Word of the shooting and capture was quickly spread from saloon to saloon, and a noisy crowd began to swarm around the McHugh place. Sheriff Code confronted the men with gun in hand and ordered them to disperse. There were muttered threats of lynching, and the sheriff warned of more bloodshed if such an attempt was made. He was determined to produce Billy for a trial, even if it meant more shooting. The crowd slowly dispersed to the warmth of the saloon, and the sheriff resigned himself to a sleepless night. He blew out the lights, and sat in darkness listening to the sounds from the street.

About an hour later Deputy Frank Peters came to warn Code that there was much talk of lynching, and that men were beginning to assemble. The two peace officers talked over this threat to constituted authority, and Code finally sent his deputy to quietly summon Pat McHugh and William Quinn, both of whom he could trust, to come and help move the prisoner. When help arrived the four men carefully slipped out of the McHugh cabin and moved Billy to the more substantial cabin of the sheriff. As the four men carried Billy through the front door of the Code cabin they were swarmed under by a mob who had anticipated their move and were waiting in the dark.

Loaded down as they were by their prisoner, the sheriff and his helpers had no chance to get at their guns. About a dozen of the mob disarmed the sheriff and his men and threw them to the floor where they sat on them. The rest of the mob, estimated to number about twenty, cut the ropes from Billy's feet and led him off into the darkness. The lawmen were then thoroughly trussed up and locked in Code's cabin, and their captors hurried off on the trail to what was probably a pre-arranged lynch site.

SHERIFF CODE finally managed to work loose from the ropes which bound him and then released his deputies. They kicked out a window and hurried through the nearly deserted town trying to round up a posse. Only four men would volunteer to join them, one being—either through foresight or pure accident—the coroner. The tracks of the mob in the snow led the posse toward, and across, French Creek, where they found Fly Specked Billy already decorating a large pine tree. There was no sign of the executioners, other than their tracks. Members of the lynch party had quietly slipped off to their individual beds. The posse cut Billy down and packed him back to the quiet and deserted town.

A coroner's jury composed of Oto Reeder, Thomas I. Wheeler and Alfred T. Fair was convened on Monday, the 7th of January. Following a short deliberation it rendered the following verdict: "Abe Barnes was mortally wounded by a leaden bullet discharged from a pistol

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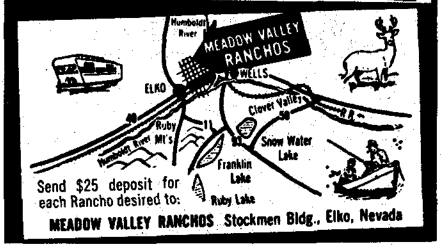

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in the hands of James Fowler, alias Fly Specked Billy. James Fowler came to death at the hands of a person or persons unknown."

Two days later willing hands hacked a hole in the frozen earth, just big enough to accept the remains of Fly Specked Billy. Whether or not a minister was present to say a few words is not of record. It is doubtful that the burial was accompanied by soft music. January was certainly not the time of year when flowers could have been found, even had there been anyone inclined to hunt for them.

Abe Barnes died from his own gun. It isn't recorded who might have fallen heir to the lethal weapon.

Shortly after the last spadeful of frozen earth was heaped upon the remains of James Fowler, the *Custer County Chronicle* hit the street with an EXTRA bearing the following news, which really wasn't news to most people.

CUSTER COUNTY CHRONICLE—
EXTRA ! ! !
FULL ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGEDY
Custer City, D. T., January 9, 1881
DEATH'S ROUNDUP
BY REVOLVER AND ROPE
A MURDERER AND JUDGE LYNCH
BECOME ACQUAINTED
FLY SPECKED BILLY
TRANSFORMED INTO A PINE CONE
WITH BLOOD STILL ON HIS HANDS
TWENTY MASKED MEN SEND HIM
OVER THE ROAD

Although Fly Specked Billy wasn't much in life he still has his day of fame at least once a year, should he be enough concerned to look down—or up. At the annual celebration of Gold Discovery Days the citizens of Custer re-enact the hanging of Fly Specked Billy for interested tourists.

The Mystic Healer

(Continued from page 32)

had finally reached the head of the line would hold up an article to be blessed, and the Christ-Man would bless it while holding on to the item.

Grandfather, so the family story goes, shelled out five bucks to have his handkerchief blessed, but the last time I talked to him about Schlatter he denied it all as a lot of rank foolishness and a reflection on his intelligence.

An account which tells something of Schlatter's healing methods and personality, as well as how far the man's fame had spread, is to be found in the *Occult Review* for March 1915. The *Review* was an English publication devoted to the study of things supernatural. Forbes R. Johnston of London wrote in a letter to the editor:

"The first day I went there [Alderman Fox's house] shortly after noon. I saw no chance of reaching him owing to the crowds. The next time I went there, about ten, I took my place in the line with many hundreds in front of me, men, women, children, the majority of whom seemed to be in comfortable circumstances.

"A brisk trade was being done by hawkers of handkerchiefs bearing his picture, refreshments, etc. However, when four o'clock came and he stepped off the low wooden platform on which he stood, there were still very many ahead of me; and I left. But the statement that I have heard from other sources that people paid considerable amounts for a place in the line is not only incorrect, but ridiculous, for times were exceedingly hard in Colorado just then, following the panic of '93'. . . .

"The third time I went there I determined to be early, and arrived on the ground at six in the morning. Even then there was a goodly number standing in line, and I considered myself fortunate in reaching him before noon. Grasping my right hand in his, he simply remarked, 'Handkerchief,' for I had forgotten to hand him mine to hold in his other hand as was customary with everyone in the line. Thus he held them for about twenty seconds, his face looking upwards, his lips moving slightly as though repeating some words, and then dropped them to reach for the next individual.

"He did not seem to take any particular notice of anyone. I noticed his hands were very large, even for a man of his strong physique, while his face wore a certain resemblance to those so many artists have given Jesus, but more broad and less fine. I never saw a satisfactory photo of him in the town, the majority being obviously faked and touched up, and the most life-like one had a curious misty appearance about it. I did not notice any particular sensation from holding his hand, nor have I met with one who did."

DURING this period in early-day Denver, Schlatter was popularly credited with cures which were nothing short of miraculous. But Schlatter appears to have been careful at all times to make it a point that faith was absolutely necessary if he were to heal. In fact, if one had faith enough in him, it was not even necessary to see Schlatter in person. A letter containing a small good-will offering was sufficient.

Many of those who sought out the healer declared they felt a distinct "electrical shock" when they touched him. Fox, whom Schlatter had cured of deafness and in whose home the Christ-Man lived, stated that Schlatter took nothing but a small bowl of bread and milk each day.

It was during this period that the Union Pacific Railroad ran a special train from Omaha, Nebraska, to Denver to accommodate the employees of the road who might wish to see Schlatter, as many newspapers were filled with accounts, pro and con, of his miraculous doings.

It is said that none of the newspaper photographers who were sent out to shoot him succeeded, as their negatives when developed always showed nothing but a "ball of light" where Christ-Man Schlatter's head should have been.

To FRONTIER TIMES Collectors
On page 25 of the November, 1970 issue, please change Frémont Expedition to the Williamson Expedition. Map

Strangely enough, despite his success, personally as well as financially, Schlatter remained in Denver only about three months, departing the night of November 13. He disappeared just as suddenly and as mysteriously as he had arrived.

Mr. Fox discovered Denver's loss when he went to the healer's room, as Schlatter had not come down for breakfast at his usual time. On a pillow in the Christ-Man's empty quarters he found a note: "Father has called me, I must go. Goodbye."

Thousands were disappointed and many were indignant over Schlatter's sudden departure. After his disappearance from Denver and for twenty or more years thereafter, at least a dozen Christ-Men occasionally appeared on the scene, all designating themselves "Schlatter, the Healer" or the like.

FRANCIS SCHLATTER was born in Alsace, April 29, 1856, where he was brought up by his parents to be a cobbler. However, while still a young man he immigrated to the United States, where he continued to study to be a shoemaker. He was a moody youth, much given to religion and spiritual matters. At length he gave up the shoe business and embarked on his role as the Christ-Man. He claimed to have spent the subsequent period of his life wandering the mountains and the deserts of western America, subsisting chiefly on faith, fresh air and water.

He was a short man and generally described as "well built" or "powerful." Long, wavy brown hair tinged with grey fell down over his shoulders. He had a broad forehead and clear, "child-like" blue eyes.

From Denver he journeyed on foot to California by way of New Mexico and Arizona. It is said that during this journey his sore and bleeding feet, as he traveled barefoot, would be completely healed each morning.

At one point in this trip, the story goes, he was arrested and thrown into jail as a vagrant. The other prisoners ragged and abused him so he finally broke down and cried. The keeper's wife rescued him, and in gratitude he healed her sick child—for free.

After some time spent in California he returned to New Mexico where a "spirit" directed him to a mountain ranch near Datil. There, according to the story, a ranch family "received him gladly." He agreed to stay with this accommodating family only if his presence could be kept secret from the outside world. The family promised, and Schlatter prepared to spend the winter on this ranch. The rancher's wife reportedly took down a number of Schlatter's sayings and statements during this stay which it is said became the substance of a small booklet entitled, *The Harp in the Hands of the Harper.*

The following are a few quotations from this rather unusual book: "Six

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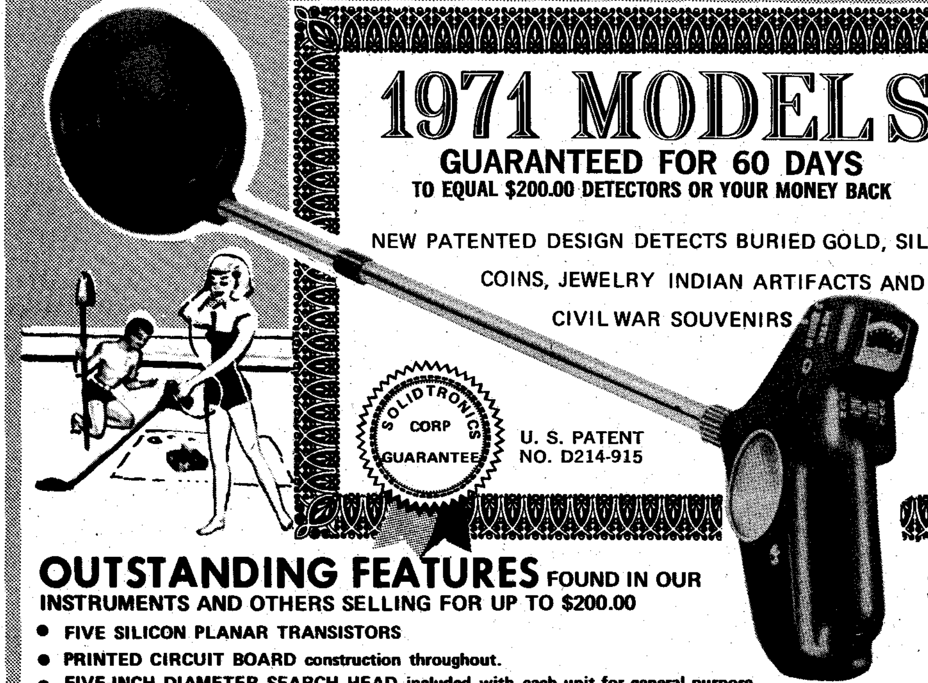

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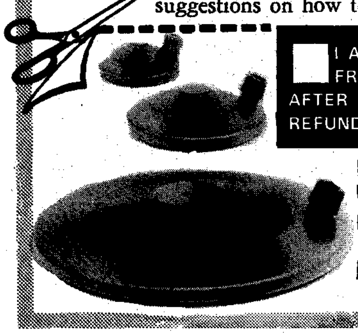

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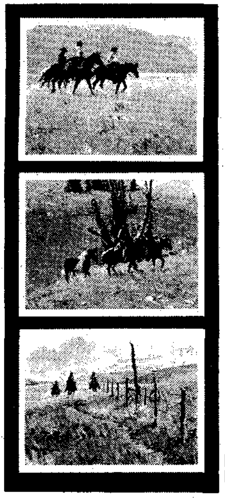

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feet tall and still growing. Father told me I would keep on growing all the time I was away from the World." "Father told me I have a greater work to do than Moses, and I wish the day would come." "No one who studies the Bible can help believing in reincarnation. There must be growth, there can be none in selfishness. Father tells me there has been no ego here less than three or more than three hundred times, the latter owing to the innumerable deaths of infants mostly. How glorious to think that they are all here, all the Bible characters. For I have met St. John, but John the Baptist will be killed in London in the future. Paul is here today, but not in the leading class as the world goes. Aaron is here too."

Schlatter's stay on the New Mexico ranch did not last, as within three months more and more people were coming up the mountainside to call on the healer. Apparently, keeping his presence on their ranch a secret was an impossibility.

At last one morning, with his hands raised over those who had taken him in, he repeated the Lord's Prayer, blessed them, and was off.

ALL TRACE of Schlatter then disappeared until suddenly in 1897 he was heard from again. The *alcalde* of Casas Grandes, a small Mexican village, sent word that a body believed to be that of Schlatter had been found in a cave high in the Sierra Madres. With the body, as apparent proof that it was really the healer, was found the mysterious heavy copper rod he always carried about with him and a Bible with the name "Francis Schlatter" on the flyleaf.

The tale is told that the last person to see him before his death was a cowboy who came upon Schlatter as he was fasting and seeking guidance in the solitude of the mountains. The cowboy told Schlatter there was something seriously wrong with his horse. Schlatter immediately healed the horse and refused the cowboy's offering of food in payment. He explained he was fasting. The cowboy, the story concludes, departed grateful but most mystified.

So ends the fragmentary saga of Francis Schlatter, the Christ-Man. A charlatan or just a simple man who honestly believed in his miraculous powers? It's hard to say. One can read a little between the lines and make out a fairly good case—admittedly not too well documented—either way.

They Called It Content

(Continued from page 48)

these were six or eight doctors, several schoolteachers, music teachers, and craftsmen. A young woman, Dr. Daisy Allen, came to Content and distinguished herself in the medical profession both in the community and the state. She had graduated from the medical branch of Fort Worth University in 1897.

Dr. Daisy came to Content as a bride with her husband, J. W. Allen, who also was a physician. They arrived from Oklahoma in a horse-drawn buggy. Mrs. Allen plunged into her practice, going her way alone on calls but working with her husband whenever possible.

"I remember one night," Dr. Daisy told a friend, Mrs. Henry Bright, "when both my husband and I were called out on separate cases." She related that they agreed that the one who finished first would join the other. Dr. Daisy delivered her baby in fine shape and went to assist her husband. His patient had been delivered of a premature infant, and the weather was very cold. Already the night was far spent and the village of Content was miles away. The two doctors spent the night cradling the tiny infant between them and warming it with their bodies.

On another occasion Dr. Daisy and her husband were called to a lonely mountain cabin where a four-weeks-old baby girl lay gravely ill. The steep mountain trail was barely visible and the Allens ascended it by motorcycle, with Dr. Daisy riding behind her husband and doggedly holding on. They found the tiny girl in much pain and her abdomen was turning dark. Another doctor was called from Ballinger, but was unable to help. The Allens remained all night but the child died with no one really knowing the cause of death.

Dr. Daisy Allen was as courageous and as competent in her field as any of her male colleagues; yet she also was a woman. One night she returned alone from a call and stopped at the barn to feed and shelter her horse. She had been wearing a fur neck piece and was unaware that the piece had slipped from her neck and fallen into the oat bin. In the darkness she touched it as she scooped up the oats with her hands. Yelling and greatly alarmed, she fled to the house, leaving the poor horse unfed for the night.

This tiny five-foot doctor with sharp dark eyes and warm brown hair owned the first automobile in Runnels County. She drove it with confidence and efficiency on the back country roads, though the sight of her spooked many teams and caused many runaways. The people of Content were noted for their long lives. One man known as Grandpa Choulson, who was a tailor by trade, lived to be 110. At first the citizens buried their dead in remote areas; later they used Counts cemetery when land was given for this purpose. Alex Simmons, a Civil War veteran, was buried in an unmarked grave near the W. P. Hudman home, after dying of pneumonia. Old-timers remembered his resting place and in 1967 it was marked as an historical site. Another grave, that of Joe Hardegree, was put east of the school ground. Later, ten or twelve others were added at that site but no name was ever given their resting place. Most of the names—like the village itself—have receded into oblivion.

Who can say what caused the demise of this peaceful mountain settlement called Content? Yet the tranquil valley is again a tangled wilderness except for paved roads and the areas cleared for cultivation. The first fence built in Runnels County is overgrown with briar and bear grass, but still proudly displays two of its original wires.

Branches of gnarled cedar slap and scrape gently on the vacant cabin of Nancy Parker. Through Blue Gap in Table Mountain the soft winds sigh and whisper around the old log post office which guards the entrance to the past. Crumbled foundations mark the location of the Rosson Hotel, the old gin and school. Only the well-kept cemetery shows sign of recent contact with the outside world. These people built their peaceful valley; now contentedly they sleep.

Spirit Spring of the Osage

(Continued from page 35)

had caused gold-hungry settlers to sink a rude shaft and try to bring the treasure to the surface. The spring, fed by underground streams, rushing over great bodies of lead ore as yet undiscovered, contained mineral elements which had protected and preserved both the ancient bones and the more recent Indian artifacts cast into the spring.

RAY PAINTER, a retired Afton banker, remembers that as a little boy he used to run across a board walk built to the spring and, kneeling down, drink the sulphur water from his cupped hands. Some of the "old bones" once reposed in his bank but were carried away by souvenir hunters.

Indians, particularly the Osages and other tribes of the so-called Buffalo Indians, had known of the spring for centuries and had made pilgrimages to worship at it. Among the bones being lifted from the spring by the Smithsonian men were the "Afton Points," arrowheads which are found nowhere else in the world. They were flaked from ancient quarries by the patient hands of warriors long ago in spiritland. The arrowheads have a distinctive leaf-like shape and are of different flint than the run-of-the-mill specimens which are still turned over by farmers' plows or scooped out by road-building machines in northeastern Oklahoma.

Long before the Indians came to the prairies, the great mammals had mired in the basin and left their bones to mark their passing, and to point to the ancient existence of the spring itself. Curious cowpokes coming up the old Shawnee Trail that led to Kansas had halted their herds to water at the spring. They had long ago discovered that the marshy ground around the spring was likely to trap man and beast if they were careless. In order to get drinking water the herders had made walks from trees cut down along a nearby creek. After 1900 a board walk was built across the muddy ground to the spring itself.

What convulsion of nature thrust what is called the "Ozark Uplift" into a great, mineralized belt, 30 miles wide and nearly 100 miles long, is not known. Within this belt is the Tri-State mining district of Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri. Included also in its boundaries is the Afton Spring of stinking water, revered by the Osages and supposed to cure stomach ailments—human or animal. Old-timers declare that a cowpuncher, half-dead with stomach trouble thought to be cancer, had camped one summer by the spring, and left in the autumn to punch cattle and eat sourdough biscuits and chili beans with the best of them.

Riding by this spring and no doubt stopping to rest their horses went the Dalton brothers who for a time lived in the Afton area. The spring was known to such other outlaws as Cherokee Bill, Henry Starr, and the Doolins, as a kind of rest stop when riding across the old Cherokee Nation.

ONLY the Osages, and possibly the Quapaws, treated the site with the respect and humility a spirit spring deserved. Other riders might shoot a horse or cow mired in the mud and leave it there; but Indians cast their most precious possessions into it and prayed for good crops, successful wars, and death to their enemies.

Sometime around the turn of the century, Dr. R. H. Harper of Afton, who had been interested in the spring, wrote to the Indian agent at Pawhuska, I.T. trying to confirm the legend that the Osages believed the spring to be sacred. The agent replied:

"I have the honor to report that I submitted this matter to old man Red Eagle, the oldest man in the Osage tribe, who distinctly remembers the spring and states that it used to be the meeting place of the old medicine men of the tribe when he was a young man; that the spring was held as a sacred place and the doctors met there to hold their councils."

These "doctors" were called "The Little Old Men" before the Osages became "civilized." Only when their power had waned were they called "medicine men" and then mostly by whites. The Little Old Men were not little at all. Why they were so called is a mystery. They had organized the tribe back in the Stone Age and through the years had developed rules for governing it wisely. They gave names to Indian babies and assisted in war councils. They were, in fact, the heart and mind of the thousands of Osages then roaming the prairies. It was these men who conversed with the buffalo, the bear and the eagle; who told a war party how to paint its horses; who decreed whether captives should be slain or adopted into the tribe.

Gathering at the sacred spring they would chant their prayer songs as the sun set—songs would echo across the prairie swells and be answered by wolves lurking along nearby Horse Creek, the quavering howls of Indian and wolf strangely similar.

The arrow-points and spearheads found in the spring were worn by these men as medals. They were cast into the water as offerings to insure victory in war; to secure blessings for a newborn child; to ask for many buffaloes on the fall hunt, and no doubt for other private and unexpressed needs. Others than The Little Old Men also gave offering to the spring as a sort of good-luck gesture, much as a man today picks up a horseshoe or is glad to find a four-leaf clover.

No violent history is recorded about the spring although there must have been animal violence, the despairing struggle of great beasts caught in its shifting edges and slowly sucked into the sulphur-fumed marsh. But, according to an old Cherokee informant, the spring once knew a gunslinger. He was Bill West, a half-breed Cherokee gone bad, who had been stirring up trouble in the frontier town of Miami, I.T. Tired of West's shooting up the town, the citizens asked A. L. Keeney, the town marshal, to arrest him. Keeney did arrest West on two occasions but both times the gunman escaped. It was said that his wrists were so slender they easily slipped out of the handcuffs. The last time he was arrested the marshal confiscated his gun and West vowed he would come back and get the gun and Keeney, too.

Keeney was also the town blacksmith. One day as he worked at his forge, West rode into town, shot him and then rode out, but not before he had retrieved his own six-gun. The story goes that West, escaping into the Cherokee Nation (which meant he had only to cross the Neosho River a mile away), was hidden by friends until he could safely make his way to the hills near Tahlequah.

On the first day he was hunted by a hard-riding posse determined to avenge the death of Marshal Keeney. The fugitive rode across the prairie to the sulphur spring, tied his horse in the nearby trees, and running lightly over the timber walk to the spring, slipped under it. The posse circled the spring, careful to avoid the treacherous marsh around it, and went on toward Afton.

Bill West worked his way back to a house near Fairland, then a small Chero-

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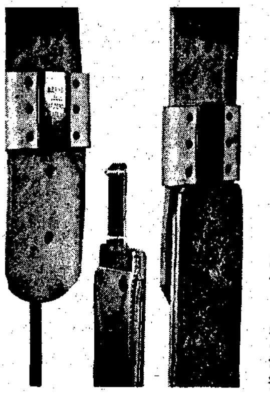

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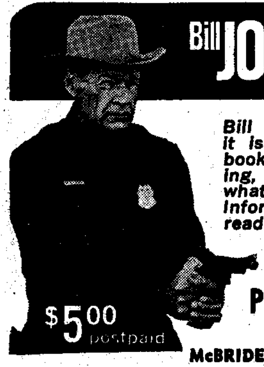

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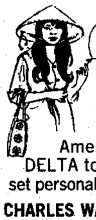

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kee settlement, and a little later took refuge in the Tahlequah hills. A few months later he was slain in a gun battle there, the secret of how he managed to pull himself out of the clutching muck of the spring, still with him. Some who know the story say friends were nearby to help him out once the posse rode on.

During World War I, when the rich lead and zinc mines of northeastern Oklahoma were working feverishly to supply lead for the government, the spring, for the first time in memory, began to go dry. The great underground pumps which sucked water from the mines, twenty miles away from Afton, caught the underground stream which fed the spring and spewed it into mill ponds so that men might get to the badly needed ore. Today, there is only an occasional dampness in the saucer-like depression where the spring had bubbled for untold centuries.

The Little Old Men of the Osages are now only a tribal memory. Both they and the spring are spoken of with reverence. Civilization has caught up with the Indian and destroyed his old gods just as the mining machinery pumped dry the life line of the ancient spring.

Utah's Cursed Gold

(Continued from page 29)

gold?"

The question startled Herringer but he concealed his surprise. "What gold?"

"Gold in canyon. White man's yellow iron. Long time me know. Much gold. Cursed gold. By spirits. You no touch. You touch 'em, you die."

"You're crazy," Herringer retorted. "No gold has ever been found in this sandstone. Don't show color in it. No other kind or rocks hereabouts. Like I told you, get gone and don't come back."

"Okeh, okeh," the Piute replied, still unruffled. "You think me crazy, eh? You go up canyon to end. Looksee. You find dead Indian. Two dead horses. We try pray off curse. Want'um gold buy white man's goods. Send'um man for gold. Now he dead. His horse dead. Spirit angry. Kill'um."

"Do tell!" mockingly.

"You see'um dead Indian?"

"Ain't one up there so far as I know. Run my cow critters in there. What kind of lies you trying to tell me?"

"See'um from top canyon. No go down. Bad go down. Spirit kill. You see'um dead Indian? Mebbyso not spirit kill'um. Mebbyso you kill'um?"

"You're crazy," Herringer answered sharply. "No Indians been around here. Only you. Pretty soon you be heap good Indian. Dead."

That appeared to convince the Piute. Reining around he rode downstream some distance before topping out on the plateau above the river.

SOME TIME later Herringer learned that the Piute who visited him was a kind of warrior chief—one who was to become notorious as a stealer of livestock and a killer of both whites and Indians. Under the name of William, but best known as "Old Posey," he would be a thorn in southern Utah until slain by a posse of officers.

A settler visited Herringer next, trying to trace some missing cattle. Admiring the restricted area of green, he said, "You'll be safe in here. The Indians won't bother you like they do us."

"Why not?" Herringer was curious, sensing something important.

"Oh, them superstitious savages believe this small canyon you're squatting in the mouth of is cursed by evil spirits. Somewhere around here is gold. They used to pick it up to spend at the trading posts. Then, according to them, the spirits got mad and now, no matter what the Indians do to pacify them, any time one of them tries to get some more gold, he dies."

"I'll be darned!" Herringer exclaimed. "Well, ain't no gold in this country or prospectors would have found it years ago."

The settler smiled thinly. "There's gold for sure. Out there in the river. Flour gold too fine to pan."

When he left, Herringer felt greatly relieved. If the canyon was believed to be cursed, the Piutes would leave him alone. As for white men, his small area of cultivated land would not interest anyone enough to drive him out. So long as the rumor of the cursed gold did not spread afar, no one else was going to bother him either. He could continue living peacefully in his own special paradise.

That fall after harvesting his crops, Herringer took sick. No solid food would stay in his stomach, but he could hold down milk. Lacking any sort of medicine, he tried a brew made from a species of sagebrush and it seemed to help some. Nevertheless, the attack, whatever it was, served as warning that he should lay in a supply of medicine.

Herringer debated several days about driving some of the oldest steers out and selling them. But that would require too much time when he did not want to leave the place any longer than necessary. In the end he dug up three pouches of raw gold. Taking two pack mules he rode east before daylight, avoiding the settlement at Bluff, and bypassing a small trading post on the San Juan run by a family named Mitchell. He entered Colorado and went on through to Animas City.

A big general store there was operated by two partners, Coleman Jaminson and R. D. Smith. They were friends with whom he had traded before. Both proclaimed their pleasure and surprise at seeing him again.

Herringer was also informed that an army officer from Fort Lyons had been there the year before seeking him. The Federal government had agreed to pay settlers for their losses in the sudden Indian raid which had claimed his family. Claim papers had been left with Jaminson and Smith in case he should show up. Herringer itemized his losses, and the partners agreed to send in the forms for him. Other settlers had already been paid.

No death claims were being allowed. The Utes violently denied they were responsible for the raid and murders, claiming that Indians from New Mexico, or from the Plains country, were guilty. So far, government agents had been unable to pin down the raiders and arrest any of them.

With that business behind him, Herringer produced his gold, which was weighed and assayed as being sixteen carats fine. Herringer was vague as to where he acquired it, but did say that he had considerable more. The storekeepers voluntarily promised to keep the secret of his find.

Staying over another day, Herringer bought supplies, medicine, new wearing apparel and two pairs of hobnailed shoes. He returned home by riding straight through. Nothing on the place had been disturbed during his absence. No ground sign indicated that anyone had been prowling around.

A very tired man, Herringer at first considered his listlessness was the result of the long ride into Colorado and back. A big dose of calomel made him feel worse. No matter what he took, the patent medicines did not help at all.

Unable to milk the cow one sundown, he waited until the next morning and was surprised that the amount of milk in the pail was no more than the usual. Coming out of the corral he saw shoe marks on the ground—prints of a woman's small shoe. Looking around further Herringer found them numerous in the garden plot. Onions and a few potatoes from the past fall had been dug out with a stick. This and the cow's having been milked during the night indicated a starving person. The fact puzzled him.

As he later recounted to Jaminson, he did not know whether it was that day or the next that he found himself helpless in bed, unable to move. Sometime during the night he had roused to see two candles burning on the wall table near his bunk bed. A poultice was on his chest and a rag soaked with something was on his forehead. From the shadows across the room appeared a woman of about thirty. Her black hair was braided and she wore a white woman's clothing but was obviously Indian.

"Please do not move around," she said pleasantly in good English. "You will be all right now. I am doctoring you with herbs known to my people."

"Ute?"

"No."

HERRINGER recalled being delirious with fever at times. However, not long after awakening he calmed down and went to sleep. In the morning he first thought that he had been dreaming about the woman aiding him, but as he started to rise, the same brown-faced woman appeared with a bowl of gruel. Objecting mildly, she got him back under the blankets and fed him; and the food, largely liquid, stayed with him.

While eating he asked where she lived and was told simply, "In the rocks. Hiding like a wild animal and taking what food I can find."

Very soon Herringer went back to sleep. In the afternoon he awoke when she shook his shoulder gently.

"Some riders are coming," she said.

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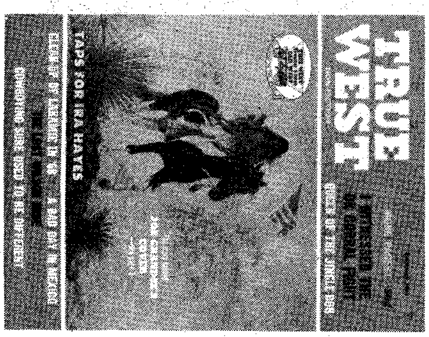

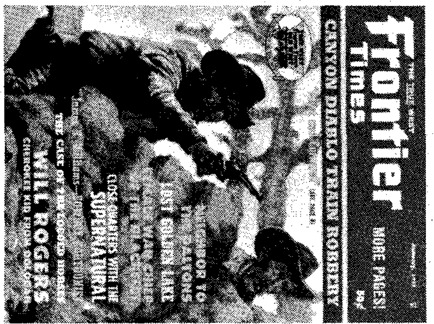

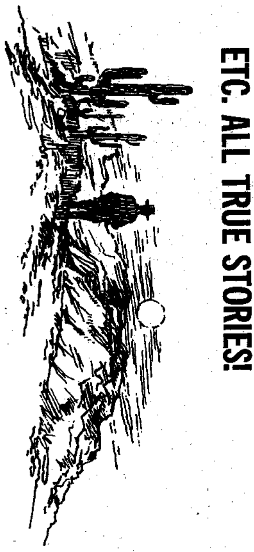

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"Please do not tell them about me."

She hurried away and from the outside he could hear sweeping sounds on the ground. Curious, Herringer got off the bunk, almost falling with weakness. Staggering across to the sliding window, cracked slightly for air, he saw the woman at the end wall completing the work of brushing out her tracks. Returning to the bunk he waited over half an hour before riders reined up before the house and called out. Shortly three bushy-faced settlers stood in the bedroom.

They were from north of Bluff, they said. Had he seen anything of an Indian woman? She was a Ute Goshute, wife of a settler. Three weeks ago she had run away after several quarrels with her husband. She had been tracked towards the river, but they could not determine if she had gone up or downstream. They held out little hope of finding her alive. No immediate search had been made because they thought starvation would force her return. Shaking his head, Herringer replied weakly that he had been gone for awhile, and had seen no one before their coming.

Although fully understanding Herringer's desperate condition—and his being alone as far as they knew—not one of the men offered to help him. They merely rode away. The woman must have been watching, for she returned promptly.

Two days later Herringer had become able to get around fairly well, only to suffer an unexpected relapse of whatever ailed him. He lay groggily on the bunk when the woman, who had been outside doing chores, hurried in.

"Some soldiers are approaching," she said. "Maybe they have been sent after me. I do not wish to go back. My husband beat me. Now I want only to go back to my own people." Again she departed into hiding.

Herringer was fighting off unconsciousness when he roused up to find Jaminson bending over the bunk in great concern. Just inside the kitchen door stood an officer and two troopers. Jaminson left for a couple of minutes, returning with a flask of whiskey. A long drink gave Herringer false strength enough to sit up on the bunk. He then learned that the officer was there to take his deposition concerning the raid. Since Jaminson knew approximately where Herringer lived, he had led the troopers west, and at Bluff, settlers had given them directions.

The statement was made and signed by Herringer that afternoon as the officer wanted to return to Colorado immediately. Jaminson remained behind, insisting on taking his friend out to a doctor. The next morning Herringer felt much better. When asked about his riding stock he told Jaminson that they would be up the canyon.

While Jaminson was gone, Herringer tried to make some plans. He feared most for his cached gold. Somehow he found the strength to dig it out of the floor and pack it outside, and bury it deep in the soft ground with a shovel. The house shielded his movements from the canyon, so that he felt certain of not being observed.

While Jaminson was driving several horses into the corral, Herringer made it to the kitchen. On a paper sack he wrote instructions to the woman to help herself to whatever she would need. Herringer placed the note in the flour bin. A woman would be sure to look there.

HERRINGER and Jaminson rode out slowly that day, spending the night with a family in Bluff. The next day they made it to the Mitchell trading post. From there on Herringer grew steadily weaker, unable to keep down any food. In Cortez he was put to bed in a hotel room and a doctor of sorts was summoned.

"The man has cancer of the stomach," he diagnosed.

That night snow fell. Jaminson arranged to hire a buckboard to take Herringer on to Animas City. Due to the storm they waited over three days and by then Herringer was too weak to be moved. He told Jaminson about finding gold in the canyon and of succeeding events; he spoke of the woman and of reburying the pouches of gold.

At the end of the week when the weather cleared, Herringer was dead. Jaminson buried him in the same plot of ground where the charred pieces of his family had been interred in 1877.

Jaminson and Smith were anxious to retrieve their friend's gold but winter held the country in an icy grip. Their trip was delayed until spring. Then leaving the store in charge of their sons, the partners headed west with a big pack outfit and miners' tools. En route they avoided all habitations, reaching the canyon farm in early April.

Their stock was taken to the corral before they approached the house. Even as they neared the door a nauseating odor of decaying flesh assailed them. On the kitchen floor lay the body of an Indian woman, the one they presumed had helped Herringer. Dead for several months, she had been shot once through the back of the head and twice in the chest.

The opened flour bin revealed no note on a paper sack. The amount of flour remaining indicated that she had been killed soon after Jaminson started east with Herringer. There was little the men could do except wrap the remains in a blanket and a piece of tarpaulin, and dig a grave. The house was cleaned and aired.

That night they found the place in the dirt floor where the gold had first been cached. The next morning they went to the nearest patch of cultivated ground, digging there. It was naturally assumed that in his weak condition Herringer had not gone far to bury the gold. From what he told Jaminson it should run better than a hundred thousand dollars.

The partners used wagon box rods to prod the ground in all the other patches, seeking loose soil. After three weeks they gave up. While Herringer did not positively state which plot, he had said that the gold was in one of them.

Meanwhile, Jaminson and Smith found Herringer's livestock scattered widely over the river range. Gradually they located and threw most of the animals back into the canyon.

Their chief objective, of course, was to locate the gold-bearing quartz and claim it. Turning to that, they dug first into the base of the canyon wall below the original discovery site. Continuing along the wall, they reached the right place, exposing the thin quartz for a hundred feet. The quartz behind the stringer Herringer had worked contained no gold at all.

Ten feet beyond where Herringer quit they found where the Piutes had dug into the wall. The thin streak was rotten with the yellow metal but none existed behind it. After recovering about $8,000 in gold, they could find no more in the canyon. The vein played out.

WITH THE beginning of July the partners returned to prodding the cultivated plots. But available time had long run out. They were needed back in Animas City. Before leaving for home they returned to inspect the closed end of the canyon, and were startled on looking west to see at least fifty mounted Piutes lining the rim above, watching them.

The partners returned to the house, fully expecting to have a fight on their hands but no Indians showed up there. After a sleepless night on guard, they penned the stock from the canyon and spent the rest of the day gathering strays off the open range.

The next morning they started trailing the mixed herd of cattle, horses and mules eastward. North of Bluff, having quit the river trail, they were accosted by a dozen armed settlers. Jaminson explained that they intended to sell Herringer's stock and try to locate an heir to his estate. The settlers listened hard-eyed, and were more hostile than ever when told about the dead body of an Indian woman they had found and buried. Finally Jaminson taxed them with the probability that she must have been their neighbor's runaway wife. To this he received no answer, and the settlers rode homeward.

The four sons of the partners, Jim and Bob Jaminson, Ronald and Walter (Pat) Smith, were intrigued by their fathers' account of the search for Herringer's gold. Wanting to try their hand at finding it, Bob came up with an idea having considerable merit. Plow up all the farmland!

Accordingly, the four boys loaded two mold board plows into a wagon, and with two extra teams went west into Utah. Arriving at Herringer's place they sized up the farming plots and all the loose soil around, which included sand and clay patches almost to the house and barn corral.

The plows were set deep, and with one boy following the other they started in a circle, turning over the soil around the perimeter. After a week they had uncovered nothing.

One day at noon three bearded, hard-eyed characters rode out of the canyon. All three were armed.

One of them asked, "You fellers planning to farm here?"

"We are," Pat Smith replied, sensing quickly there could be trouble.

"Your land?"

"It is."

"Okay, but you stay out of the canyon."

With no further conversation the three reined around and left.

The young men's curiosity was more than aroused. That afternoon while two plowed, the other pair slipped up along the canyon rim. A surprise awaited them on discovering that the three were miners, having already dug out the base of each wall. They were then trenching across the canyon floor. Undoubtedly they sought the source of the gold-laden quartz. As afterwards learned, they found only a little gold in the quartz which Herringer and their fathers had already gone through. However, the brothers had no further trouble with the miners.

Two days after their visit Pat turned up one small buckskin pouch of gold. His excited yells brought the others running. Plow and team were pulled out and the brothers busied themselves the balance of the afternoon digging and shoveling a deep spot twenty feet in diameter. No more gold came to light.

It was decided that the single pouch must have been carried from its original hiding place. Accordingly they went back down the furrow, digging out a larger and deeper swath of ground. When that failed to produce anything, they plowed the balance of the plots once more. No luck. With the approach of fall, all four returned to Animas City.

Today, hunters of the gold-laden quartz or Herringer's cache use Utah State Highway 47 between Mexican Hat and Bluff. West of Bluff it is necessary to travel south at Comb Ridge, where no road exists, to reach the area. None seems to mind that the gold is "cursed" and that the finder will come to no good end.

The wide mouth of the canyon is usually called a "rincon," which it is not. The farmland of Herringer's time has long since washed into the San Juan River. All that is left are a few piles of reddish sandstone, the crumbled remains of his former dwelling walls.

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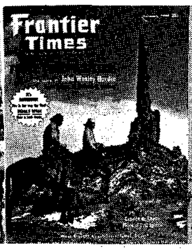
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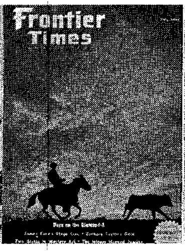
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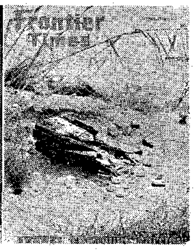
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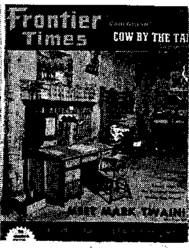
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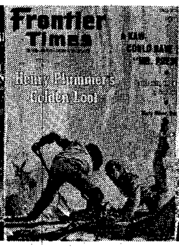
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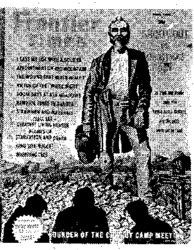
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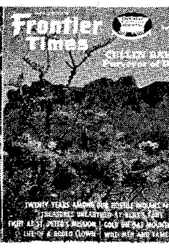
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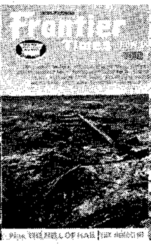
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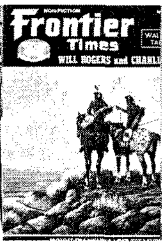
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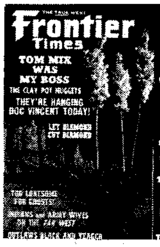
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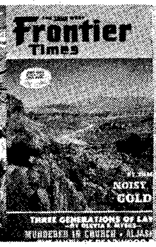
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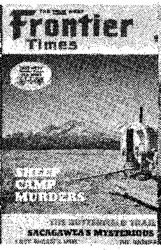
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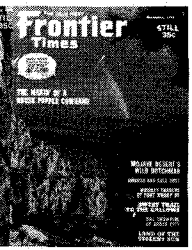
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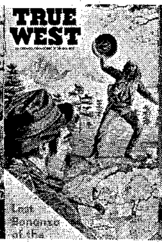
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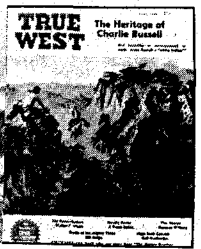
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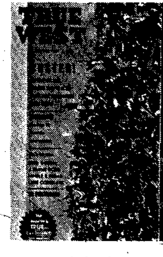

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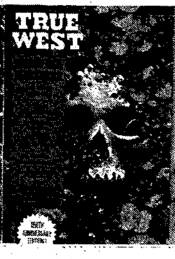

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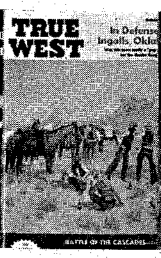
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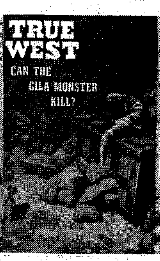
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CAN THE GILA MONSTER KILL?

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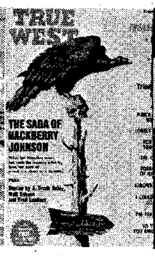
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THE SAGA OF HACKBERRY JOHNSON

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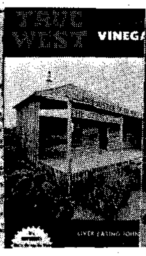
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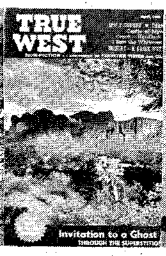
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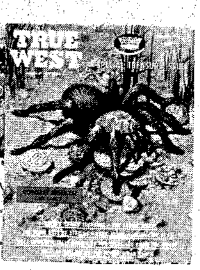

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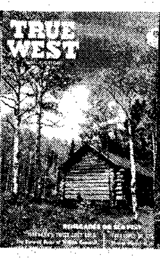

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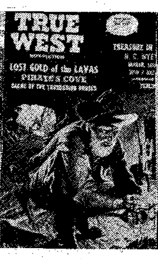
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LOST GOLD of the LAVAS
PIRATES COVE

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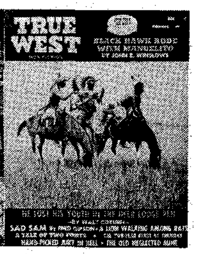
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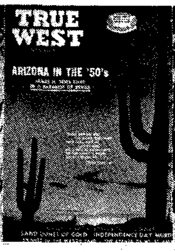
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ARIZONA IN THE '50's

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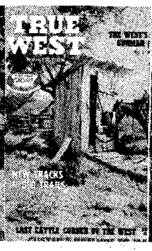

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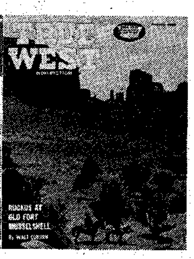

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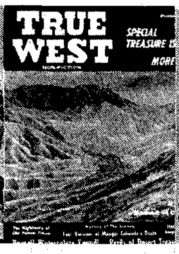
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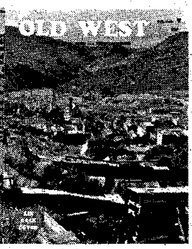
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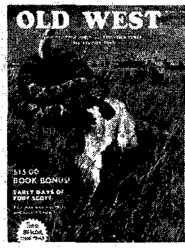
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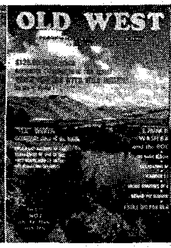
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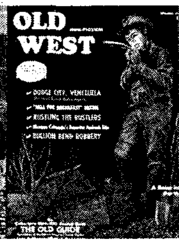
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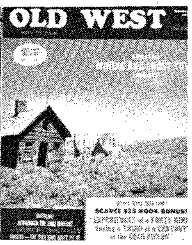
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TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Herb Paso

I am looking for any information concerning my best friend whom I have lost track of through the years. His name is Herb Paso. He was teamster for the Superstition Mine in Arizona out about eight miles from a station named Price. That was in 1915-'16 and '17 and our letters got lost somewhere as I didn't get answers from my last several. All my searching has ended with naught. He would be about seventy-six or seventy-seven. His home town is Flint, Michigan. It is very important that I find him.—May Reynolds, c/o Mrs. Pearl Ley Pavek, 3201 23rd Street, Apt. 105, San Francisco, California 94110

Daniel W. Heath

Daniel W. Heath, eighth mayor of McPherson, Kansas was born in Oakland County, Michigan in 1849 where he was raised. He came to Kansas in 1870, locating in Harvey County. He later operated a hardware and implement business in McPherson and also had a cattle farm near Windom and operated a grain elevator.

Heath was married to Clara E. McDougal of Virginia in 1874, and they had a son, Asa Leon. He also had a part in the organizing of Grove County, Kansas in the early '80s. He was mayor in 1885. He died in a tragic fall from a horse in October 1888.

I would like to hear from his descendants with the hope of securing a picture and additional biographical information to add to my centennial collection for the town of McPherson which will be 100 years old in 1972.—Linn Peterson, 540 E. Hill St., McPherson, Kansas 67460

Tex Wade Williams

My father, Tex Wade Williams, whom I haven't seen for twenty-five years, used to ride in rodeos and knew Roy Blake who also rode in rodeos. Anyone with information, please contact me.—Earl D. McQueen, 3118 Delaware, Longview, Washington 98632

Lytle-Whitehead

Mary Alice Lytle (Litle), born October 22, 1874, daughter of T. B. Lytle and Dellar Morris, married William "Bill" Whitehead, a one-legged man, about 1890-1895. They had at least three children. One son's name was Jody. This family lived in Milam County, Texas near Rockdale and Tracey. Our family has not heard from them in over seventy years. The Lytle family came from Bastrop County, Texas; it is unknown where the Whiteheads came from. Bill Whitehead had a brother named Dick. We would like to hear from anyone knowing about this family.—Michael Alan Reese, 304 West 27th, #15, Houston, Texas 77008

Foster

Samuel Stratton Foster was born in New Jersey, May 27, 1818. He married Jane Sophia Bambridge who was born at Popeuriri, Tahiti, June 18, 1843. Her parents were Thomas Bambridge and Marae (Maria) Pomare.

They lived in San Francisco when the gold rush was on and then they went to and from the Tahitian and Samoan Islands. Jane was a daughter of a princess on Tahiti. They had eleven children including my grandfather Wesley Ladd. He married Emma Mary Crocker and they had twelve children between 1886 and 1912.

My father, William O'Million John Baizdy Foster was born in 1893 in Dalley, California. On December 8, 1920 he married Marvel Verona Graham. Her parents were George Marion Graham and Agnes Amanda Olsen. I am interested in hearing anything on any of these ancestors.—Mrs. Shirley Via Foster Draayer, 4055 Madison Ave., Ogden, Utah 84403

Pete Murphy

I had an uncle, Peter Murphy, who was a pony soldier in 1890. He joined the 1st in 1894 and was discharged at Fort Huachuca. Then, in 1898, he rejoined and served to 1899 and was discharged at Fort Washakie, Wyoming. He was killed in Kendall, Montana in 1907. Anything on this would be welcome.—Ed Murphy, Fonda, Iowa 50540

Wesley

I am seeking information about the family of William Jackson Wesley, my great-grandfather. He lived around Tarpley, Texas in 1914. My father, Herbert Alden Wesley, was born near Happy, Texas. Any contact with a descendant would be a great asset in putting together a family history.—Oliver Ray Wesley, 55-B Washington St., Satellite Beach, Florida 32935

Hirsimaki-Lundgren

Maria Johansdotter Lundgren was born Feb. 14, 1847 in Isokyro, Finland to Juho (Johan) and Helena Lundgren. She married Matti Johansson Hirsimaki, son of Juho (Johan) Hirsimaki, in 1884 and shortly thereafter went to America. I do not know where they settled as my great-great-grandfather, Maria's brother, lost contact with her. Anyone having a clue, please write.—Stephen V. Dennehy, 37 E. La Platte, Butte, Montana 59701

Penrod-Wilson-Allenbaugh

David Penrod was born 1829 in Illinois, died 1913 in Big Spring, Texas. David's father married at least three times, had nineteen children. A half-brother to David was living in Fort Worth in 1955. David married widow Sarah (Sallie) Wilson, born 1850 Tennessee, died 1930 in Big Spring, Texas. They had eight children including three sets of twins, from 1879 to 1891. Living to adulthood, Robert died 1940s, Arizona; Mary Ann married Charles W. Allenbaugh and died in the 1960s in Arizona; and Cora Bowser. The family moved to Arizona about 1887. Allenbaugh was born March 30, 1874 in Illinois, died 1948 in Arizona. I would like to get in touch with any relatives of these people.—Mrs. Andrew R. Grantham, Box 523, Thermal, California 92274

Alexander Duvall

My great-grandfather Alexander Duvall was born in April 1832 according to family records. His Civil War records show that he was born between April 15 and 30, 1835. Family records state he was born on La Plaisance Rd., Monroe, Michigan but the Monroe County Clerk states he has no record for anyone by this name.

Alexander enlisted at Monroe, Michigan on March 7th, 1863 in the 9th Michigan Cavalry, Company D. He spent several months in the hospital at Hickman's Bridge, Kentucky in 1863 and 1864, also later at Kingston, Tennessee. He was mustered out at Lexington, North Carolina July 21, 1865.

Alexander's first wife is listed as a Yox or Yock girl. Her first name was Catharine. They had three children, Phoebe, Mathilda and my grandfather Henry Duvall, born in 1869. Catharine is believed to have died at this time as Alexander married Martha Sancraint or Sancrant in 1870. Eight children were born to this union.

Alexander's father was Hyacinth Duval, supposedly part Potowatamie Indian. Hyacinth's wife was Agnes Coule or Cooley.

I would like to hear from anyone who could clarify some of this information, or add to it.—Donna Rodgers Montgomery, 2776 Sussex Way, Redwood City, California 94061

Toney

I would like information concerning the Toneys who came from Kentucky to Morgan County, Indiana. I think Tolbert Toney came from Kentucky. William R. was born in 1830; his wife was born 1831, maiden name unknown. They moved to Terre Haute, Iowa in 1855. A son, my grandfather, was born to them in 1850 in Indiana. I would also enjoy any information concerning my great-grandmother Earyan.—Juanita Shields, 826 E. 23 St. Court, Des Moines, Iowa 50317

Willie-Morrison

I am looking for any relatives of my father, Forrest Noah Willie. He was born about 1916; married my mother, Opal Marie Anderson, around 1942; died February, 1958. He served in the army; may have been raised at Tulsa. He remarried and was living at or around Tulsa at the time of his death.

I am also looking for my half-brother. I'm not sure about his name. It could be Leon or Junior Morrison, or both names. He was born June 1948, Capital Hill, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Our mother was the same, but his father was Leon Morrison.

Junior was about two years old at the time of their divorce, so he probably doesn't know anything about my mother, my sister or me. Attempts have been made to find him and his grandparents, believed to have lived in Oklahoma City. Anyone with information, please write.—Mrs. Shelia Moss, 801 E. Wynnewood, Sulphur, Oklahoma 73086

Cheromiah

I'm trying to track down relatives bearing the name of Cheromiah. Most of them originated in Laguna, New Mexico. They should be full-blooded Indians, but some may be 'breeds like me. My grandfather was Valentine Cheromiah, a blacksmith when he died in 1953. His sister, Andrea, married John Paisano and lives on the Laguna Reservation. I think there may be others, but I'm not sure.

My father, Valentine Jr., lives in San Diego, California and his sister, Frances Johnston, in Phoenix. I also have one half-sister, Jan Cheromiah, married and in San Diego, but as far as I know, these are my only close kin. I'd love to hear from anyone with information on my distant relatives.—Mrs. Judith Cheromiah Certain, 808 Patricia Dr., Nashville, Tennesee 37217

Tucker

I would like any information on my great-grandfather Martin Tucker and his wife Margaret, origin unknown. They lived in Booneville, Missouri in the 1890s. I have been told he was sheriff of Cooper County.

One of his children, John Joseph Tucker, was born in Booneville in 1897. This was my grandfather. He married Marie Sophia Dumolt, called Sophie. She was born Marie Ryan but went by her stepfather's name, Dumolt.

John and Sophie Tucker lived in Illinois in the early 1900s where he was a baker in Vandalia, Fayette County, around 1911. I would like to hear from anyone having knowledge of them.—Sandra L. Mikesell, Rt. 1, Box 613-8, Rainier, Oregon 97048

Joseph Zastera

An ancestor, Joseph Zastera, was about twenty-eight years old at the time he disappeared from Howells, Nebraska about 1898. It is said that he ate lunch with his wife and three small children, and when the noon train came through the small town of Howells, he was seen boarding it by someone in the village. He was never heard from, but it was rumored that he may have gone to Chicago to live after leaving his family. Anyone with information on Joseph, please write.—Elise E. Kunhart, 805 Timberhill Drive, Hurst, Texas 76053

Green and Broke

(Continued from page 24)

Upon nearing this man's claim, I saw the owner plowing. Without apparently taking any notice of him, I went directly to his sod shack and there I saw my pipe. Taking it down I put it under my arm and started back home. This man hailed me, asking what right I had to go into his shack and take his stove pipe. So I called him a thief, and said if he thought he was good enough with his dukes, to come and try to get it. I was greatly irked over this man's thievery and would have fought him at the drop of my hat, being in such a bad mood.

Tired and weary I plodded on my way homeward, brooding my thoughts as I walked. I paid little heed to where I was going until I found myself in the midst of the prairie dog town, and those pesky rattlesnakes were suddenly striking at me from all sides. There were many of them, and the only thing that saved my life that day was the tough cowhide boots I was wearing. Using my stove pipe as a club I waded into the reptiles, striking and jabbing the tar out of them. I beat those rattlers until my stove pipe was a battered mess and I became sick at my stomach from the putrid odor.

On getting home I stuck a plank through my stove pipe and managed to beat it back to a usable shape again, but those pesky rattlesnakes were vivid in my memory for many years afterward.

IT WAS nearing Thanksgiving and one day while I was gathering Kansas cordwood (buffalo chips) for winter fuel, it dawned upon me that I had not seen Igad for over a fortnight. Going to his soddy I found the poor fellow in his bunk desperately ill, delirious with fever. After making him as comfortable as my crude means permitted and watching him for some time I made the conclusion that the man had typhoid fever. Having no medicine and no doctor nearer than the small town of Wichita, I hardly knew what to do to save his life for he was nearly gone. If I saved him it was going to take careful nursing and nourishing food.

On the way to his house I had noticed vast flocks of small snow birds, so I returned to my soddy, took my shotgun and fired into these flocks and secured a goodly number. These small birds were put in a pot and stewed until there was nothing left but bones and broth. I fed Igad the broth with a spoon.

This was the only medicine I had or knew of, and I watched over him night and day. When the broth was all used up I shot more birds. In a week's time he began to show improvement, the fever left him, and he finally recovered but was weak. So after he gained some strength and was able to travel, he packed up and left for the East to where he had kinfolks. I missed this character greatly and never did learn his name, only "Igad."

The first winter on my claim was quite severe, much snow and many blizzards. I did not venture outside during the storms except to feed Kit and then I would tie a string to the soddy door and about myself so I could find my way back. I had plenty of buffalo chips piled outside for fuel—they were not much as fuel but kept me from freezing. Often I would bring Kit in the shack with me just for company and I would pet her and talk to her by the hour. I found she was better company than some of the people whom I met up with those days.

I had plenty of fresh meat, for the Arkansas River nearby was thick with wild ducks and geese and in a short while I could kill all of them I could carry home.

It was a long, drawn-out winter and I was full of new hope when spring at last arrived. One day my neighbor came riding up, armed with a heavy buffalo gun, and asked me if I would like to have a change in diet. Some buffalo meat might be a little better than the wild fowl I had been living on so long, and he added he had seen two lone buffaloes a couple of miles north and allowed to get me and we would go after them.

I at once loaded my gun with heavy balls, and whistling for Kit we were off. We trailed those animals several miles north, crossing the Santa Fe tracks about where the town of Burton now is, and from there they led us farther north into a range of sand hills. Finally we saw one of the shaggy buffaloes and my pardner told me to ride for it while he looked for the other. I urged Kit up a small gully on the windward side, and when I thought I was in shooting range I dismounted and told Kit to stand. Slipping through the plum brush I spied the beast in a nice range, but just as I was about to fire at it I saw it give a violent lurch; thereupon I fired both barrels, and it dropped in its tracks. I rushed to the fallen animal and met the surprise of of my life, for raising up out of that plum thicket was a painted Indian. He was as surprised on seeing me as I was him.

He motioned at the arrow in the buffalo's hide and blurted out, "Me meat, Me meat. Me kill. Paleface go way," and at the same time he was notching a fresh arrow to his bow. Seeing my danger, I wasted little time but clipped that Indian on the jaw, knocking him down. I then disarmed him, taking his bow, arrows and knife, which I threw far away into the brush.

I was mighty mad and had decided to kill that redskin, when my neighbor came riding up. He yelled, "For gosh sakes, you leave that Indian alone! Do you want the whole tribe on the settlers' necks? There is only one thing to do in this case and that is to give the red rascal what he wants. Didn't you see that buffalo lunge just before you fired? I did, for I was watching you. I couldn't see the Indian; however, I knew something was wrong so I came running."

This man, being an old buffalo hunter and plainsman, was wise to such happenings. We finally agreed to give the Indian a plug of tobacco, the hide and half the meat. Then loading his pony, he departed, but he gave me a dirty look, for I guess his jaw hurt where I had hit him.

The building of the railroad had brought many new settlers to this country but still there were many roving bands of Indians, mostly young bucks out to steal cattle and horses. They had to have cattle for meat, for the buffaloes were becoming nearly extinct, but they caused the homesteaders much worry and also committed many murders.

IT WAS JULY in the summer of 1873 that I decided to visit a new town called Wichita. This town was down the river south and east about forty miles from my homestead. Arising early one morning I forked Kit and started, for I had business to attend to at the land office.

Wichita had the appearance of becoming a great future city. The streets were well laid out, and the few buildings looked like they were well constructed. The railroad had built its line south from Newton, and Wichita became a new cattle market for eastern shipments. Like all other western cattle towns, it was wide open, with many saloons and dance and gambling halls. However this town had more law and order than Newton thirty miles farther north.

Arriving here in mid-afternoon, my first duty was to see that Kit was properly taken care of at a local livery stable, after which I took myself to the land office.

In my youth I had loved all kinds of sports—boxing, swimming, and wrestling—and in fact I had often got into trouble from being too handy with my fists. On this late afternoon, after my errand was taken care of, I decided to have a few games at a billiard parlor.

I asked the proprietor to join me and we were having a very enjoyable pastime when the door opened and in came as handsome a cowboy as I ever looked upon. He had the manner of good breeding, his dress was clean and neat, he looked all man and stood six feet tall, but he was quite under the weather with drink and heavily armed besides, so I made up my mind to leave that gent alone for he was primed for trouble.

After a few minutes this fellow came to our table and started moving the ivories. I spoke to him politely, asking him to go have a seat, and we would rather he did not interrupt our game. He left us alone for a little while but soon came back and once more started moving our balls from position. I at once took the gent by the arm and escorted him to a chair and told him to sit there and mind his own business. He seemed good-natured about it and agreed by saying, "All right, Pard, you win." All at once all eyes were upon me in that hall and some of the players laid their cue sticks down expecting action. I kinda figured this gent must be some big potato among the Texans.

Our pleasure was not long lasting, as we were in the midst of a close game when this Texan for the third time came and molested us by moving the balls. I lost my temper, became furious, and struck him an awful blow right on the point of the chin. He fell like a log, so I rolled him out of the way under an adjoining pool table. Without any more thought of that handsome cowboy there n the floor, we resumed our game, while ll other players' eyes were upon me.

Our game was still in progress when n came two more Texas cowmen. They glanced about like they were looking for omeone. Finally one saw the man under he table and exclaimed, "Why here he s under that table! Looks like he's dead. Funny he didn't defend himself—no *ombre* is goin' to put old Steve on his back *that* way."

The two dragged him out by his feet, got a cup of water, and doused his face with it. With a groan he opened his eyes, looked about a spell, then rose to his feet. Rubbing his jaw he asked very soberly, "What kind of a cow brute kicked me?"

"I kicked you with this. Would you like some more of the same fist?" I said.

The Texan felt his belt and, seeing his pistol was still there, looked me squarely in the eye. "Did I cause you trouble?"

I explained to him just what had hapened, all the while watching him, execting to have to beat him to his gun with another punch. He then said with a drawl, "Did you all warn me?"

"Indeed, we did. I warned you three times."

A sick smile came over his face. "Well, stranger, I sorta asked for it. The hoss is on me. Come over to the counter and have a cigar. I just sorta think I wasn't minding my own business." With that he and his two pals left, while a snicker went up from the house.

Going to a hotel I got me a room where I enjoyed a good night's rest and left for home early next morning. Taking the old Sun City trail I rode west and about noon overtook a covered wagon going the same direction. The driver asked me to ride with him, an invitation I accepted, and tying Kit to the wagon's rear end I got in the seat with the driver. We sat there chatting while riding along. After a while I became drowsy, so got in the bed of the wagon and lay down. Before taking a nap, I noticed a large caliber Sharps buffalo rifle hanging from the wagon bows above my head.

How long I slept I know not, but I was suddenly roused by Kit acting up. I became puzzled over her action, then it dawned on me that she smelled Indians. She could smell one a mile away. Reaching up I took down the heavy gun, and opening the breech I made sure it was loaded. Then I lay back waiting to see what was going to happen.

We were passing through some rolling hilly country, and had just passed into a small valley. Looking back I saw three mounted Indians peering over the hill we had just crossed. I cocked the heavy gun and watched them as they quirted their ponies toward our wagon. The leading Indian had drawn his knife and was in the act of cutting Kit loose when I blasted a shot right by his head. I could have very easily killed him, but that was needless for I knew what the results would be. The shock of the blast from that gun nearly blew him from his horse and the three instantly wheeled their ponies and raced madly away, while

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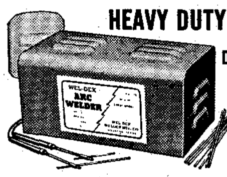

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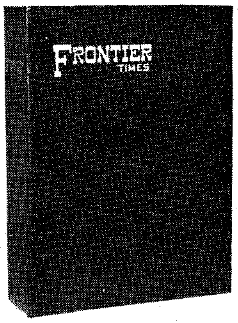

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I sent several more shots their way to hurry them along.

I then lay back enjoying some good belly laughs, for it was funny to see the red rascals, the way they took out. That was just too much bad medicine for them. The driver was greatly frightened, and he had a right to be, for had it not been for Kit giving the alarm, he might have lost his team and we our scalps as well. We saw no more of them, and late that evening I arrived home tired and exhausted.

IN THIS STORY I have told just a few of the highlights of Grandfather's experiences while he proved up and made himself a home on the Kansas prairie. The drouths, blizzards, grasshoppers and other plagues I have not dwelled on as they have been told many time before. He had the courage to stick it out, although many times he suffered privation and would have starved had it not been for the donations sent from the East and hauled free by the railroads.

I used to often motor out to the old homestead, park my car along the highway, gaze at the grand sight of waving grain, and feast my eyes on the grand old trees which Gramp planted all of eighty years ago. I could see him over the knoll flaying the life out of those pesky rattlesnakes using his stove pipe for a club.

Nine miles up the river from this old homestead stands a fine modern city named Hutchinson, and in this city's beautiful cemetery one can find a simple granite monument with these few words engraved upon it:

F. T. Chilver
1832-1911

Santa Fe's Delayed Hanging

(Continued from page 13)

had bitter political and social enemies among "a class who would scarcely hesitate at any act to carry their vengeance into effect." Chavez' Democratic friends intimated that his death was the result of a local political feud which had begun with a killing three years before and a year later resulted in the murder of a young Republican politician. The *New Mexican* thought this was possible but not probable. Some speculated that a woman was involved in the killing but again no proof was offered.

A reward was posted, investigations were called for, and hundreds of people attended the Chavez funeral. But no leads were turned up immediately concerning the killers.

ABOUT a week later another shooting took place in Santa Fe. Juan Pablo Dominguez, who served as jailer under Chavez, was shot in front of the archbishop's residence. Arrested for this crime were Francisco Gonzales y Borrego, Antonio Gonzales y Borrego and Chino Alarid. They confessed to the Dominguez killing but at a jury trial were acquitted, the plea being self-defense. There were those who suspected that the three might have had a hand in the Chavez murder but evidence was not easily obtainable. Dominguez had thought the three were involved and had gone looking for them. It was because he had sought them out and was armed that they were freed on the self-defense plea.

Nothing much happened concerning the Chavez case until July 1893, when William P. Cunningham assumed the office of sheriff. Cunningham was determined to find the killers and he finally got a break in the case. He secured an affidavit from a then unidentified Santa Fe resident and asked for warrants for the arrest of Alarid, Patricio Valencia, Francisco Rivera, Hipolito Vigil and the two Borregos. On January 9, 1894, he secured the warrants, gathered four deputies, and set out in search of the six suspects.

The sheriff's first stop was the house of Rivera but it was empty. He then went to the house of a man named Salazar where he was met at the door by Francisco Borrego, whom he disarmed. Hipolito Vigil, a member of the city police force but also a suspect, then approached the house and Cunningham told him to surrender. Vigil drew a revolver, jumped behind a light pole, and fired at the sheriff and one of his deputies. He would not give up and was killed when Cunningham returned his fire.

By five in the afternoon Cunningham had all the suspects in jail except for the dead Vigil. The arrests were made quietly although the posse did have to disarm Antonio Borrego. A charge was made that Vigil's death was unnecessary but the circumstances supported the sheriff and his men.

The case passed into the hands of District Attorney J. H. Crist, a Democrat, who began to plan for prosecution of the five. Their defense was taken over by T. B. Catron, a power in New Mexico's Republican Party organization. The Santa Fe *New Mexican* announced on January 10, "The Mills of God! They Grind Slowly, But Exceedingly Small." Frank Chavez had not been the most popular man in Santa Fe but the citizenry was happy that a possible solution to his murde was at hand. Nobody even suspected how long it was all going to take!

The case did not reach the territorial district court until April 23, 1895, and it was not until May 3 that twelve satisfactory jurors could be found. Both the district attorney and the defense spent hours challenging prospective jury members and the court had to empanel additional citizens so that the trial could finally begin on the morning of May 4, nearly a year and a half after the men had been arrested. Crist was still the prosecutor and Catron still the defender and there were many spectators who looked for a Democratic vs. Republican situation in the courtroom. Chavez, the dead Democrat, had more than once been opposed by Catron so observers could read a great many things into Catron's role in the trial.

The testimony, following the drawn-out pattern already established in the case, was complicated and filled with detail. After four days, one Juan Gallegos took the witness stand and proceeded to out-

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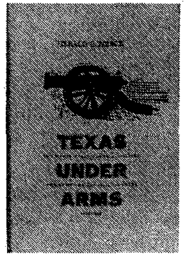

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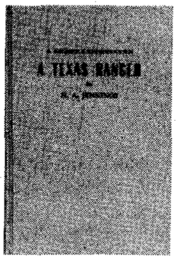
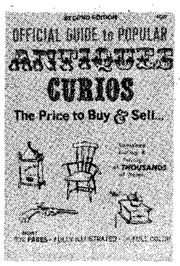
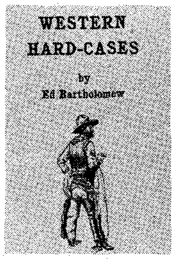
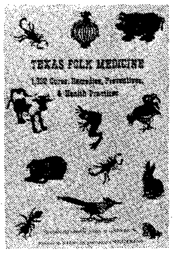


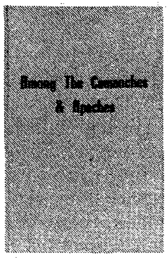


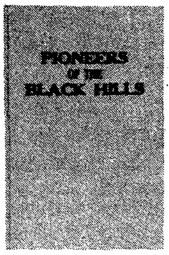


COWPOKES, NESTERS, & SO FORTH

THE BEST OF TRUE WEST
JOE AUSTELL SMALL







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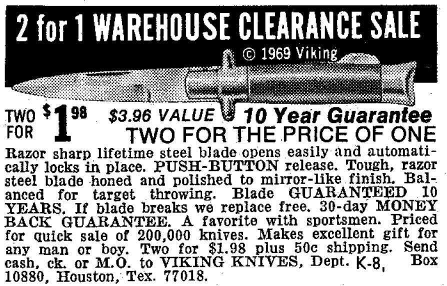

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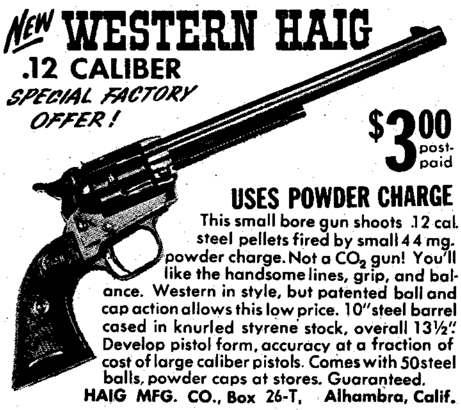

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line the plot which led to the death of Chavez. He had given testimony at the preliminary investigation but now it was available to all. According to Gallegos, Hipolito Vigil had approached him in late December 1890, or early January 1891, and discussed murdering Chavez. Gallegos also indirectly implicated Catron in the plot by stating that one of the defendants said nothing dire would result because of Catron's legal skill and great wealth.

Gallegos said that a note had been delivered to Chavez telling him that he would be killed, and on the night of the murder the entire group had started out to fulfill the threat. Gallegos got cold feet, however, and returned to one of the local saloons where he waited until someone brought word of the shooting.

DURING the trial another facet of the background of the case came to light and it certainly had nothing to do with politics. Nearly two years prior to Chavez' death, Francisco Borrego got into a quarrel with one Jose Gallegos at a dance. Gallegos was a friend of Chavez and Borrego ended up in jail since Chavez was then the sheriff. Pending a trial, the prisoner was beaten and abused by the jailer, Dominguez. Borrego appealed to the sheriff for protection but Chavez supposedly told him that he had received better treatment than he deserved and he would not listen to him. Borrego argued with Chavez and the latter pistol-whipped him. Borrego vowed revenge and, in the presence of witnesses, swore that he would kill Chavez if he ever got free, "if it took him 50 years to do it."

When Borrego was released, his friends feared that he would get into additional trouble with Chavez so they persuaded him to go to Colorado, where he stayed for eighteen months. A few days after he returned to Santa Fe the Chavez murder took place, after which the former jailer, Dominguez, went looking for him and met his death.

As the trial drew to its close, lengthy presentations were made by both prosecution and defense. Territorial counsels Pope and Ortiz, assisting the district attorney, spoke for two hours and then Charles Spiess, for the defense, argued. To the amusement of one reporter, Spiess made a bad slip of the tongue. Spiess said that if the four defendants were not at home on the night Chavez was killed, "they ought to have been." The reporter said that Spiess continued "as if nothing had happened."

The closing speech to the jury was delivered by defense attorney Catron on the night of May 27 "in the presence of a magnificent audience." The courtroom was packed and Catron held forth from 7:30 until 11:00. "His words rang out clear and distinct, often barbed with scornful sarcasm and freighted with savage personal feeling that closely bordered on malignancy and venom," said the *New Mexican*. The paper added that the weakest features of Catron's presentation were his "contemptuous and uncalled for allusions to the youth and inexperience of the talented Mr. Pope, counsel for the territory; his misleading statements to the jury respecting Mr. Pope's allusion to Tom Tucker as a tin-hor gambler, when the latter admitted tha he was such on the witness stand . . and his frequent interrogations to th jury whether they would believe him o . . . liars, thieves, loafers, saloon bummers and prostitutes. . . ." But the newspaper gave Catron credit for his skil arrangement of the facts, and his exposition. Obviously, though, the Santa F *New Mexican* reporter was not a Catron fan.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of Ma 28, Crist as district attorney made th prosecution's final statement with "notable rapidity, vigor and clearness." H reminded the jury that while the defens had introduced witnesses to prove almos everything else, no evidence had bee offered to show that Chavez was no killed as alleged. He said that Catron ha needlessly interjected himself as a witness in the case and, while he did no charge that Catron had intended to giv wrong evidence, he stated that Catro had sworn to matters of "mere trivi detail that neither he nor any other ma could recollect for months and eve years." Crist also pointed out that Catron's attacks on the territory's witnesse were unfounded and that nobody knew better than Catron "the value of criminal in discovering crime."

A verdict of first degree murder wa announced by the jury on the mornin of May 29, 1895, three years to the da after Frank Chavez was killed, and th *New Mexican* headlined that it was "righteous verdict" handed down b "twelve good and lawful men." After sitting for thirty-seven days and deliberat*ing for fifteen hours, the jury may hav* been somewhat frustrated by the lega maneuvering which took place for th next two years.

THE four defendants received the deat penalty but the case was appealed t the territorial supreme court where th lower court's judgment was upheld. The were again sentenced to hang on September 24, 1896. Shortly before the time se for execution, a motion was made for rehearing on the ground that the arraignment of the prisoners was fault and so a stay of execution was grante The motion was eventually denied an once again a hanging was set, this tim for October 15, 1896.

Habeas corpus proceedings were the instituted on the grounds that the tria court had not had proper jurisdictio That petition was denied. The defens attorneys then submitted a transcript o the *habeas corpus* proceedings to Justic David Brewer of the United States Supreme Court and since the court was no then sitting he ordered a stay of execution pending a hearing in Washington However, when the court did sit it denie the petition and a third date was set fo the execution—February 23, 1897.

It then appeared that the defendants hopes had been dashed and preparation were made for carrying out the execution—building the gallows and takin other preliminary steps. As a last resor a petition to the territorial governor wa presented asking for a commutation o the sentence but Governor Thornton re used to interfere. Two days before the ate set, the attorney general of the U. S. rdered a thirty-day delay at the request f President Cleveland.

On March 23, the condemned men were aken from the territorial penitentiary nd, escorted by a troop of cavalry, were rought back to Santa Fe. In the meantime the presidency had passed to Wiliam McKinley and Catron prevailed on he new president to review the case personally. This McKinley did but he delined to interfere further and so the our met their death at the end of a rope n April 2, 1879.

"Francisco Gonzales y Borrego, Anonio Gonzales y Borrego, Laureano Alaid and Patricio Valencia are no more. t 9:09 o'clock yesterday morning, under bleak sky, surrounded by a party of hivering witnesses, and uniformed senries, they paid the penalty of the crime f which they were convicted, upon the caffold." So said the *New Mexican* of pril 3.

The reporter also pointed out that the ate was Frank Chavez' birthday and e would have been forty-six if the four ad not committed their crime. He generously added that the four "died well." The *New Mexican* went into great detail about the prisoners' last moments, including their breakfast, and complimented the sheriff and the penitentiary officials n the complete arrangements. None of hat really bears repeating for while the aper admitted the gruesomeness of the vent it obviously enjoyed publishing the eport.

Following the execution Governor Thornton was interviewed and when sked to comment on the situation replied: "I have just two things to say, and hey are: First, I am glad President McKinley and Attorney-General McKenna eviewed the case. Their action forever emoves the element of politics that had een injected into it. Second, the fact that he case was considered by both a Democratic and Republican president and the entence of death confirmed by them, will teach the people of New Mexico that rime can not be committed and the riminal escape punishment by reason of olitical influence.

"I have no personal feelings in the natter whatever, and believe that the ood name of the territory has been vindicated and law and order upheld by the xecution of the four men."

There were those who still speculated n political implications of the case and hose who criticized both the prosecution nd the defense although it appears that ittle question remained about the guilt f the four men who were hanged. Despite whatever was said about T. B. Catron, chief counsel for the defense, he emained a leading figure in territorial olitics and went to Washington as one f New Mexico's first U. S. Senators pon her admission as a state. He had een one of the most indefatigable workers in bringing statehood. For that many New Mexicans were grateful. But it vas a later territorial period and a time vhen communications had improved so hat the entire nation could follow what vas going on. New Mexico of the 1890s vas still the "Old West" in many ways and so that particular case lent a more exotic, albeit rough-and-ready, cast to crime than did the innumerable happenings on the streets of metropolitan areas where sophistication could, at least on the surface, overshadow brutality.

Motion Pictures Vignettes

(Continued from page 37)

tion was undoubtedly the mammoth thirty-episode serial "The Diamond from the Sky" (1915), which starred Lottie Pickford (Mary's sister) and Irving Cummings. The serial was so popular that it prompted a sequel—logically, if not imaginatively, called "The Sequel to the Diamond from the Sky" (1916).

"There were a couple of stunts in that picture. There was this scene where I had to race a train in a Cole Speedster, and then drive across the tracks just in front of the train. I timed the stunt for a week and there wasn't half-a-mile-an-hour's difference from day to day, so we finally did the stunt—but just as I got to the tracks my engine died. The cow-catcher caught the left rear end of the car. The train finally stopped, but I didn't. Another time I had to jump a car across an eighteen-foot stream. We built a ramp to get the loft we needed, and I got across the stream all right, but when I landed the wheels buckled under and the axles snapped."

It was about this time that Ted became interested in flying. It has always intrigued me that so many cowboys became interested in aviation. Hoot Gibson, Buck Jones, Tom Mix, Will Rogers, and others, all took to the air.

"I never thought about why we all started to fly," Ted hypothesizes, "but when you've been on a horse all day, and traveled maybe ten miles—then you can appreciate going that same distance in a few minutes."

After a stint in the Air Force in World War I, Ted returned to pictures, joining Universal and working with all the Western stars on the Universal lot. Moreover, he continued to ride the rodeo circuits well after he was established in pictures. Ted had not been discouraged by the pick and shovel work George Rowe had provided him, and had continued to perfect his bulldogging technique. The practice paid off, and in 1920 Ted French won the bulldogging championship at Prescott, Arizona.

Ted has appeared with every major Western star from William S. Hart and Ken Maynard to "Lash" La Rue and Jim Arness. And today, his son Victor is one of the leading Western heavies in the business. Thus, three generations of the French family have ridden across the screen.

Ted French is a lucky man. "If it were all to be done over again, I might do some things differently," he says, "but I enjoyed it all." And why not? As a boy he wanted to be a cowboy, and he became a cowboy; as a cowboy he wanted to become a bulldogger, and he became a champion. He did what he set out to do. What greater satisfaction can a man have?

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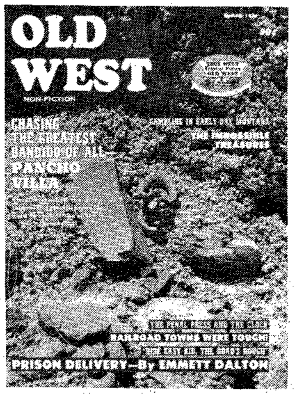
IN MEXICO



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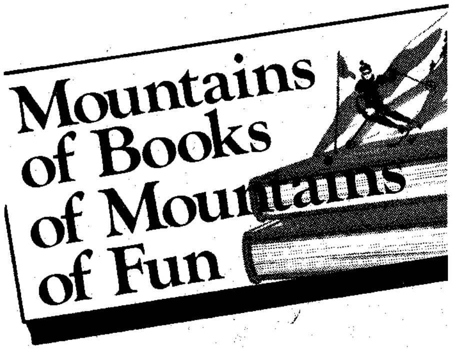

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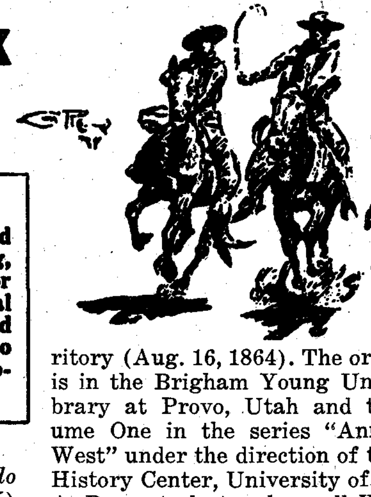

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RANGE LIFE

Cowboy Life on the Llano Estacado (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) is the autobiography of V. H. Whitlock who punched cows at a tender age on the Staked Plains of New Mexico. In 1887 Whitlock and his widowed mother and brother went to live with his uncle, George Causey, a retired buffalo hunter and rancher on the New Mexico Staked Plains. When age 16 Whitlock hired out as a cowhand on the famous Littlefield Ranch where he took his turn on roundups, broke horses to ride, built barbed wire fences and kept windmills operating. Some of his descriptions of roundup and calf branding scenes are worth the price of the book. Among his acquaintances were reformed badmen as well as active outlaws who passed through the range with posses on their tails. At a social function he met a girl that he wanted to marry but her dad invited him to stay away from her. With help from some of his friends and a pair of borrowed wire cutters to sever a telephone line, the lovers eloped and were married. Before he became too old, Whitlock hung up his saddle and went to California. Years later his grandson drove him to his old stomping grounds to visit. The range resembled a new world unknown to him, but he did find a few old cronies to gossip with who made his last trip worthwhile.

GOLD RUSHERS

The Montana Gold Rush Diary of Kate Dunlap (Old West Publishing Co., and the University of Utah Press, $15.00) covers the wagon trip from Keokuk, Iowa (May 2, 1864) to Bannack, Montana Territory (Aug. 16, 1864). The original diary is in the Brigham Young University Library at Provo, Utah and this is Volume One in the series "Annals of the West" under the direction of the Western History Center, University of Utah. Fred A. Rosenstock, to whom all Western history buffs owe a debt of gratitude for finding and publishing original accounts of overland travels, was the discoverer and his friend, S. Lyman Tyler, edited and annotated the *Diary.* This is an unusual and attractive book—unusual because you turn to the back and read the *Diary* towards the front; attractive because of the fine illustrations and maps which permit you to follow the Dunlaps as they made their way west. The edition of 2,000 copies was expertly produced by Anderson, Ritchie & Simon of Los Angeles. Highly recommended.

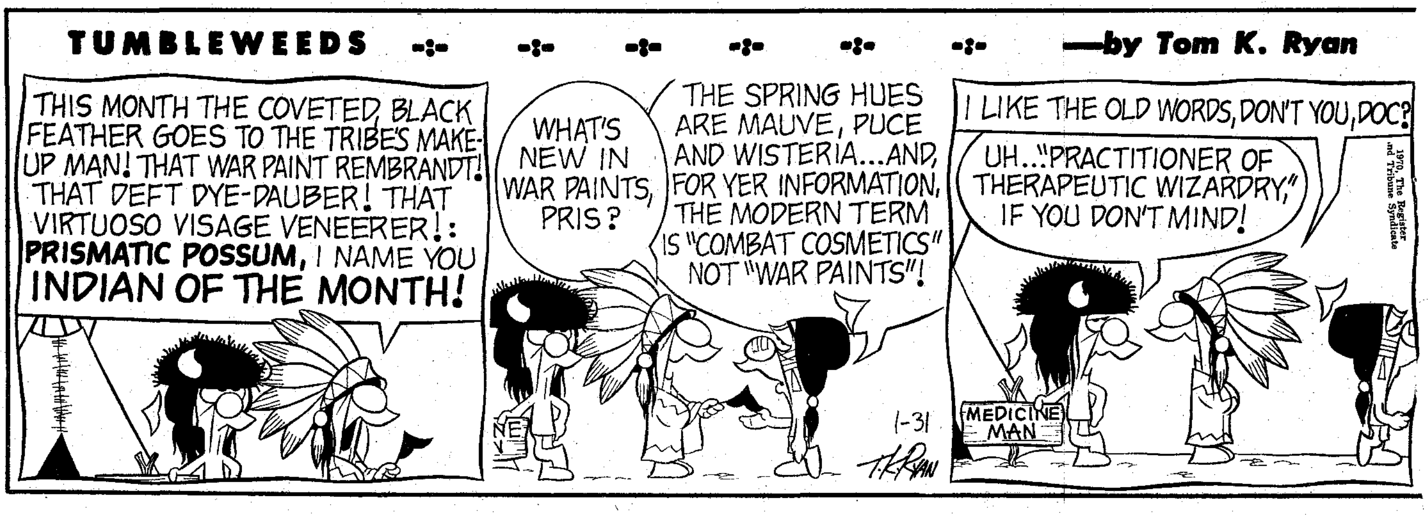
A Journal Giving Incidents of a Journey to California in the Summer of 1859, by the Overland Route (Ye Galleon Press, Fairfield, Washington 99012, $9.00) is credited to Melyer Casler but was written for him by his daughter. It was printed in Toledo in 1863 and only two copies of the original are known to exist. Publisher Glen Adams wrote a brief introduction and the nicely bound three-color print job of 488 numbered copies should not last long. Casler started from Ohio to Pikes Peak in March, 1859 but on hearing that the Peak was a "humbug" went on to California. His narrative is a matter-of-fact account of his trip over the trail and, as such, is rewarding.

University of Oklahoma Press has just released a new edition of Daniel Ellis Conner's book, *A Confederate in the Colorado Gold Fields.* Donald J. Berthrong and Odessa Davenport edited and wrote the introduction to the new edition which sells for $6.95. In 1859, the youthful Conner joined a wagontrain of gold-seekers en route to the newly discovered Cherry Creek, Colorado eldorado.

The party headed southwest to th Arkansas River which they followed t Pueblo and then struck north up Fountain Creek to Pikes Peak. A curious observer, Conner wrote voluminously bu clearly about the route, their camps, Indians, wildlife, vegetation and other interesting details. He hunted for gold a Fairplay, Leadville, Greenhorn and other mineralized areas but never struck pay dirt. Conner joined a regiment of Confederate cavalry in Mace's Hole, a secre rendezvous on the east flank of Greenhorn Mountain. A double-agent exposed the hideout and the Southerners barely escaped with their lives. Conner go away and joined Joseph Reddeford Walker and his party on their historica march to California. This is the best account available of Southern Civil Wa forces in Colorado.

PIONEER MEDICINE

The Horse and Buggy Doctor (University of Nebraska Press, $1.95) by Arthur E. Hertzler, M. D. is a Bison Book reprint with a foreword by Milburn Stone. Stone, who portrays Doc Adams on the *Gunsmoke* television series, knew Dr. Hertzler on the Kansas prairie as a boy. Hertzler presents his own life story through a series of anecdotes and essays on the vicissitudes of the country doctor and the vagaries of medicine in the horse and buggy days. The book first appeared in 1938 and has been popular for its factual reporting of a special era of ministering to the sick and for its down-to-earth humor. In Hertzler's own words "Viewed from the vantage point of the achievements of medicine of the present day, the accomplishments of the old doctor seem pitiably insignificant. Yet the satisfaction one gets out of life is measured by the effects one exerts in achieving a worthy end, not in the actua achievement." The services provided to the sufferer by the old country doctor and to the patient's family were monumental often under extreme hardship and danger to the doctor. *Horse and Buggy Doctor* brings such adventures to life with reality and humor—it's difficult to put the book down.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